

MASS BREAKOUT THROUGH CASTRO'S "SUGARCANE CURTAIN"

MAC

MAN'S

MAGAZINE

IS YOUR
BARTENDER
CHEATING YOU?

SEE PAGE 26

JUNE 50¢

SEXUAL SUPERMEN

BUILDING BUSTERS TELL TENANTS:

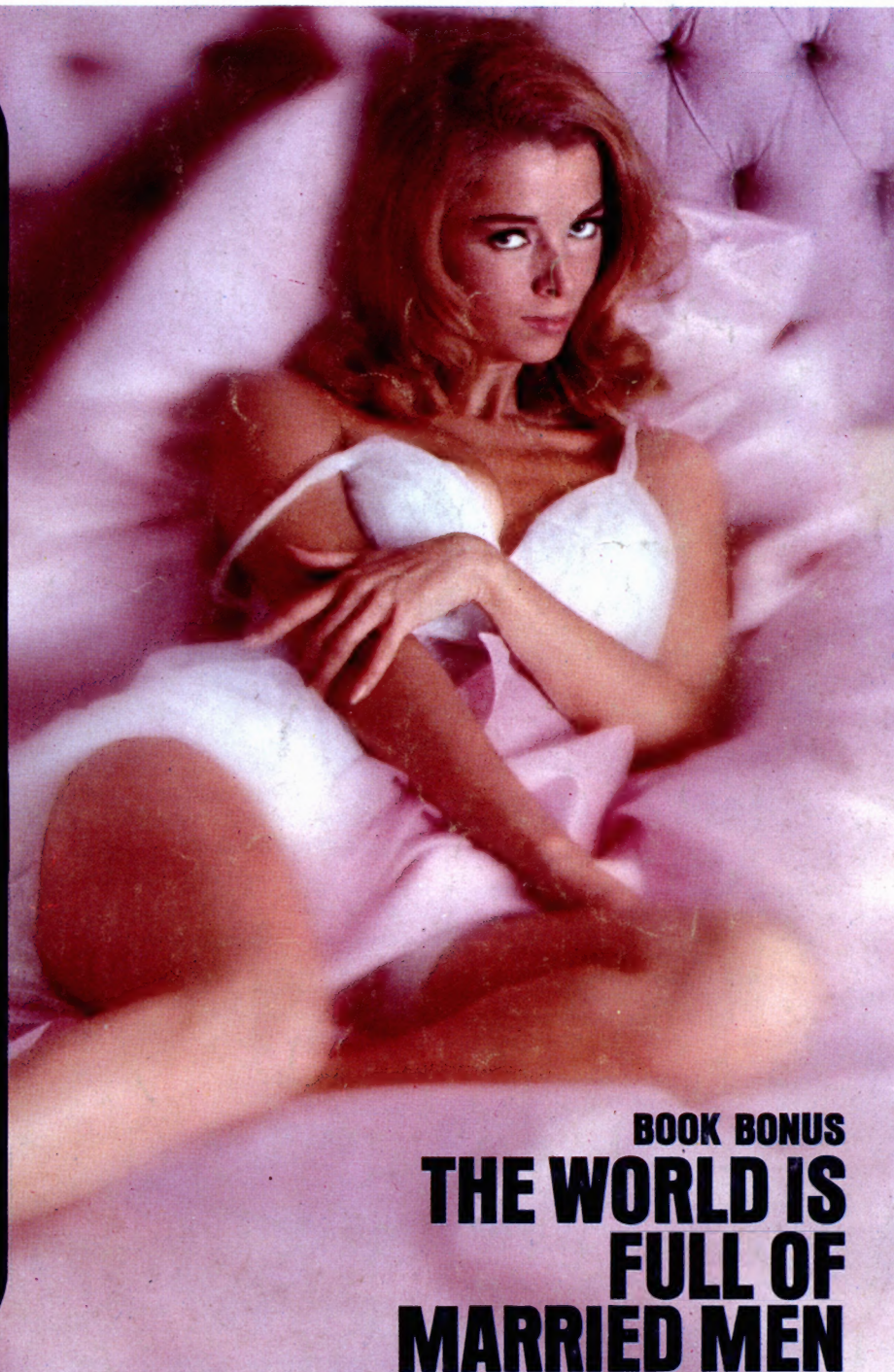
**"MOVE OUT
OR WE'LL
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NAPOLEON'S GREATEST TRIUMPHS:

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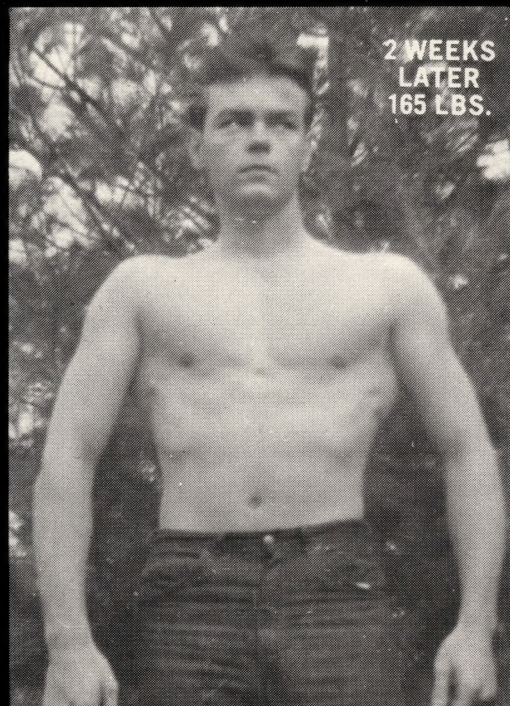
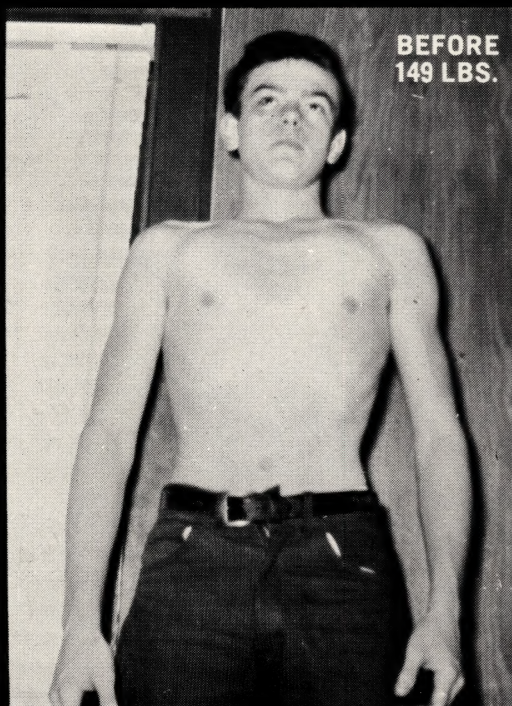
**"WE'RE GONNA SEND YOU
DAMN GUARDS OUT
ONE BY ONE—
DEAD, DEAD, DEAD!"**



BOOK BONUS
**THE WORLD IS
FULL OF
MARRIED MEN**

Another JOE WEIDER breakthrough:

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GAINS UP TO 16 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS —
adds 2 1/4" to each arm, 2 1/4" to his chest!

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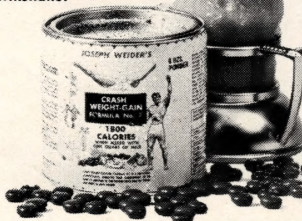
Nobody likes a bag of bones

Flesh out your bones. Fill out your narrow, shallow chest. Your skinny arms. And spindly legs. Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking body. Joe Weider's **Crash-Weight Formula #7** is a new scientifically-blended milkshake-flavored drink that lets you drink on as much as up to 14 pounds in 14 days the easy, the delicious, the relaxed way. Just drink 4 zesty glasses of **Crash-Weight** natural organic with your regular meals and take in up to 3500 extra calories a day. (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) And **Crash-Weight** does all the work for you. Piling on the pounds and the weight as the days go by. Check the plan you want in the coupon.

Guaranteed to put weight on you and create a new—fresher—more exciting fun-going you or money back!

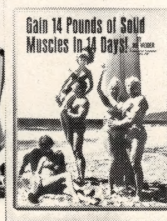
The Do-It-Yourself Gain-A-Pound-A-Day Kit

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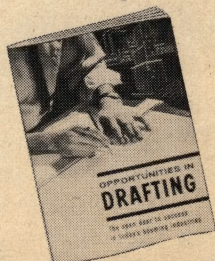
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VOLUME 17, NO. 6

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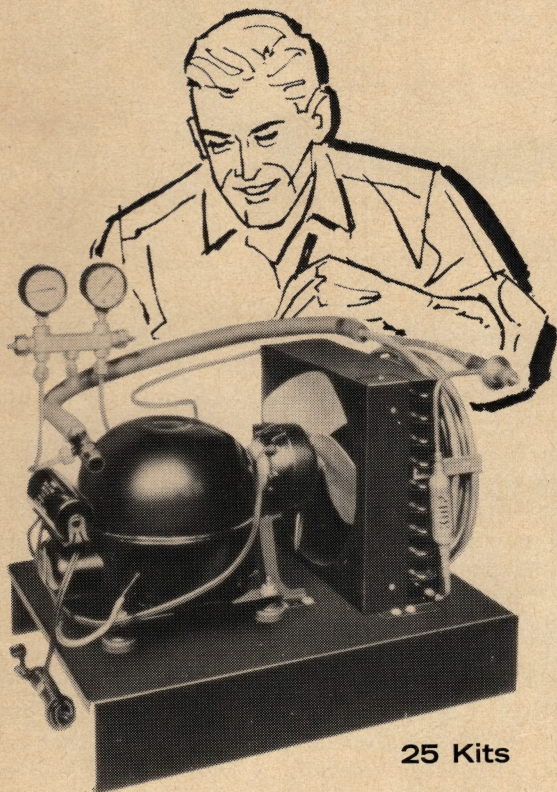
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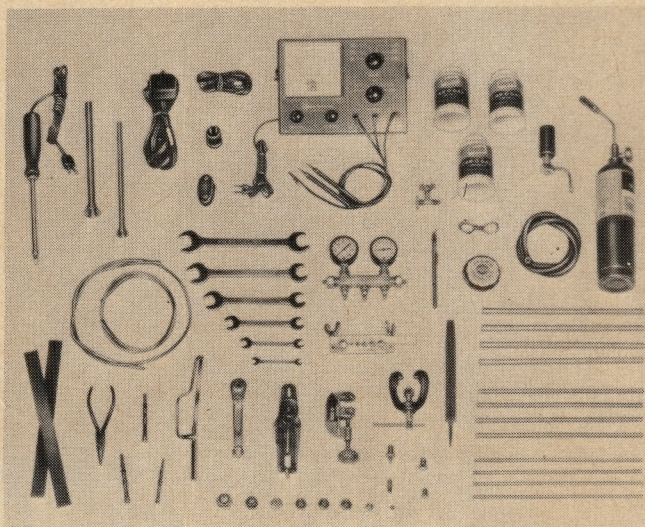
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A DATE WITH...

LYNN
KELLOGG

by PHIL BERGER

IN RISING from the singing voice of Salem cigarettes and Naragansett beer to a featured theater and movie player, Lynn Kellogg has not changed her mind about stardom. She doesn't want it. At least not for long. Over lamb chervil at Act One in Times Square, she told me:

"No, I never wanted to be an actress. I mean I didn't want it like Marilyn Monroe wanted it. Living is much too important in itself to be so driven for a career."

Lynn's Broadway debut was in *Hair*, the madly mod exercise of song, dance, psychedelic lighting effects and anti-Establishment (naked) cavorting. The success-oriented world that *Hair* mocks is not the willowy blonde's thing either.

"I've spoken to Fran Bergen—she's ventriloquist Edgar Bergen's wife, Candice Bergen's mother. Her friends are people like Loretta Young and Doris Day. She says they're going batty trying to keep themselves young. I don't want that hang-up." Staring melodramatically into her drink, she said to me in mock Garboesque fashion: "I want to grow old gracefully."

What else does Lynn Kellogg want?

"It's more a question of what I don't want," she says. "I don't want to be poor. If you're poor, you can't be free. I want to be free. Totally free. I want to be able to land a helicopter on top of the Pan-Am building, to travel anywhere and any time I want. I want to get married, to have children. I've given myself until 30 for show business. I'd like to make it in the movies. The movies are oriented for youthful looks. I figure that until 30 I should have youthful looks. After that, I don't want to worry about it."

There was a time not long ago when Lynn's hang-ups revolved around just the problem of her looks, to the point where she was traumatic about it.

"Oh, I had problems all right," Lynn says with a smile. "When I was young, I was very uptight about the way I looked. I was taller than everybody in junior high school and, at dances, I was a real wallflower. I guess you could say I was socially retarded. I didn't have a date until the end of my sophomore year in high school. My parents kept me sheltered.

"I was born Anglo Saxon Protestant and the English part of my family came over on the *Mayflower*. I could join the Daughters of the American Revolution if I wanted. We even have a black kettle next to our fireplace at home that came over on the *Mayflower*."

"In any case, I didn't have much confidence in my looks. I had very light eyebrows and, without makeup, looked weird. I used to wear pink plastic glasses, my hair was in a ponytail, pulled back from my forehead, and I had awful bangs. When others were wearing nylons, I was still wearing white bobby sox. Can you imagine how horrible I looked?"

She changed. "Toward the end of my sophomore year in high school, I was in a school play. One of the girls made up my eyes. I flipped. I realized I wasn't that bad looking. Without eye makeup, I looked like I had no brows. I looked weird. Plucked. After that, I was all right. I got my first date then. His name was Dick. I went with him for three months."

While Lynn was *Hair*'s leading beauty, she was notable for her absence from one particular ritual in the show. When all about her, girls and guys were stripping off their clothes, she did not.

"Why?" She sipped her Gibson and explained: "I guess that's my hang-up, my tie to the past. I don't think nudity's accepted. Except by theater people. To the public, it's a freak thing. I couldn't stand someone coming just to see me get naked. People tend to overlook the other things you can do if you just give them your body."

"I guess you could say I'm a hippy in my thinking but not in my personal habits. Every girl in the company can strip if she feels it's her thing. I don't see anything wrong in being nude. Today kids are more interested in what people say and do than what their naked bodies look like. I get kidded some for not stripping. The show's writers, James Rado and Gerome Ragni—they also have acting leads — wanted to write in a line where they'd tell the audience, 'Lynn Kellogg doesn't have to stand nude.' They just wanted to put me on."

According to Lynn, the young men in the cast did more than just put her on. Apparently, even (*Continued on page 94*)



How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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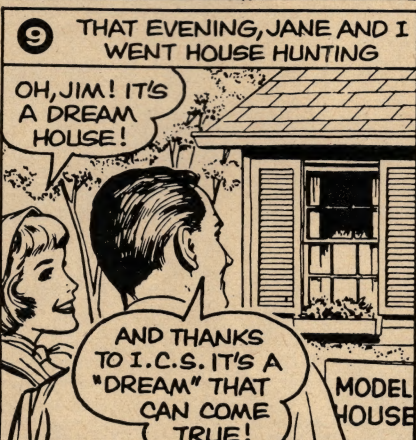
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I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and here is no keener way to describe to you he increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests . . . tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC., Dept 958
4906 BERGENLINE AVENUE UNION CITY, N. J. 07087

Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____

() C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

"MOVE OUT OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!"

by PAUL MESKIL

A million dollars in real estate won't change hands until the building-busters can force out some tenants. So heat is cut off, plumbing fails, windows break, and then a house becomes a haven for thieves, junkies, whores and drunks . . . And if that doesn't work, beatings, arson and death threats do!



AT 11 O'CLOCK ONE NIGHT last winter, a 67-year-old widow, Iris Kenny, turned off her TV set and put on her warmest flannel nightgown. The temperature outside her New York City apartment was 25 degrees, and it felt almost as cold inside her neat three-room flat.

The widow had lived in the 9th Avenue tenement more than 30 years, and her rent was fixed by law at \$52 a month. Because the landlord felt that the rent-controlled apartment was worth at least twice that amount, he had cut down on her heat and other services.

Before she went to bed, Mrs. Kenny moved

her small electric heater from the living room to the bedroom. She also moved a covered bird cage, containing two sleeping parakeets, into the kitchen and turned on all four burners of the gas range so the birds wouldn't freeze.

Making a mental note to complain to the Health Department the next day about the lack of heat, Iris Kenny turned off the lights and crawled into bed under three thick blankets.

She would be dead before dawn . . .

Across the street from the four-story apartment building, a man sat in a parked car with the motor running and the heater on. He was

continued on next page

"MOVE OUT OR WE'LL BURN YOU OUT!"

continued

watching the widow's second-floor flat. When her lights went off, he drove away.

He was no Peeping Tom. He was far more sinister—a building-buster... a professional terrorist paid to drive people out of their homes.

TWO hours later, when the widow was sound asleep, he returned to the apartment house, opened the lobby door with a passkey and went down to the basement. No one saw him; all the building's tenants had retired for the night. With the aid of a flashlight, he quickly located the gas meter serving Iris Kenny's apartment and shut off the gas.

After a few minutes, he turned the gas back on and sneaked out of the building as furtively as he had entered it. The idea was to harass Mrs. Kenny by filling her apartment with the smell of gas escaping from the stove's pilot light. It had never occurred to the man that the old lady had turned on every burner on the stove, and that enough gas would escape to kill her.

He drove to a bar four blocks away, ordered a shot of whiskey with a beer chaser and paid for the drinks with a crisp \$20 bill—his advance on the \$100 fee he would receive for the night's work.

Back in the widow's apartment, the burner flames and the pilot light were out. The only sound was the hiss of gas pouring from the flameless jets. Then the parakeets awoke in the inky blackness of their cage. They fluttered and squawked for a moment in panic then toppled from their perches and lay still once more, tiny bundles of lifeless feathers.

Not long afterward, Iris Kenny awoke in the dark with a splitting headache and the feeling that she was suffocating. She sat up and tried to switch on her bedside lamp, but the effort exhausted her and her head fell back in the pillow.

In the morning, around 7 o'clock, a neighbor smelled the gas seeping from her apartment. He summoned police, firemen and the building superintendent, who lived in a nearby house owned by the same landlord.

They opened the apartment door and turned off the hissing gas jets. But nothing could be done for widow Iris Kenny or her pet birds.

Detectives investigated her death and concluded that she had committed suicide. Why else, they reasoned, would the pilot light be turned off and all the burners turned on?

They questioned the landlord, who had spent the night in his comfortable suburban home. He claimed he knew nothing about how the widow had died.

"Sure, I was hoping she'd move out so I could raise the rent," he said. "And maybe I turned down the heat a little bit. But I didn't want to see her dead."

On another night a few weeks later, a shadowy figure entered a rundown, five-story tenement on the East Side of Manhattan. He had no trouble getting in, for the lock on the street door was broken. A single naked bulb glowed in a ceiling fixture in the ground-floor hallway.

Though it was after midnight, a noisy party was in progress on the third floor. The man glanced furtively around, to make sure he was not observed, and then hurried to the rear of the ground-floor hall.

He found a baby carriage standing outside an apartment. Pulling several greasy rags from his pockets, he stuffed them into the carriage. Then he sprinkled the rags with the contents of a small can of lighter fluid, tossed a lighted match onto the pile and fled as the littered carriage burst into flames.

Police and firemen quickly evacuated the building's tenants but the family that owned the baby carriage—father, mother and three children—required hospital treatment for smoke inhalation.

Fortunately, no one was killed.

As in the Iris Kenny tragedy, the arson job was the work of a building-buster—a human vulture who preys on helpless tenants.



RACHMAN
the original

The worst offenses occur in buildings marked for demolition and replacement by modern apartment houses, office buildings, parking garages or other more profitable projects. The men who assemble these real-estate packages, often buying up entire blocks in multi-million-dollar transactions,

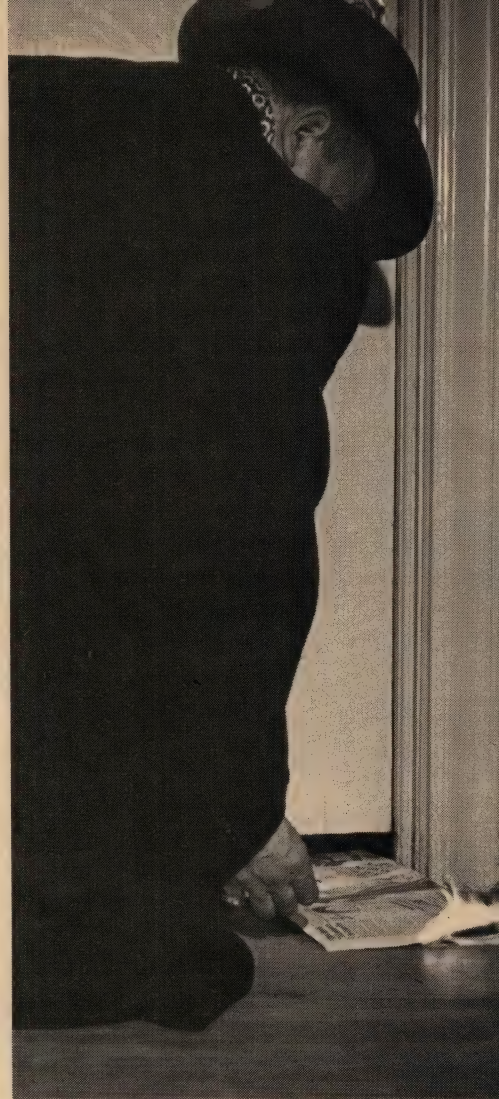
are naturally anxious to get rid of tenants who stubbornly squat "in the path of progress."

As eviction and condemnation proceedings take time, and relocation fees can cost lots of money, many real estate operators feel it is faster and cheaper to hire building-busters to clear out rental units in preparation for the wrecker's ball.

The land speculators pretend not to know anything about the illegal methods used by their employees. But it is common knowledge in the wheeling-dealing real estate game that these tactics include beatings, arson, death threats—some of which have been carried out—and other strongarm measures.

The building-busting racket is particularly vicious because it preys on the helpless—usually old, infirm or poor people who refuse to give up their low-rent homes because they can't afford anything better and have no place else to go.

In the U.S.A., building-busting is confined almost exclusively to New York City, where rents are controlled by law



—and real estate prices, especially in midtown Manhattan, are among the highest in the world.

Thousands of New Yorkers have been harassed, threatened, terrorized and physically injured by building-busters. Some landlords, unable to raise rents of long-term tenants, employ strongarm goons to force these tenants to move. Though actual assaults are rare, it is fairly common for unwanted tenants to suffer suspicious fires, lack of heat, power failures, mysterious shutoffs of gas and water, property damage, burglaries and a myriad of similar troubles.

THE building-busters move in when a building scheduled for demolition has been partially vacated. They turn the vacant apartments over to prostitutes, homosexuals, derelicts and other undesirables.

If their new neighbors don't drive the old tenants out, things get worse. Fires break out in the hallways. Bulbs vanish from ceiling fixtures, leaving stairs and halls dark at night. Rocks crash through windows. Burglars and vandals crash through doors. The plumbing breaks down or backs up. Busted stairs and railings create hazards to life and limb.

"It's like the Chinese water torture, only less subtle," says an educated New Yorker who was driven out of his East Side flat—and almost out of his mind—by building-busters.

"You keep wondering what will happen next and waiting for it to occur. When it comes, you know it will be a little worse, a little more terrifying.

"It's very hard to convict a building-buster. When a building is first vacated to make way for new construction, it goes downhill fast. The heat is cut off. Lights go out. Windows get broken. Scavengers go in and steal plumbing from empty rooms, or whatever else they can find. Winos sleep in the halls. Prostitutes and addicts move in....

"So when a suspicious fire breaks out, it's almost impossible to determine who set it unless the arsonist is identified by witnesses or grabbed on the spot."

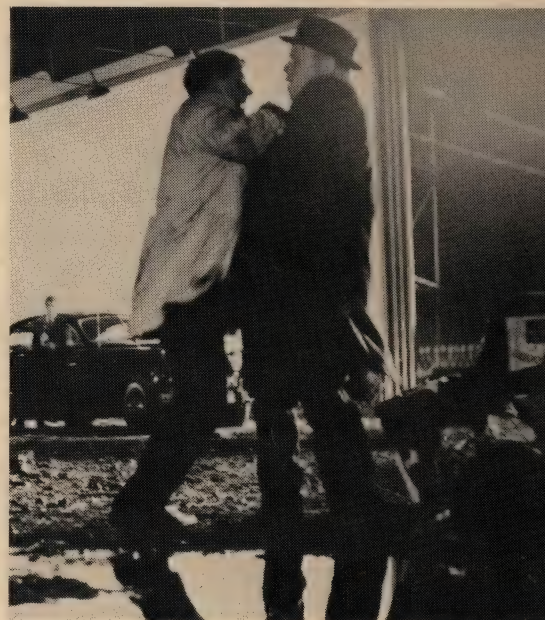
—FIRE MARSHAL VINCENT CANTY, New York City Fire Dept.



CANTY



Lone brownstone holdout typifies house ripe for building-buster tactics: arson (l.); rentals to prostitutes (below); hangout for alcoholics and junkies (r.) and (far rt.) beatings or death threats.



"Take my building, for instance. It was a comfortable old brownstone in a block of similar buildings, all of which have been torn down to make way for a block-square apartment complex.

"It was a middle-class block, mostly Italian, German and East European families. A nice, quiet street until the speculators bought it up and turned it into an instant slum.

"When our landlord stopped providing most of the normal services like heat and hot water, about half the tenants moved out of my building. Three apartments were immediately taken over by homosexuals. Two prostitutes moved into a fourth. We were kept awake nights by loud parties, screams, fights in the halls, people coming and going noisily at all hours.

"It got so bad we had to fight off whores and step over drunks and addicts to get in and out of the building. Then 'vandals' broke in and smashed our furniture and TV set. They didn't come there to steal but to bust up the place while we were out. I had installed three locks on the door, but that didn't stop them. They crashed right through the wall! Next day, we moved."

King of the building busters is a husky, barrel-chested man known to his victims and employers as "Jack the Wrecker." A former demolition expert and truck driver for a building-wrecking firm, he now calls himself a "buildings management consultant."

Landlords and real estate speculators hire him to get rid of unwanted tenants. When the buildings involved are partially vacated, he moves in prostitutes, homosexuals, winos and other undesirables. If stubborn tenants still insist on keeping their flats, he employs the services of strong-arm goons and arsonists.

JACK drives around town in a gleam-blue Cadillac. Beside him on the front seat sits a black Alsatian dog, the kind favored by Nazi concentration camp guards. The dog is trained to attack on command.

Jack has three such dogs. Since he is a busy man, they work in shifts. One is always with him, 24 hours a day.

Last year he had to buy a replacement for one of his fanged bodyguards. When a detective called at his posh apartment to arrest him for rape, Jack set one of the dogs on him. The animal lunged and

the cop fired, killing it before it could reach his throat.

As a result of this incident, Jack was charged with using a dog as a dangerous weapon. He beat this rap as he beat the rape complaint and six other charges, including five arrests for felonious assault. All the charges were dismissed.

Jack started collecting guard dogs after an irate tenant stabbed him in the left arm and side.

He also collects gorgeous girlfriends, mostly curvy blondes who don't care too much how he makes the money he lavishes on them. He always carries a thick wad of greenbacks and keeps from \$5,000 to \$10,000 cash in his apartment.

He has made enough out of the building-busting business to buy into several nightclubs and other enterprises.

Jack's activities on behalf of various real estate speculators have been the subject of investigations by several New York City agencies, including the Police, Fire and Buildings Department, the New York City Rent and Rehabilitation Agency and the District Attorney's office.

But Jack the Wrecker insists he is a legitimate busi- (Continued on page 96)

by **STANLEY WINCHESTER**

Ellie sat there — wanting to get up and walk out, but unable to do so — as her sister prattled on about her latest love affair...

AFTER DUTY, Nurse Ellie Whelan rode her scooter to the apartment above the hairdresser's off Grafton Street, where she lived with her widowed sister, born Jane but now, as the heavy gold lettering over the shopfront proclaimed, Janice. She was lying back in an armchair with her feet, in satin blue slippers with white pompoms, up on a stool. She said, "Pour me a drink, Ellie love. I'm too comfortable to move."

Ellie went to the liquor cabinet and made a gin and tonic. Taking it to her sister, she said, "I think I'll have one myself."

"Help yourself." Janice stretched back, yawning slightly. "Had a bad day?"

She recounted the story of a typical frustrating day and Janice lay back, listening, with an expression of lazy sympathy. Janice had Ellie's coloring, and there was a general resemblance in their fea-



tures; but the details were different. The nose, instead of being long and thin, was small and slightly pert, the eyes bigger and set farther apart. She was also an inch shorter and some 25 pounds lighter. Two years the younger at 42, she could as well have been 12. It was only in the last year or so that she had taken to wearing a corset, and she could still easily manage without. She was not wearing it now, Ellie saw, but there was no more than a tiny bulge at her midriff.

At the end of the recital, Janice stretched again and sighed. "You have a hard job. You want to relax now and forget it for half an hour. The way I do. God, I was so furious this morning. That half-witted Marion—she makes an unholy mess of a permanent for Mrs. Andrews, who's one of my best clients, and then has the cheek to answer back to her. She's going at the end of the week, of course, which means another one to train."

Janice did not, as Ellie knew, do the training herself. Her work was confined to putting in an appearance from time to time—she had a sharp eye for things that might be going wrong—and handling the accounts, which she did quickly and efficiently. *(Continued on page 94)*

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Sons from *A Man With A Knife* by Stanley
Winchester. Copyright © 1968 by Stanley
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THE SISTER

**THREE HUNDRED CONS LOOSE
AND SCREAMING FOR BLOOD,
AND NINE HOSTAGE GUARDS
AT THEIR MERCY. KEROSENE
CANS AND MATCHES TELL THE
GUARDS WHAT WILL HAPPEN
TO THEM, BUT FOR LT. SAM
GEORGE A WORSE END LOOMS!**

by DON DAVID

LT. SAM GEORGE steps into the prison yard of the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. It is 6 A.M., Tuesday, August 20, 1968. For Sam George, this is a new assignment. His first day in the yard. His first day away from C and D blocks. George—tall, lean, muscular, looking much younger than his 51 years—has asked to be taken out of C and D blocks . . . the blocks which, at this very moment, are holding 58 prisoners under extra security.

He looks at the sky, then at the ancient prison walls. They seem so old, almost ready to crumble. The place is 135 years old, and it looks every day of its age. Soon, there will be a new state pen, down at Lucasville. Will it be ready soon enough?

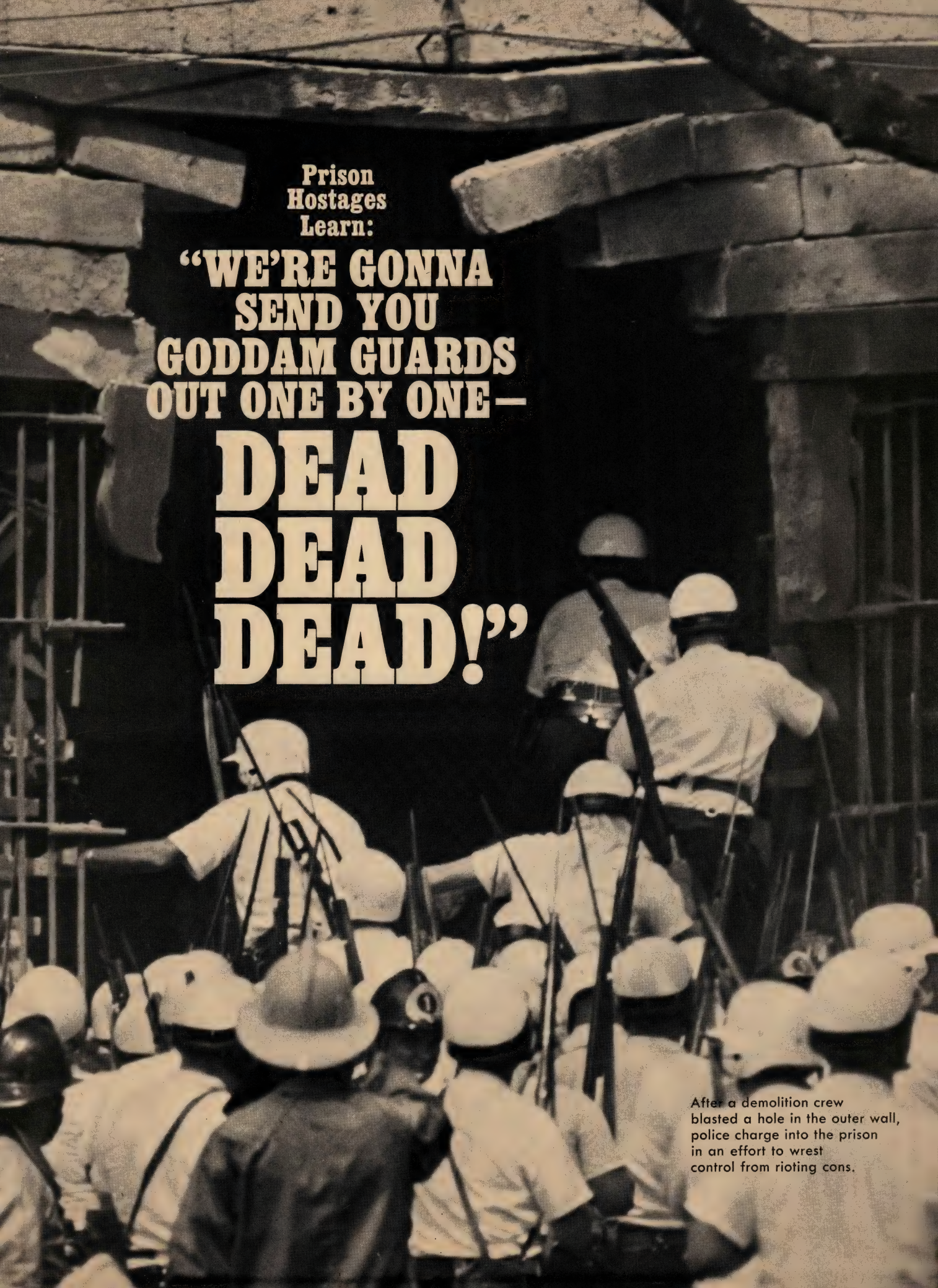
George smells the fresh air; it seems heavy with tension. Yes, even the air seems to hint that something is about to happen. For two months — ever since the riot on June 24—George and many of the other guards have had this feeling . . . Something is going to blow.

It blew on June 24, all right. Practically every prisoner in the place went on a rampage. Caused \$750,000 in damages. But, fortunately, nobody got hurt. The prisoners didn't try to take any hostages or kill anybody, or even to get out that day. They seemed satisfied just to tear the place apart, and that's about what they did.

But since that day, rumors have been flying.

continued on page 18





Prison
Hostages
Learn:

**“WE’RE GONNA
SEND YOU
GODDAM GUARDS
OUT ONE BY ONE—
DEAD
DEAD
DEAD!”**

After a demolition crew
blasted a hole in the outer wall,
police charge into the prison
in an effort to wrest
control from rioting cons.

"WE'RE GONNA SEND YOU GODDAM GUARDS OUT ONE BY ONE—DEAD, DEAD, DEAD!"

continued

Because of that riot, 58 prisoners believed to be the ringleaders have been held under special security in C and D blocks. And, until today, George has been standing guard over them. He, above all, knows that something is being planned. The prisoners are talking to each other in that weird language they use. What is it? Pig Latin? No, he can understand Pig Latin. How do they think up a special language of their own that none of the guards can crack?

Well, he thinks now, walking in the yard, they've got nothing else to do, they've got nothing but time; and if you've got enough time, I guess you can make up your own language. And, walking, Lieutenant George thinks how things have gone during the past two months...

He was put in charge of C and D block and told to run them the way he wanted. Then the penitentiary got a new warden, and the 58 prisoners decided to complain. Warden Marion Koloski called George in for a conference.

"You will talk, pacify and communicate," Koloski ordered.

That's no way to run a block of that kind, George thinks as he walks the yard. You have to put your foot down on convicts like that. Some of those men are psychopaths. Some are clever and quiet. They know how to work things to get what they want. They complain about everything. Well, what do they expect? It's a prison, isn't it?

But after a while, it had been too much for Sam George. The frustration of being a figurehead lead guard got to him. So he asked for the transfer. It wasn't that he was afraid of being in C and D blocks. He wouldn't have minded it if he'd been allowed to run them the way he knew they ought to be run. But not this way...

He thinks of the day the prisoners started to get noisy. He wanted to quiet them down. The warden had an order for him: "I want those men quiet if it takes a hundred pills."

Mid-morning comes to the ancient penitentiary on Columbus' Spring Street, and Lieutenant Sam George goes to the

cafeteria to eat. As he sits, he cannot get out of his mind the strange feeling that whatever has been in the planning stages is about to happen.

At 10:10, the announcement comes over the loudspeaker:

"All personnel get to C and D blocks immediately! Repeat: All personnel to C and D immediately!"

George leaps from the table, runs toward the blocks. This is it!

He stops in the bullpen outside C and D. Shouts, curses, banging noises burst from the crowded C-D and A-B blocks.

"It's too late!" a guard says. "They got out. We can't go in there. They got one of the boys, got his keys, and they're ready to bust out!"

GEORGE and about 20 other guards get weapons from the guard room. George arms himself with a Thompson submachine gun. Captain Robert Ramsey, chief security officer, wants to go in right now. George is all for it.

We'll get part of the squad in A and B blocks and the rest in C and D, right now!" Ramsey says. George agrees. This is the time to go in—guns blazing, if necessary. The thing's got to be stopped right now.

But the order comes from Warden Koloski, who runs into the bullpen.

"Listen," Koloski says, "I want three or four hard-nosed men to go down to A and B block to put those people back into their cells!"

By now the prisoners who, somehow, got out of their cells in C and D block have crossed the partition into A and B block and have freed those prisoners. George does some quick calculating. This means that about 300 prisoners are now loose in the blocks—and they must have hostages!

They have. Four guards have been captured in C and D, six others in A and B!

"Did you hear me?" Warden Koloski shouts. I want three or four volunteers to go down there!"

No one moves.

"All right, George," Koloski says. "You, Sergeant H---y, Sergeant H---d, go down and talk those people back into their cells."

George shrugs, picks up his submachine gun, starts out.

"Leave those guys here! You won't need those!" Koloski yells.

Lieutenant George leaves his weapon,

motions to the two sergeants, and together they walk outside toward the entrance to A and B block.

"This is bad," George thinks. "Those guys mean business. But there are three of us, so maybe..."

At the entrance to A and B block, however, there are not three. The two sergeants, assessing the situation, prudently retreat. George suddenly is alone.

The door bursts open. Two convicts grab him, put a knife to his throat!

George swings, knocks the knife to the floor; but before he can get away, the second man has another knife in his face!

"Well, Mr. George," one of the two says, smiling. "Let's us take a little walk."

The two are Negroes, and both are wearing hastily-fashioned turbans. They are Black Muslims, and until now they haven't been allowed to wear the head-dress symbolic of their beliefs. But now they're in command! They thrust their butcher knives—apparently smuggled out of the kitchen—into Sam George's stomach and take him into the block.

"Sit down," one says, motioning George to a table.

"Let's kill 'im now!" someone screams from the riot-torn block. "Let's cut his head off and roll it out in the yard to 'em!"

A prisoner lunges at George, waving his knife wildly.

"No!" shouts another. "Use your head, man. This is George. He's brass. He's the best hostage we got!"

THERE is a scuffle, almost a fight, and George sits watching to see who'll win... if he is to be beheaded... or used as the main hostage.

The wild prisoner is pushed back

Two prisoners seem to hold the upper hand at the moment. George recognizes them immediately: Howard Conti and Richard Armstrong. Both white, both appearing very calm and cool. They walk up to George, face him.

"Now Mr. George," Conti says, "you don't have to worry about a thing. As long as we get what we want, nothing will happen to you."

The others are yelling, arguing, fighting among themselves.

"Listen," Armstrong shouts, "we don't want to hurt any of these guards until we have to. You hear me?"

But George is not convinced. He sees the others, screaming for his blood—his head. "Roll it in the yard," one shouts.

But some of the prisoners are reluctant to get involved. They stand off to the side. They knew nothing about what was happening in C and D block until the inmates there scrambled over the partition and freed them. One starts to say something.

"Listen," another tells him, "if you don't want to be a part of this, get out. 'Cause it's going to get rough!"

And some do leave—those who can.

Sam George sits quietly on the table for a long moment. Then Conti turns to him.

"Come on. We got something we want to show you."

He stands, follows Conti and Armstrong up the steps to the second range of cells. There, locked up, are seven other guards.

"Talk to 'em," a prisoner says. "Tell them they'll be all right."

The seven are locked in two cells. Their eyes search George's face. He wants to reassure them. He tries to do what he can.

"Boys, they say they're not going to do anything to us," George says. But he isn't sure. There are too many prisoners yelling for blood... too many knives be-

Warden Koloski (arrow) listens to riot leader Armstrong broadcast con grievances.





Freed hostages wait for hospital tests.



Blood streams down his face as exhausted Lt. George is led away from riot scene.

ing flashed around... too many fights breaking out.

"We're okay, Sam," one says. "Anything you want to send home?" George asks. He tries not to look scared.

Two of the guards hand their wallets through the bars to him; a third hands out his car keys.

"Okay?" George asks the convicts. They say nothing, but lead him back down the steps, toward an opening that extends from the cell block to the outside.

"Hand 'em through, but don't say nothin'," George is told.

"I've got to tell them whose things these are, and who they go to."

"Nothin' else!" A guard is waiting outside. George hands the wallets and keys to him. "These are from the other boys. Give them to their families."

"That's enough," a convict says, putting the knife to Sam George's throat.

They lead him back to the table, where he sits.

He thinks about the seven guards he has seen upstairs: Charles Hickman, Harley Reeves, Steve Huffman, Glen Moler, Paul Freshour, Harry Myers, Don Dilley... all packed into two cells, waiting on—what?

"We're going to burn your buddies," a prisoner shouts, laughing, holding a kerosene can. "We don't get what we want, your buddies are going to burn!"

Cheers go up from many of the prisoners at these words. "Burn 'em! Burn 'em! Burn 'em!"

Another guard is being held hostage in C and D block. He is Paul Davis, and although Lieutenant George knows he is there, he hasn't been able to see him, and doesn't know if he's still alive.

Two prisoners attach themselves to George as "bodyguards."

"Lieutenant," one whispers. "If things get too rough, we'll get you to the door. From there, you're on your own."

Despite his fear, Sam George is touched by these words. He knows what they mean. This prisoner is telling him that he'll give his life to save him—for if he helps George escape, he'll be killed. Yet he's willing to try if, as he says, "things get too rough."

George watches the prisoners. He is amazed. It is a power struggle. There

are too many leaders. They are not organized. Some are Black Muslims. Some are for negotiation, some are for killing. All have their demands.

"And if we don't get what we want, your buddies will burn, and your head will roll in the yard!" The words throb in his mind.

He thinks about the world outside. He wonders what's going on right now. He knows he is going to be here, on this table, his life in the hands of the prisoners, only a few of whom want him to live. What's taking place out there? He wonders.

Outside, the yard is packed with the remaining prison guards, sheriff's deputies, state troopers, reporters, photographers, prison officials. They have been here since the first report, trying to piece together how the riot began, how the prisoners got free, and what the situation is at the moment.

They learn that shortly before 10 A.M. two convicts from C and D block, being escorted with others to take a bath, overpowered a guard and took his keys. After that, it was simple. The 58 cons in C and D were freed. They piled up boxes near the partition to A and B block, scrambled over into that block, and set those prisoners free as well. Soon more than 300 convicts were loose in the ranges (floors) of the two blocks. And, since the guards do not carry arms in those blocks, it was easy to overpower them.

TEN guards were captured. Then, the prisoners managed to get Sam George—as a lieutenant, the most important hostage they could hope to capture. One guard, Ernest Salyers, was released because of his heart condition; another, Clarence Miller, was permitted to leave after he'd suffered a badly cut head. The cons didn't need those two. They had nine others, including Sam George—the tough guy who until today had been running C and D block.

Five fires were set in the barber shop area of the prison—just why, nobody seems to know. But the fires were quickly put out by firemen, with no interference from the rioting cons.

What kind of prisoners are these, anyway? someone asks. First, they free two guards who are hurt and sick, then they let the firemen put out the fires they set.

What do they want out of all this, anyway?

"We want to talk," a prisoner shouts from a barred window. "We want to see a reporter."

Reporters rush to the window. Seeing them, the prisoners crowd around, each eager to tell his story.

"Watch out," a guard warns the reporters.

"Leave 'em alone!" an inmate answers. "We're gonna send you goddam guards out one by one—dead, dead, dead!"

To the reporters, the inmate says, "We ain't gonna bother you. Stay here and talk to us."

The reporters stay. Stories and complaints are revealed in a torrent. The prisoners claim they aren't permitted to shower, shave, brush their teeth; they tell of guards stealing their cigarettes, of beatings and shootings. They complain about being treated like "dogs" and "animals." One of the more articulate prisoners comments, "If we can't live with the remnants of our pride and our honor, we don't want to live."

"We want a federal investigation of this whole institution—or else this institution won't stand!" warns another.

Several reporters corner Warden Koloski and hurl questions at him. They learn that there is a conflict between the new warden and some of his staff, and that the prisoners are aware of it. The new warden wants to reason with the prisoners, to talk with them, rehabilitate them, treat them on an individual basis.

"I try to look at the good side—the wholesome side of each man," Koloski says. "I want to try to motivate them to something better. We all know their bad side."

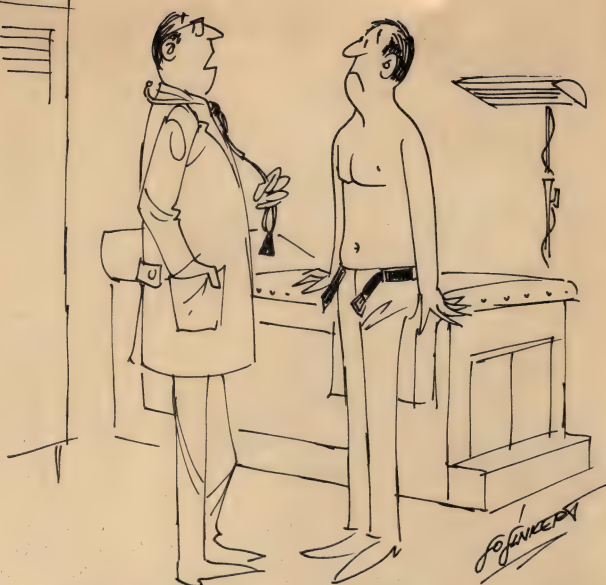
Within the prison walls, the bad side is showing. Sam George sits uneasily on his table and prays that the few prisoners who want to keep him alive as a hostage can fight off the many who want him dead.

Suddenly one of the prisoners grabs George by the arm. "Let's go see the reporters," says "Buggerbear" O'Neill. "We got to tell 'em how rotten this place is."

O'Neill leads George to the barred window. "I got Lieutenant George here," he tells the reporters. "We're going to tell you boys how bad this place is. Listen, I got three (Continued on page 67)

WE'RE HIGH ON LO!

CLEAR THE RUNWAY is the order of the day once cartoonist Lo Linkert has "cleared the funway" by knocking out his daily quota of cartoons. A former West German who now makes his home in Vancouver, Canada, Lo (short for Lothar) spends his spare time piloting gliders. "It's a great hobby," says Lo, a great cartoonist. When it comes to Lo Linkert's occupation and avocation, the sky's the limit! ▲



"I know there's a lot of 24-hour flu going around, but what you have was caused by a 24-hour floozie."



"I don't care if he did have a bad day at school . . ."



"Don't let them give you any ideas, wise guy!"



"Now my mother-in-law moved in with us,
and I'm being nagged in stereo."



"Walt Disney would turn in his grave."

To get a role in a film, Claudia would sell her soul
—or give away her body. To keep Claudia as his mistress,
David would have to lose the woman he married.
Step by step, both David and Claudia headed for disaster!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MARRIED MEN

by JACKIE COLLINS



"WHEN I WAS 15, I was an absolute doll! Mother was terrified to let me out. She felt I was bound to come home pregnant."

The speaker was Claudia Parker. The listener was David Cooper. Claudia was in bed. She had long, shiny ash-blond hair and enormous green eyes. The face was perfect, with a small, straight nose and full lips. She wore no make-up and no clothes, and was covered by a thin silk sheet.

David sat at the end of the bed. He was 40 and looked it. He had black, slightly curly hair and a well-lined, rugged face.

"Well, eventually I left home," continued Claudia. "Actually, I met this marvelous boy, an actor, and he brought me to London with him." She sighed and wriggled around under the sheet.

"Got a cigarette, darling?"

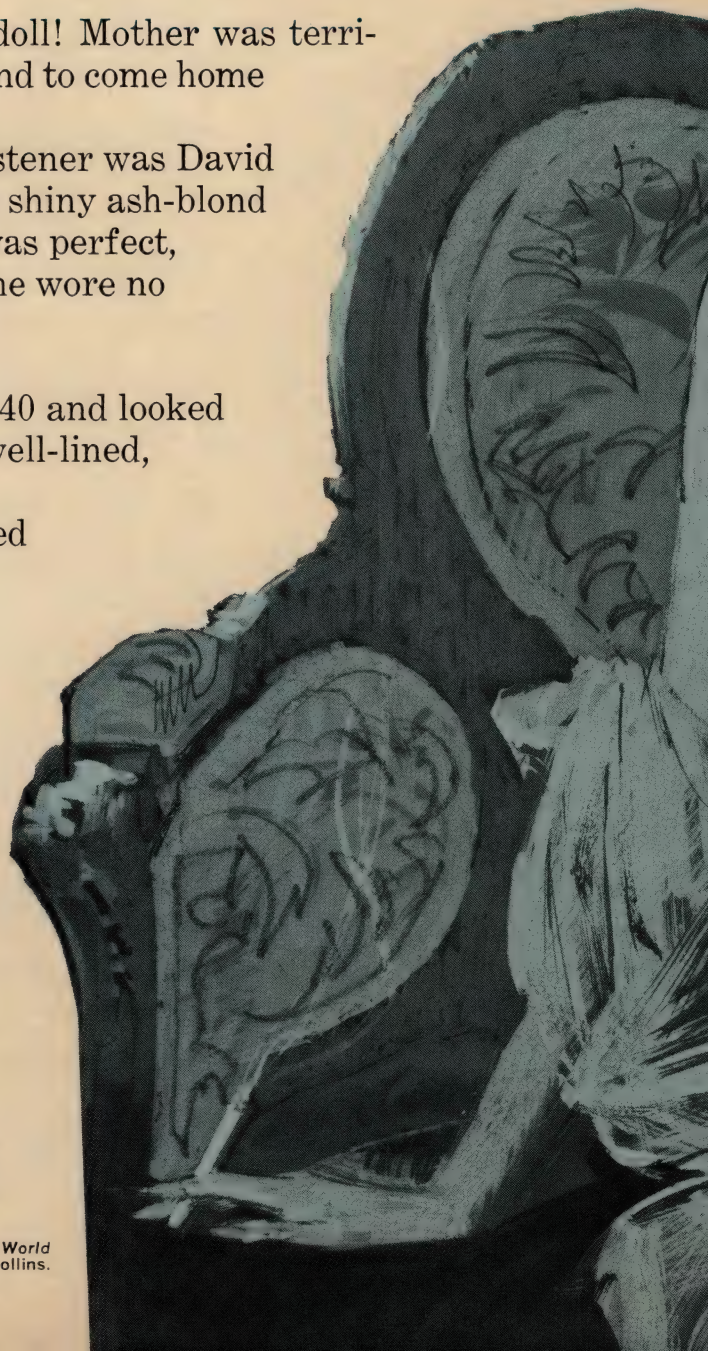
David produced a pack.

"Want to hear more of my lurid background?"

"I want to hear everything about you."

Claudia smiled. "You're so sweet. I thought when I first saw you, you would turn out to be an absolute bore. But I'm mad about you!" She leaned over to where David was sitting. The sheet was left behind, and she wound

continued on page 16





THE WORLD IS FULL OF MARRIED MEN

continued

her arms around his neck and started to nibble at his ear.

David pushed her back on the bed.

"Want me, baby?" she whispered.

David grunted his assent.

Suddenly she twisted herself free, jumped off the bed, and ran to the door. "I'm going to have a shower, then maybe we can get some lunch out; and then, baby, then we can come back and make it all night long!"

As David heard the water running in the bathroom, he thought about Claudia, how they had first met. Was it really only three weeks ago? He had had a particularly hard day at the office, and his wife Linda had been nagging him about all the extra work he seemed to be doing, and how she never saw him any more. He was just getting ready to leave, when Phillip Abbottson had come into his office. "Listen, Dave," we've got two girls testing for Beauty Maid Soap, and it's a dead heat. We just can't decide."

Reluctantly David had gone with Phillip to the studio in the enormous Cooper-Taylor advertising building, owned by David's uncle, R. P. Cooper. David came sixth in the line of importance at Cooper-Taylor. He was in

charge of TV and since Beauty Maid was to be featured heavily, it was necessary to pick the right girl.

They entered the studio, and David immediately spotted her, sprawled in a canvas chair. The other girl came into focus next. She was prim, and virginal-looking.

"Well, let them do their stuff," said David.

Phillip gestured to the prim girl, and she made her way onto the small set and climbed daintily into the round marble bathtub. A prop man started to spray her with bubbles, and someone else thrust a bar of soap into her hand.

The girl flashed a toothy smile at the camera. "I'm a Beauty Maid," she cooed. She lathered the soap in her hands and spread it luxuriously up her arms. She drew one long leg out of the bubbles and lathered that too. "Why don't you be a Beauty Maid too?"

"OK, cut it," shouted Phillip. "Miss Parker now, please."

David turned to watch as Claudia changed places with the other girl. She had a pantherlike grace. Her voice was low and sexy as she read her lines.

David said to Phillip, "She's the one."

As he left the set, Claudia caught his eye. He felt a hint of promise in her smile. He returned to his office, called Linda to say he would be home for dinner, then left.

Claudia was standing outside the

building. "Hello," she simpered. "Small world."

They went to a small Italian restaurant. David called Linda and made his excuses. Claudia called a boyfriend and canceled him out. And there it all began.

Suddenly Claudia returned from the bathroom. "Darling, what have you been doing?" she questioned. David pulled her down on the bed. "Thinking about how you picked me up."

"It's not true!" she protested. "You're just a dirty old man!" The phone rang. "Saved by the bell," she giggled.

It was her agent calling.

DAVID dressed slowly, watching Claudia all the time. Finally she hung up. "Oh, baby, I've got marvelous news!" she said. "I have an interview with Conrad Lee tomorrow. He's over here looking for a new face to star in his latest film. I'm to see him tomorrow night. Isn't it exciting?"

David wasn't too pleased. "Why do you have to see him at night? What's wrong with during the day?"

"Oh, baby, don't be silly. My God, if he wants to get laid, he can get it just as well at 8 A.M. as any other time." She marched to the dressing table and started to apply her makeup.

"All right, I'm sorry. I just don't know why you want this silly career of yours. Why don't you..."

"Why don't I what?" interrupted Claudia coldly. "Give it all up and marry you? And what do you suggest we do with your wife and kids?"

David was silent.

"Look, baby." Her voice softened. "I don't bug you about things, so just forget it. You don't own me, and I don't own you." She applied her false eyelashes. "I'm starving. What about lunch?"

They went to their little Italian restaurant, and good humor was restored. Her laughter lit up the restaurant, and David laughed with her. She was such a beautiful, vital girl. He had had affairs outside marriage before, many times, but this was different; this time, for the first time, he wished he was free.

After lunch they drove through the West End looking for a film they would like to see. But Claudia snuggled up to David. "Let's forget the movie," she said. "Let's go back to my place and swing."

TWO

"Ban the Bomb," the banner attached to the stout lady's back announced quite clearly. "Peace everywhere," declared a large notice held aloft by a bearded young man.

The group marched slowly into Trafalgar Square. Linda Cooper was squashed between an earnest-looking group of young girls and a gentleman who kept muttering to himself.

An attractive woman in her early thirties, with short auburn hair partly concealed beneath a chiffon scarf, Linda looked out of place in the company she was with. She glanced around. It seemed funny to be standing there, part of the crowd, without David. It was so seldom that she did anything without him. But more and more lately there had been long business trips and late meetings.

It was only by chance really that she was at the demonstration today. David was away and the children were in the country with her parents for the weekend. She had found herself all alone, so she had phoned Monica and Jack and they had asked her over to lunch. But it was a mistake; they were really David's friends. After an hour and a half she excused herself and left.

It was while driving home that she



Miss Field was David's secretary—but she served him in another capacity after office hours.

noticed the marchers and the banners. On impulse she parked in a side street and made her way into Trafalgar Square, the general gathering point.

The man standing beside her looked at his watch. "It's three o'clock," he announced excitedly.

There was a sudden shouting and yelling, and small groups of people seemed to disintegrate from the mass and rush toward the road, where they promptly sat down in front of the traffic. Linda was carried forward with the crush. There were a lot of policemen pushing and dragging and lifting the squatters from the road, and as soon as one person was removed another immediately took his place. Then a pink-faced constable was grabbing her under the arms. She started to struggle and another policeman took hold of her legs. There was a moment of immodesty as she felt her skirt hike up above her knees and then they dumped her back on the pavement.

Helping hands got her to her feet. She discovered she had lost her shoes and somehow or other cut her arm. Her scarf had vanished and her hair fell around her face.

"Well, you look a right mess." It was a dark-haired young man.

A girl grabbed him by the arm. "Oh, come on, Paul," she said. "Let's go."

Paul ignored her. "Look," he said to Linda, "you had better come with us. I've got a mate lives near here and we can maybe get you some shoes."

PAUL took hold of Linda's arm and guided her through the mass of people. His girlfriend trailed miserably behind.

"My name's Paul Bedford, what's yours?"

Linda glanced at him. He was tall, she guessed about 22, and found him uncomfortably attractive.

"Mrs. Cooper," she said firmly.

He gave her an odd look, half-amused, half-puzzled. "All right, Mrs. Cooper."

Paul was leading her across the road into Newport Street. "We're here," he said, banging on a battered yellow door. A black-haired girl answered Paul's knock. "Hi, baby," she greeted Paul brightly. "Come on up."

They followed her up a narrow staircase into an enormous room painted completely black. There was a large bed in one corner, a lot of books and cushions scattered around.

"Where's the old man?" asked Paul.

"Oh, he went to join the crowd," said the girl.

"We need a drink," said Paul. "Got hung up in the middle of it. This is Mrs. Cooper; she cut her arm and lost her shoes."

The girl smiled. "Sit down and I'll get you a beer."

"Come on," said Paul to Linda, "we'll fix your arm up." He took her into the bathroom, and asked: "So where's Mr. Cooper?"

Linda looked at him coolly. "He's away on business."

"What's your first name?"

She hesitated, then said, "Linda. Why?"

"I just wanted to know."

They looked at each other and then Linda glanced nervously at the floor. This is ridiculous, she thought. What am I doing here with this boy whom I find so very attractive? What would David think? I must get out.

"Look," she said, "I simply must get back to my car now. I have people expecting me at home."

"All right," said Paul. "I'll take you."

They went back into the large black room. Paul's girl, Melanie, jumped up

and rushed over to him. Linda decided she wasn't very pretty.

"Have some beer," Melanie offered.

"No, we're splitting now," said Paul. "I'll be back soon. You wait here."

They walked in silence to where Linda had left her car. She felt embarrassed and inelegant in her stocking feet.

They reached her car. "Where do you live?" he inquired.

"Finchley. We have a house there."

"Well, we're neighbors then. I live in Hampstead. You could drop me off there. Do you mind?"

"I thought you had to go back for your girlfriend," said Linda nervously. She wanted to drive off and leave him standing there. She knew how attracted she was to him, and she felt very vulnerable.

"That's all right, Mel will find her own way home." He walked around to the passenger seat and got in.

It's now or never, Linda thought. Either I tell him to get out now or I'm accepting the fact that he's interested and letting him know that I'm interested too. She felt him staring at her. She started the car.

Linda drove expertly through the traffic. Paul sat silently beside her. Eventually she spoke. "You know, your girl isn't going to be too pleased with you, saying you will be back and then just disappearing."

"It doesn't matter." They lapsed into silence again. Linda decided that when they reached Hampstead she would stop the car, wait for him to get out, and then wave goodbye and drive quickly away. She would give him no chance to talk about seeing her again. Instinctively she knew he would want to.

"I noticed you immediately," he said. "In the crowd. You looked sort of lost."

"I don't know what you mean," she said defensively.

"Oh, come off it, you know what I mean. You dig, you're hip. Where's your old man then? Where's your kids? You have got kids, haven't you?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"It's easy. I could sum you up in a minute. Married maybe 10 years, nice little house, mink stole, husband away a lot, kids growing up and leaving you behind. It's true, isn't it?"

She forced a smile. "You're very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. I can see it in your face."

"We've reached Hampstead," said Linda quickly. She swerved abruptly into the curb. "Thanks for the summing up. It was great fun for you, I'm sure. David would have been amused. Goodbye." She stared straight ahead and waited for him to get out. He didn't move. Eventually he said, "Can I see you again?" She turned to look at him; his eyes penetrated deep into her own.

"No, you can't. I'm in love with my husband. I have two lovely children and I live a very nice life, thank you. I think you are a very rude boy, and do you mind getting out of my car?"

HE got out. "If you change your mind, I'm in the phone book." He walked away.

Linda watched him go. He's a beatnik, she thought angrily. He's very thin, probably never eats. So young, but so knowing. I would like to sleep with him. She halted her train of thought abruptly. I would like to what? she asked herself incredulously. Sex had always been synonymous with David. She had never had an affair, she had gone to her marriage bed a virgin, and now this thought was in her head.

David is a wonderful husband, she thought, a wonderful lover. But when did he ever make love to her these days?

Maybe once a fortnight, and then it was a quick 10-minute affair. Afterward he would turn over and go straight to sleep, and she would lie awake thinking how it used to be before the children, when they were first married.

The house was empty. It was nearly six; David had said he would be home around nine. She decided to phone her mother and see how Jane and Stephen were behaving themselves.

"Hello, Mother, how's everything?"

"Oh, fine, dear. Jane's having her bath now and Stephen's right here. He wants to speak to you."

Stephen's thin voice came on the line. He was eight. "Hello, Mummy. We're having a smashing time. Grandma made lost of gooey cakes for tea..." He carried on at great length, and then her mother's voice came back on the line. They spoke a short while and said goodbye.

WHAT now? There seemed nothing to do except go to bed and wait for David. Bed, David, the two thoughts connected in her head, and a sudden idea formed. She rushed to her wardrobe and found a slinky black negligee she had bought in Paris several years ago. Well, this is what they say in all the women's magazines, she thought. Shock your husband into realizing how utterly sexy and devastating you really are!

Then she ran a hot bath, climbed into it, and relaxed. The phone rang. Wrapped in a bath towel, trailing bubbles, she hurried into the bedroom to answer it.

"Hello, Linda. This is Paul Bedford."

A long silence, and then his voice again. "You mentioned David and Finchley, so it was easy to trace you in the phone book. Look, I'm sorry. Will you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," said Linda coolly. She was tempted to hang up, but waited to see what he would say next.

"Oh, well, that's all right then." He sounded relieved. "Listen, a friend of mine is having a party tonight. I thought you might like to come."

"I'm sorry, I can't," she answered quickly.

"Well, no harm in trying. The party doesn't start till after 10, so if you decide to go, my number is Hampstead 09911. Goodbye." He hung up.

O-double-nine-double-one, so easy to remember. She shivered and made her way quickly back to the bathroom. She was secretly pleased that Paul had phoned; it made her feel desirable and wanted. Tonight she would make David realize that everything could be as romantic as when they first knew each other. She studied her naked body in the bathroom mirror. Her legs were shapely, her waist was quite slim, and her breasts were firm. She slipped into the negligee.

The stage was set, the player was ready, it was nearly nine. A glass of wine would be nice, she thought. There was a bottle of rosé in the fridge...

An hour passed. The wine was drunk, the black negligee had been replaced with something warmer. Linda huddled morosely in front of the TV watching a crime serial.

She was a little loaded. The emptiness of the house seemed to press around her. Where was David? He had said nine o'clock...

The phone rang. First, the operator's cool voice, and then David, obviously in a hurry. "Look, I had to drive over from Leeds to Manchester, and I'm bushed. Not going to risk driving back tonight; I'll leave early in the morning."

"But, David." (Continued on page 75)

That friendly bartender who pours you a foaming $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch head on every glass of beer may actually be cheating you out of your hard-earned money!

If you like to rub elbows with a piece of wood, here are some tips on tippling.

"HHEY, BRING ME ANOTHER BEER, Ned," Bill Davies called out to the bartender in the little neighborhood bar off Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. "And make sure this time you don't cheat me!"

Ned, a big, friendly Irishman, grabbed Bill's glass off the counter, grinning. "You," he said, "are staring at the most honest bartender in the country. What do you want me to do—give the stuff away for free?"

Bill waited until Ned had drawn the glass full and returned it. Bill looked at the pale, foamy liquid and nodded to himself. "You did it again," he finally said. "You cheated me again. With this glass. Look at that head."

"The most beautiful you ever saw," Ned said. "Look at those suds..."

"That's what I mean," Bill interrupted. "The bigger the head, the less beer. It's a lot of air bubbles you're having me pay for. And I'll prove it." He took a small ruler from his pocket and held it up against the top of the glass. "See what the head measures? Three-fourths of an inch, almost exactly. Supposing you drew the beer so it only had a quarter-inch head. What do you suppose would happen?"

"What?"

"I'd have me half an inch more beer to drink," Bill told him triumphantly. "My nightly limit, as you know better than anybody else, is four glasses of beer. Four times half-an-inch makes two inches."

"Okay, so you're out two inches. Big deal."

"I'm in here five days a week. Over a week's time I'm out to the tune of 10 inches of beer. Let's take it a step further. You serve an eight ounce glass, right?"

"I guess," grumbled Ned.

Bill pulled out a pencil and a piece of paper and made a few rough calculations. When he looked up again he exclaimed, "Why, Ned, you old son-of-a-gun, I'm out five glasses of beer a



week because of that big head you're so proud of. Now, let's see how many years I've been coming in here—"

"If I listen to you much longer you'll have me signing over the place to you," Ned said with mock anger. "You get the next one free, and consider yourself lucky at that."

The only other customer in the place, the foreman of an upholstery firm, called out to Ned: "Say, how come you suddenly know so much about beer?" (Continued on page 58)



A POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO BEER AND WINE

by MYRON BRENTON

"MY HORMONES must be out of whack," Gene Fox complained.

"No matter how much sex I get, it never seems enough."

He was thin, almost cadaverous, with dramatic features that just missed being handsome. Dark crescents under his red-veined eyes gave him an exhausted look. In his late twenties, he was a food equipment serviceman with a wife and two children in the suburbs.

"How long have you been bothered this way?" I asked.

"Ever since I can remember. When I slept over with a girl, we'd do it maybe five, six times. But I'd always still be ready to go again when I left her."

"How often do you have relations with your wife?"

His mouth curled. "She just couldn't take it after awhile. According to her, I'm some kind of sex maniac." He shrugged.

"She lets me just once a night. Maybe."

"What do you do about it?"

"There's a girl named Doris. She works at the company. A lot of times my wife thinks I'm on the road, I'm really sleeping over at her place."

"She doesn't satisfy you either?"

He shook his head. "Doris falls asleep after the second or third time. She felt sorry about it, so she asked how I'd like it if Jennie slept with us. Jennie's her roommate, a divorcée. She's got her own bedroom in the apartment. So I said sure. Now when I'm there I sleep between them."

"A sex triangle?"

"Oh, hell, no. One at a time. First I knock off two or three with Doris. Then she goes to sleep and I turn around and give it to Jennie three or four times. I might have one of them again in the morning. Whichever one feels like it."

"And even this arrangement doesn't satisfy you?"

His face was a study in embarrassment. "Tuesday (Continued on page 50)

SEXUAL

SUPER



MEN

Some men are capable of incredible sexual feats that have merited them space in medical books. But all men can improve their sexual performance. This article tells how!

He was deep in North Vietnam, with Communist soldiers advancing rapidly to take him prisoner. Only a miracle could save him now!

CAPTAIN JOHN R. FORTENBERRY was slammed back into his seat as his RF-101 Voodoo faltered in mid-air high over North Vietnam. A shrill, whistling sound racked Fortenberry's ears.

"What the hell!" The jarred captain, confused, scanned his instruments. He'd flown through heavy ack-ack during his recon run over the Red base at Dong Hoi, but he hadn't believed he'd been hit.

"Something's wrong," he muttered. The Voodoo wallowed drunkenly on turbulence, 36,000 feet above terraced paddy fields. Fortenberry.

continued on page 32



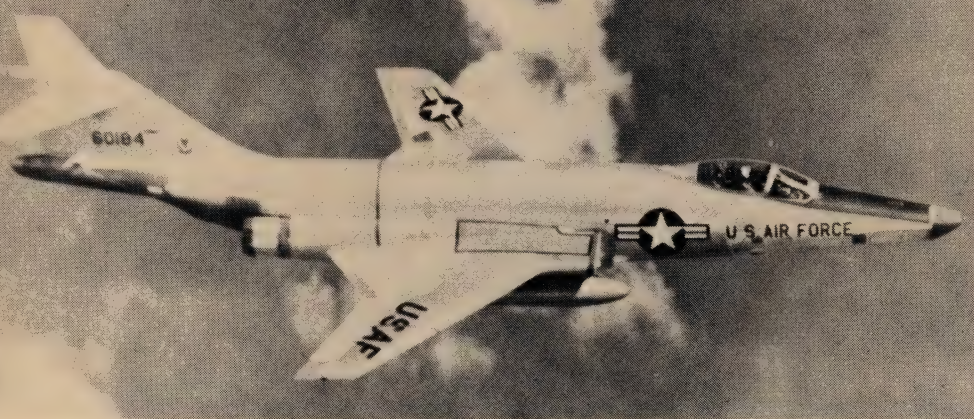


the pilot who walked on air

By DON ROBERTS

THE PILOT WHO WALKED ON AIR

continued



Fortenberry was flying an RF-101 Voodoo photo-recon plane when NV gunfire hit him.

wasn't sure he could maintain control.

Whatever had happened, it was possible the damage wasn't mortal. Nervous, Fortenberry experimented with stick and throttle. Maybe he could coax the crippled RF-101 south to the big U.S. airbase at Da Nang. Maybe he could—

"Hard Nose 62, you're burning bad!"

The captain peered over his shoulder and saw what he'd dreaded, a long, thin stream of orange fuel fire washing back into his jet exhaust!

The radio message from the armed F-4C Phantom cruising next to Fortenberry's weaponless RF-101, a photo reconnaissance plane, confirmed the captain's worst fears. He felt heat at his back. No doubt about it—his fuel was going up. He had no time to do anything except get out of the crippled RF-101—now!

"This is Hard Nose 62. I'm going. Cover me if you can. Ejecting now!"

FORTENBERRY got rid of his heavy plexiglass canopy, braced against the murderous windblast that knifed into his cockpit, and armed his ejection seat. The ejector sent him slamming up and back into the slipstream, battered by savage forces, somersaulting in space as the RF-101 went spinning away below him.

The wind rushed in his ears. Still, Fortenberry heard the brittle crack followed by a whooshing sound as the RF-101 vanished inside an expanding fireball less than a thousand feet away. Fiery pieces of shrapnel flew like confetti.

Miraculously unhit by the debris, John Fortenberry looked up to see the white nylon of his parachute fluttering wildly, refusing to open!

"Oh, no! . . ."

It was a "streamer"—a tangled mess of cloth that refused to unravel normally. Nausea racked Fortenberry as he plummeted in free fall toward North Vietnam, his arms flailing wildly as he fought to get a grip on his parachute risers.

If I don't find a way . . .

He almost didn't. The pressures working on the captain's body were enormous. It took all his strength to inch his fingers around the risers, get a grip, and tug. Only after long, agonizing seconds did the tangled chute begin to unroll.

Then the chute opened with such sudden force that the straps tore painfully into Fortenberry's crotch, chest and shoulders. Jolted, he looked up with relief to see a normal nylon canopy open above him.

Not much comfort, he told himself. He was deep in North Vietnam, more than 60 miles from the coast. His wingman in a lone F-4C Phantom was circling overhead, but the Phantom pilot would be almost helpless to prevent him from becoming a Red POW. Even if he could land without breaking some bones, there wasn't much hope his buddies would be able to pull him out. His only slim chance would be to run for cover, hope that help would come.

WHAM! WHAM!

The sound echoed around him and Fortenberry spun in his chute harness. "It's like gunfire," he thought. "Exactly like—"

It was gunfire. Captain Fortenberry peered downward to see North Vietnamese Army trucks bunched up on the narrow dirt roads below, troops spilling over their sides. The Red soldiers were fanning out so that at least some of them would be near Fortenberry when he landed. And they had no qualms about shooting at a defenseless man in a parachute. The captain could see the red of their muzzle flashes as slugs whipped past him.

The crack of gunfire became sharper. Fortenberry was so low he could hear men yelling at him. He had no time to do anything. His own shadow grew rapidly against a hillside . . .

Going to hit it . . . Now! . . .

The impact was murderous. Dazed, almost knocked out, the captain slumped beneath his collapsed chute and tried to regain his senses. Something in the back of his mind told him he should be moving. The worst mistake he could make would be to stay there, trying to clear his head, while the Reds were closing in on him.

ONLY trouble was, he couldn't move.

He was too badly shaken. He used one arm to clear his vision by sweeping the nylon aside and reached with his other hand to grasp the hard butt of the .38 revolver resting against his hip.

"I've got to do something!" he thought, North Vietnamese voices ringing in his ears. He didn't know what. It seemed too late. It was as if Ho Chi Minh had already written his name on the door of a prison cell in downtown Hanoi . . .

A radio plea from Fortenberry's wingman reached the Joint Operations Center (JOC) at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport. The news that a Voodoo was missing and an airman down quickly reached the watch officer, Captain Joseph D. Gentner, from St. George, Utah.

By coincidence Gentner was an old buddy of John Fortenberry's. The two had flown together in the states.

"Divert all other missions," Gentner ordered, following the standard procedure for a "Mayday," or emergency. His eyes fell on a map of the North Vietnamese coast and alighted on the plastic pin that represented a helicopter. The chopper was on station, ready for this kind of situation.

But it was practically sheer madness to expect the crew to penetrate so deeply into North Vietnam.

"That guy is in one hell of a spot," Gentner noted. "Normally, I wouldn't bet on his chances. If it was anybody but John, I'd figure his chances were zero. But I know Fortenberry, and nothing will make him quit . . ."

Gentner cancelled a planned air strike on Dong Hoi by U.S. Navy A-7 Corsairs from the carrier *Ranger*. Then he alerted emergency hospital teams at Da Nang, ordered a flight of F-4C Phantoms to move into the area, and sent the signal that would put the helicopter en route.

On Gentner's map, the whole thing had the artificial appearance of a chess game. But he was grimly aware that a human life was at stake . . .

FORTENBERRY saw he'd misjudged the terrain coming down. Although rice paddies were strewn below him, he'd landed on a hillside choked with tree cover. He peered down to see stocky little North Vietnamese troops hugging the surface of the land, starting up toward him. Their weapons glinted ominously in the sun.

The captain wriggled from his chute and started uphill tentatively, testing his reflexes—not sure how much strength he had left after the jump.

Do something. Anything . . . I can't just sit here and wait for them . . .

It was the thickest brush he'd ever seen. Branches slapped at his face, drawing blood, as he quickened his pace and thrashed toward the top of a long, saw-backed ridge. The going was tough. He felt his breath coming in gasps.

Fortenberry didn't need much imagination to picture what would happen to him when the Reds caught up. A fellow pilot from his 67th Tactical Recon Squadron, Major James A. Perelka, of Lexington, Kentucky, had been tagged by a "SAM" missile near here four months before and had gotten out of his RF-101 Voodoo alive. Before anybody could think about rescue, Perelka had been overcome by Red troops.

Letters from the major's wife and parents had gotten as far as Hanoi but had been returned with a rubber-stamped notation that captured American "pirates" do not receive mail. Every fighter pilot in Southeast Asia referred to Ho Chi Minh's prison camps as the "Hanoi Hilton"—but the term was a mutation of grotesque GI humor . . .

Fortenberry knew he could turn around and saunter downhill with his hands raised. He never considered it. Until they actually had him, he was going to keep hoping there would be a way out . . .

He almost reached the top of the ridge when more gunshots sounded in the air. He heard the faint rustle of bullets plowing through brush. He spun, dropped on his stomach, lifted the .38 with both hands, and aimed downhill.

Through breaks in the trees, he could see khaki-garbed North Vietnamese troops zigzagging upward. They were close enough for him to read the hard, intent expressions on their faces. But they weren't close enough for the .38.

Maybe if I can make some more dis-

tance . . . Fortenberry started off again. The only thought in his mind was to keep going as long as possible.

Weakened and exhausted from the climb, he reached the crest of the ridge and started down the other side. Then he spotted more North Vietnamese coming at him up the reverse slope!

I'm being rushed from both front and rear . . . Wedged in . . .

HIS mind reeled. It didn't help to experience a blurred mental image of his wife and two baby girls, living in sparse military housing at the 67th Squadron's home base, South Carolina's Shaw Field.

Hell, he'd almost finished making the car payments while serving in Vietnam. A few more weeks and he'd have been en route home. He'd already received his orders assigning him to transition from the Voodoo to the newer RF-4C Phantom recon jet. He'd been hoping he wouldn't be passed up for major on the next promotion list . . .

Almost in panic, Fortenberry dived into the heaviest thicket of trees on the slope. Branches tore into his face painfully, drawing blood. He stumbled, fell, then got up again and plunged onward. Instinctively, he'd clasped the .38 in his right hand and he gripped it, the safety off, ready to use.

It seemed pointless. The pistol was of no value at all. He was surrounded, with no place to go. The pain from his cuts fed his growing anger and he felt himself beginning to shake—unable to control the frustration, the helplessness, the rage . . .

The HH-43B Huskie helicopter drew tracer fire just south of Dong Hoi. The chopper looked tiny and defenseless, leaving one ridgeline to skim across paddy fields toward the next rise in the land. The pilot, Lieutenant Samuel D. Conover, from Worcester, Massachusetts, felt guilty about losing precious time skirting around North Vietnamese gunfire. Conover's earphones were shrieking with radio traffic about the downed airman, and he knew that his chopper crew represented the only men close enough to help.

The chunky, box-shaped chopper fol-

lowed its own shadow across a high ridgeline toward the spot where Fortenberry's RF-101 had touched off a small forest fire. Conover was drenched in sweat behind his controls. He was thinking about what it must be like to be alone in that hostile terrain down there.

"There's a whole damned North Vietnamese division in that area," he told his copilot. "I don't envy that guy one bit . . ."

Lieutenant Conover's crewmen scanned the terrain desperately, looking for any sign of the downed flier. They'd already broken out their only weapons—M-16 rifles. "If we don't get in and out fast," one of them said, "we'll probably join that pilot down there . . ."

THRASHING blindly through more foliage that scratched his face and body, John Fortenberry covered less than 200 yards while the two groups of North Vietnamese from opposite slopes linked up behind him. They weren't shooting now and the captain wondered if they'd been ordered to take him alive. He knew he was probably heading toward more Red troops as he kept plunging through the barriers of vegetation that loomed in front of him.

"American pilot! Hey, American pilot!"

The voice was somewhere to the right. Fortenberry resisted the urge to shoot at it. He kept moving, sensing that the woods were beginning to thin out.

In the valley below the ridge crest, the roar of jet engines and the indistinct rattle of 20-mm cannons crashed in the afternoon. Fortenberry's wingman had been joined by four more F-4C Phantoms led by Captain Robert L. Morris, of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing.

Morris was certain the downed recon pilot had already been captured. That didn't keep him from working over the Red trucks. He'd raked them with 20-mm bursts and some were burning furiously, tossing off smoke that thickened in the windless air.

"Give up, American pilot! Hey, American pilot, give up now!"

Another voice, to the left, even closer. Turning to glance toward the unseen enemy, John Fortenberry miss-

ed his footing, pitched forward, and crashed heavily against the earth. The breath rushed from his lungs. His head swam.

Keep moving! he told himself. *Got to find the strength to—*

He staggered forward. The trees broke in front of him. He found himself moving into a wide, open clearing covered with high yellow grass. No cover! In the open, the afternoon sunlight seemed almost blinding.

For the first time he could glance downhill to the right and see the burning trucks half a mile away. He also saw the F-4C Phantoms pulling out of the valley, turning to attack again.

If those guys could only see me.

It was suicidal to leave the heavy brush and plunge into the open. But the captain knew that it was also the only way he might be spotted by U.S. fliers. He started into the grass hesitantly, not sure of himself.

The Phantom pilots didn't spot Fortenberry. But a crew member of Conover's helicopter did.

The HH-43B was approaching directly from behind the captain, one of its crew shouting nervously to Conover: "Straight ahead. In that open spot up there *My God, the bastards are all around him!*"

THAT instant Conover passed over a cluster of North Viet troops. Rifle shells clanged against the metal sides of the chopper. A stray bullet pierced a hydraulic line in the cabin, dousing Conover's copilot with a wild spray of gushing black oil.

Conover felt the HH-43B shudder as more hits slammed into the fuselage. "Help me control her!" he shouted in desperation. "She's going wild!"

"Lieutenant, that guy is alone in the clearing there, but they're coming in on him from all sides! They'll be all over him in a second!"

The copilot had already alerted the Phantoms, who were continuing around in a tight turn, aiming toward the ridge crest.

Conover didn't have time to figure out how badly he'd been damaged. The chopper was trembling crazily, but it was still
(Continued on page 54)

Communist gunfire (l.) seeks out U.S. jet over North Vietnam. Fortenberry (rt.) will never forget being tagged by ack-ack.





A strapping young man was applying for citizenship in the newly-formed state of Alaska. He was told that to become a citizen of the biggest state he would have to do three things: drink a quart of whiskey, wrestle a grizzly bear, and make love to an Eskimo squaw.

The next day he showed up at city hall, his body badly scratched, his clothing hanging in shreds, and suffering from a terrific hangover. Staggering over to the Mayor's desk, he asked: "Now where do I find that Eskimo squaw to wrestle?"

Since I got married, I don't worry about bad breath... I never get a chance to open my mouth!

The evangelist was whipping his flock into a fit of frenzy with his warnings of hell fire and brimstone. "Adultery is as bad as murder! Isn't that right, Sister Cora?"

"I don't rightly know. I ain't never killed nobody."

FRUITFUL OBSERVATION

The apple of most men's eye is generally the prettiest peach with the biggest pear.

Nasser was having nightmares. He kept dreaming that he was going to die. He decided to consult a fortune teller. He asked her if she could tell when he was going to die.

"On a Jewish holiday!" was the laconic reply.

Alarmed, Nasser asked, "Which Jewish holiday?"

"Any day you die," declared the fortune teller, "will be a Jewish holiday!"

The old maid was walking down the street late one night when a man jumped in front of her.

"I want all your money," he demanded.

"I don't have any money on me," she said.

He searched her thoroughly, in every possible place.

"I guess you were telling me the truth," he said. "You don't have a penny on you."

"For heavens sake," she cried, "don't stop now. I'll write you a check."

MAN'S MAGAZINE



"What do you say we raise a little Cain?"

When he opened his new business in 1940, Joe hung his first dollar on the wall in a dime-store frame. Today, the dollar is worth a dime and the frame is worth a dollar.

As soon as the sailor got into port, he rushed to a phone to call his girl. After a few minutes, he came out of the booth looking bewildered.

"She's gonna get married," he told his waiting pal.

"Aw, forget her," advised his shipmate. "There's a girl in every port."

"Yeah, yeah. But she's gonna marry me!"

A bum collapsed on the street and a crowd immediately gathered around him and began offering suggestions.

"Give the poor man a drink of whiskey," said a little old lady.

"Give him some air," a man called out.

"Give him some whiskey," the little old lady repeated.

"Take him to a hospital," another insisted.

"Give him some whiskey," she urged.

The babble continued for a minute until the victim suddenly sat up and hollered, "Will you all shut up and listen to the little old lady!"

The reason for the population explosion in a suburban community was finally discovered: It was learned that every morning at 5:20 the express train came roaring through the town blowing its whistle. The local inhabitants figured it was too early to get up and too late to go back to sleep.

An envious fellow asked his friend, "Who was that luscious little blonde I saw you outwit last night?"

A man shipwrecked on the coast of South Africa was captured by some cannibals. Each day a vein in his arm was punctured and the natives drank some of his blood. Finally, one day he insisted on an audience with the native king.

"Look," he complained to the king, "I don't care if you kill me and eat me, but I'm getting tired of being stuck for the drinks all the time!"

Over drinks one afternoon, Bill told Jim, "I don't want you to think I'm a Peeping Tom, but last night about nine I passed your house; the lights were turned down low but the shades weren't drawn. I couldn't help but see you making mad, passionate love with your wife. You really ought to be more careful."

"The joke's on you," laughed Jim. "I was out bowling with the boys last night."

"Found a way to break my kid's habit of biting his nails."

"Yeah? How?"

"Knocked his teeth out."

The Calendar Girls

MISS JUNE, SALLY WILSON

THE RACE BELONGS TO THE SWIFT, and speed is Sally Wilson's middle name. When she isn't shaking herself up in a racing car (she drives a Lotus), Sally gives it a good shake at a London discotheque. A 20-year-old model, the racing car enthusiast measures 35-23-36 bumper to bumper . . . and those are dangerous curves! ▲

photographed for MAN's by Ed Alexander



continued on next page





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JUNE													
S	M	T	W	T	F	S							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7							
8	9	10	11	12	13	14							
15	16	17	18	19	20	21							
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

MAN'S MAGAZINE

MAN'S TALK

by JOHN E. SPARKMAN

INFORMED AND UNIFORMED

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT HAS ALREADY BEGUN WORKING ON A MODIFICATION OF THE ANTI-BALLISTIC MISSILE SYSTEM WHICH CONGRESS OBJECTS TO --a refinement making ABM far more accurate than the present Sentinel system...THE BELL TRANSPORT HELICOPTER CALLED "TUG" CAN LIFT A THREE-TON PAYLOAD: e.g., a truck or 105mm howitzer plus ammunition... A COPY OF THE HUBBELL COMMITTEE REPORT, MODERNIZING MILITARY PAY, CAN NOW BE BOUGHT FOR \$2 from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402...THE ARMY IS NOW RELIEVING FROM ACTIVE DUTY 20,000 MEMBERS OF THE RESERVE AND NATIONAL GUARD who were mobilized a year ago. DRAFT CALLS WILL HAVE TO BE ADJUSTED toward the end of the year TO PROVIDE ENOUGH TRAINED MEN TO TAKE THE RESERVISTS' PLACES--in addition to meeting regular Army needs.

SPORT NOTES

PRO FOOTBALL TEAMS SPEND AN ESTIMATED \$2,000,000 A YEAR ON MEDICAL BILLS, ranging from hospital expenses to insurance, says a report in Medical World News...IF INVITED, CHARLIE SIFFORD WOULD BE THE FIRST BLACK MAN TO PLAY IN THE MASTERS GOLF TOURNEY IN AUGUSTA, GA.; he must be invited by a courtesy vote of former Masters champs...Baseball insiders say that new manager TED WILLIAMS' FAMOUS TEMPER IS NOT THE ONLY THREAT TO TEAM SPIRIT ON THE WASHINGTON SENATORS; COACH NELLIE FOX, former tobacco-chewing star for the White Sox, CAN GET AWFULLY MAD TOO...Reminiscing just before his retirement, star slugger MICKEY MANTLE CRITICIZED HOME-RUN COMPETITIONS IN WHICH ALL PLAYERS ARE ALLOWED 10 FAIR BALLS--resulting in endless pulling down the foul lines either to get a home run or a foul and another chance. "EACH CONTESTANT SHOULD GET 10 BALLS, PERIOD," SAID MICKEY.

MONEY MATTERS

DON'T EXPECT MUCH IF ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF TAX REDUCTIONS DUE TO THE END OF VIETNAM SPENDING; the 10% surcharge is going to last at least another year and WASHINGTON IS ALREADY LOOKING FOR OTHER WAYS TO SPEND FUNDS NO LONGER NEEDED IN ASIA...THE PHONE COMPANY IS THINKING OF MORE REDUCTIONS FOR LONG-DISTANCE CALLS, along the lines of the reduced weekend and evening rates instituted the past few years...DESPITE THE SLOWDOWN OF INFLATION, PRICES ARE STILL GOING UP, SO IF YOU ARE PLANNING ANY MAJOR EXPENDITURES, like a new house or a new car, THE SOONER YOU BUY IT THE CHEAPER IT WILL BE.

HEALTH NOTES

The reason RESEARCHERS AT JOHNS HOPKINS ARE TAKING THEIR TIME IN DECIDING HOW TO USE 7,000,000 SHOTS OF THEIR NEW GERMAN MEASLES VACCINE is that they know THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER EPIDEMIC UNTIL 1971; this ailment, like many others, appears on a strict seven-year

cycle...CANADIAN DOCTORS REPORT THAT SOME PEOPLE ARE GETTING HOOKED ON ASPIRIN, taking more than 20 tablets a day, and they warn that such continuous OVERDOSES CAN RESULT IN DAMAGE TO THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS... British doctors have been working on a new bronchodilator, A DRUG CALLED SALBUTAMOL which considerably EASES BREATHING FOR ASTHMATICS...A Chicago pathologist has devised a test by which ANALYSIS OF SKIN SPECIMENS TAKEN AT BIRTH CAN REVEAL WHETHER AN INFANT IS LIKELY TO DEVELOP DIABETES LATER IN LIFE.

WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES

GEORGE WASHINGTON, father of our country, ONCE WROTE A LETTER REFERRING TO SEX AS "FORBIDDEN FRUIT" AND WENT ON TO SAY THAT, once it has been tasted, "THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CHECKING OUR APPETITES"...THE MOTHER OF A BOY ACCUSED OF COMMITTING INCEST explained the whole thing by saying she THOUGHT IT WAS BEST TO KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY...A NIGHTCLUB DANCER WHO WAS A MALE UNTIL SHE HAD A SEX-CHANGE OPERATION TWO YEARS AGO HAS ASKED THE COURT TO CHANGE HER ORIGINAL BIRTH CERTIFICATE by altering her name and sex listing... In Palm Springs, A TELEVISION STATION SUDDENLY STARTED TO AIR A STAG MOVIE SHOWING NUDE MEN AND WOMEN; THE FILM BELONGED TO AN EMPLOYEE WHO THOUGHT THE STATION WAS OFF THE AIR, and he was showing it for himself.

CAR NOTES

THE CURRENT CROP OF SIX-CYLINDER ENGINES available as economy options in many models ARE ACTUALLY LARGER THAN MOST OF THE BIG V-8'S OF 10 YEARS AGO...Computers are beginning to come into their own in the automotive field now that GENERAL MOTORS IS PLACING HEAVY EMPHASIS ON COMPUTERIZED DESIGN AND MANUFACTURING AIDS IN ORDER TO KEEP THE PRICE OF THEIR NEW SUB-COMPACT CARS below the \$2,000 level...BELTED BIAS FIBERGLASS TIRES WILL PROBABLY BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT BY 1970 on most Detroit cars, resulting in another \$40 increase in list prices...THERE ARE GROWING RUMORS IN DETROIT THAT THE GM MINI-CAR, due out in a couple of years, WILL BE A FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE JOB--and if the first mini-auto isn't front-wheel drive, the company may release a separate front-wheel-drive series a year later.

CHANGING TIMES

Campus demonstrations have a more subtle purpose than getting headlines: POLICING THE RIOTS AT SAN FRANCISCO STATE COST THE CITY GOVERNMENT \$622,000 and raised pleas for state aid from Mayor Joseph Alioto... In Georgia, AN 18-YEAR-OLD BOY PICKETED IBM IN THE NUDE TO PROTEST AGAINST WHAT HE CALLED "OBSCENE COMPUTERS"...A FAMILY IN PARIS drew complaints from neighbors when they MOUNTED A MICROPHONE CONNECTED TO LARGE LOUD-SPEAKERS IN FRONT OF THEIR BACKYARD DOGHOUSE; THE FAMILY TOLD THE JUDGE THEIR WATCHDOG'S BARK NEEDED AMPLIFICATION because the pooch was getting old and weak...CHARLES BOSWELL OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA., HAS NO FEAR ABOUT CHALLENGING PROFESSIONALS TO AN OCCASIONAL GAME OF GOLF EVEN THOUGH HE ONLY SHOOTS IN THE LOW 80'S; HE GETS HIS OPPONENT TO agree to a game "at any time" and then quickly tells him to MEET AT THE FIRST TEE AT MIDNIGHT; Boswell is blind.



JOE "BANANAS" BONNANO
marked down for clearance

HE BEGAN HIS CRIME CAREER RUNNING
GUNS FOR AL CAPONE, THEN BULLIED AND
BLASTED HIS WAY UP THE MAFIA
LADDER. BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR
HIM TO BE A DON—HE WANTED CONTROL
OF THE WHOLE BLOODY BROTHERHOOD!

JOE BANANAS' WAR ON THE MAFIA

by LEN GUTTRIDGE

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1964, in the elegant Fort Lee, New Jersey home of Thomas "Tommy Ryan" Eboli, the Mafia overlords met to consider what to do about Joe Bananas. One of their own, 59-year-old Joseph Bonnano ought to have been present to face the charges, and his absence was in itself an insult. Repeatedly he had ignored summonses to appear before the tribunal of his peers.

Not that Joe Bananas would have been able to raise much of a defense. The evidence was stacked against him. His greed, for instance. Since 1953 he had lived in a prosperous residential area of Tucson, Arizona, ostensibly a retired millionaire businessman. But behind the facade of respectability he still manipulated an underworld empire, and showing disdain for his colleagues on the Mafia's national commission, he was boldly invading their separate domains.

For instance, by staking out territory for loan-shark operations in upstate New York and Canada, he had particularly infuriated Stefano Magaddino, leading crime boss of the Northeast.

"Next, he'll be planting flags all over the world," Magaddino had snarled.

And then, from a Mafia standpoint, the ambitions of Joe Bananas were seen to be even more intolerable. *He was after nothing less than total control of the Brotherhood.*

The mobster's goal was understandable. If attained, it would be a perfect climax to a Mafia rags-to-riches legend.

From his present high and mighty position among the Mafia top brass, Bonnano could look back on a crime career that began with youthful gun-running for the Al Capone mob. This long experience as well as Mafia tradition had taught him that nothing secures a coveted objective more swiftly than a total rubout of all rivals. So with an audacity rare even in Mafia circles, he'd issued contracts for killing four fellow statesmen of the syndicate: Frank DiSimone, boss of the California Mafia; Thomas "Three-finger Brown" Luchese, senior Mafia chieftain in the New York-New Jersey area; Carlo Gambino, whose Brooklyn-based gambling and loan-shark operations had expanded to empire size when he inherited waterfront labor from the murdered Anastasias, and Buffalo's Stefano Magaddino.

(Continued on page 62)





Napoleon's
Greatest Victories:
**BOUDOIRS
AND
BROTHELS**

by RONALD STALLINGS



"Not tonight, Josephine!" didn't mean that Napoleon was tired—only tired of his Empress and off to bedazzle and bed another girl. When it came to winning a woman, Napoleon never met his Waterloo!

THE ODOR of warm, female bodies, alcohol and tobacco smoke assailed the nostrils of the short, muffled man who strode into the bordello run by Mother Lavelle, a gaunt and mustached Frenchwoman. A harsh, no-nonsense woman, she boasted when drunk that she personally had impaled on pikes "the heads of 50 accused Royalists in the fine days when our Revolution was making the sewers flow with the blood of rich swine."

Madame Lavelle bowed obsequiously to the diminutive visitor who took pains to conceal his face with a scarf which left only his burning eyes visible.

"Monsieur Villeneuve! You honor my establishment by visiting us on this rainy night. I have been thinking constantly of your needs, *monsieur*. Have a glass of my best Madeira; the wine is with my compliments. Then you will come upstairs to meet the youngest whore in Paris. I took her in only yesterday. She is indeed a tender chicken, a most succulent, most willing child with the body of a woman and the face of a goddess."

A burly drayman, (Continued on page 71)

As the plotters met secretly, and rumors of their breakout reached Castro's ears, police and vigilante patrols increased . . . spies and informers combed every city block and country farm . . . and extra troops were rushed to airports and beaches to block the breakout!

ON A SUNNY MONDAY MORNING last January, a dusty red trailer-truck rumbled along a dirt road at the southeastern tip of Cuba. Crammed in the trailer were more than 160 frightened Cubans, ranging in age from 16 months to 62 years. They were about to attempt a daring breakout through Fidel Castro's Sugar Cane Curtain.

The road on which they were riding runs parallel to Castro's equivalent of the Berlin Wall — a six-foot-high barbed-wire fence surrounding the 17.4-mile perimeter of the huge United States Naval Base on Guantanamo Bay.

Suddenly the (Continued on page 95)



MASS BREAKOUT THROUGH CASTRO'S SUGARCANE CURTAIN

by MARVIN PETERSON



THE GRAYING, well-dressed man with the bristly mustache thrust the oversized cigar into the air to emphasize his words to the auburn-haired, green-eyed beauty seated on his left. "For your own good, Bella, you've got to cut out going to the casino. You know how I feel about you, but I can't afford to go on paying your gambling debts forever."

"I know you're right, Darryl, but—" She stopped in mid-sentence and lowered her eyes as he puffed on the expensive Havana. He leaned toward the burning candle on the white damask tablecloth and took her small hand in his. Their fingers intertwined. He was old enough to be her father—with a few years to spare—but the glow in his eyes was anything but paternal.

"Hello, Bella," interrupted a masculine voice. They both looked up to see a dark, handsome man of the girl's age standing over their table.

"Why Paul," she smiled in recognition, offering her free hand.

"Darling, I hear you're a film star in America now. You must dance with me and tell me all about it. *Permettez, monsieur?*" he asked the older man.

Bella Darvi rose to accept the invitation, but was stopped halfway to the dance floor by the sound of chair legs scraping violently against the parquet floor. She whirled around to see her companion, Darryl Zanuck, rising to his full height of five feet six inches, and hurling cruel words at her in his high-pitched, nasal voice. A vein throbbed on his left temple as his face reddened with jealous rage.

"You - - - -! Do you have to dance with everyone who asks you?"

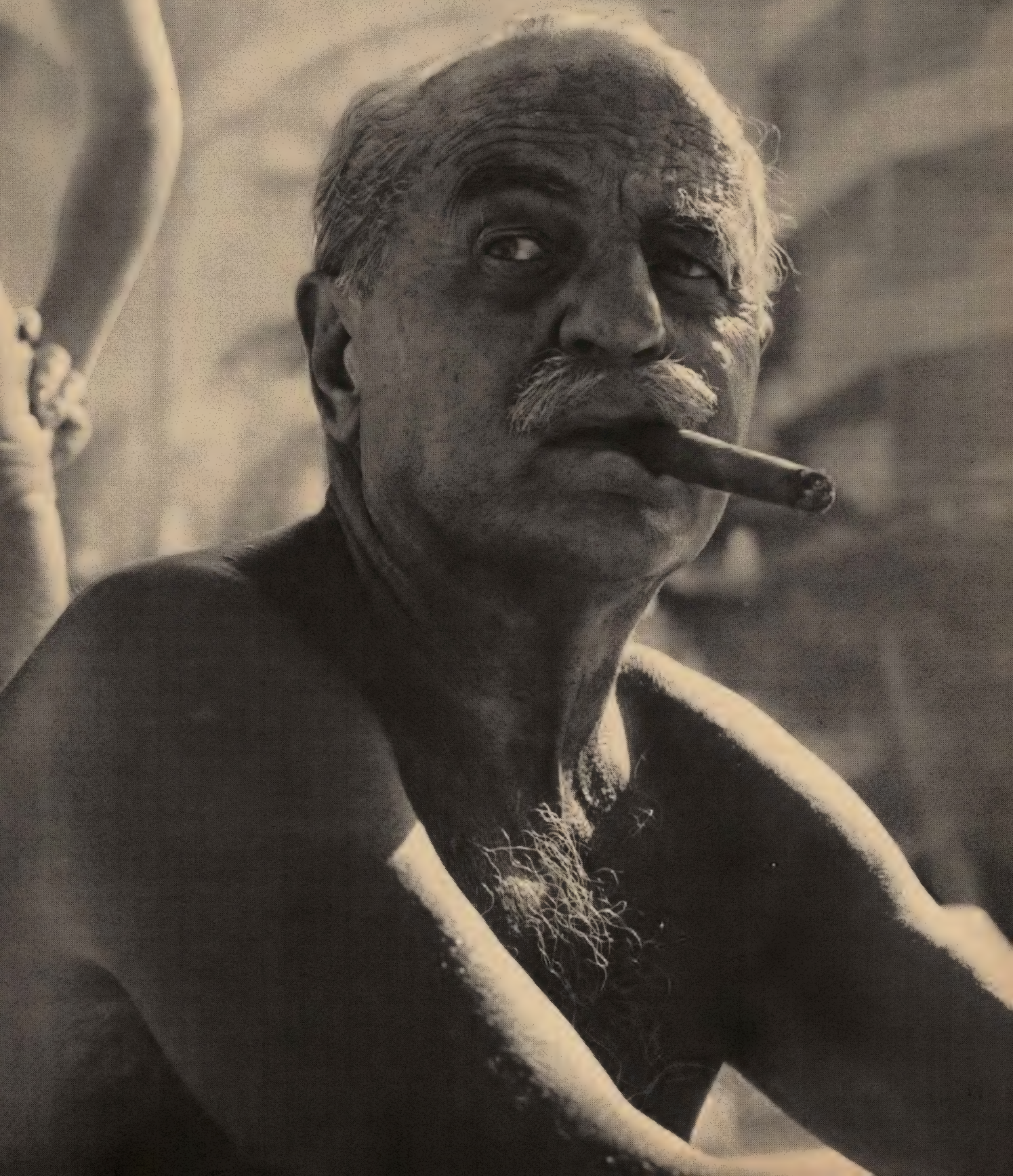
Stung and embarrassed by the barrage of insults (several of them unprintable), she attempted to protest.

continued on page 48

One admiring look from this last of a driving breed and —overnight— a girl can be a movie star... This is the larger-than-life story of studio head Darryl Zanuck, who oughta be in pictures!



MOVIE CZAR





Zanuck's "brushed off" many girls (insets), is currently seeing Genevieve Gilles.

MOVIE CZAR

continued

"But, Darryl, it meant nothing. He's an old friend." Her would-be dancing partner simply shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

A hush had fallen over the exclusive White Elephant club on Paris' fashionable Right Bank as patrons and tray-carrying waiters alike stopped in their tracks and craned their necks to watch and listen to what they assumed was a lovers' quarrel.

"Let's get out of here," he commanded, self-consciously aware that he had become the center of attention. Scrawling his famous signature on the back of the check with a gold ballpoint, and shoving the cigar between his lips, the movie mogul stalked out imperiously, looking like a bantam version of Teddy Roosevelt.

"Wait, Darryl," the girl called, scooping her mink coat into her arms and following in his wake.

On that September night of 1954, Darryl Francis Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox Studios, was deeply in-

volved with this girl he had personally made into a movie star. So far as he was concerned, whatever embarrassment he suffered to keep Bella Darvi was well worth it. The story is a familiar one—that of the aging playboy going with a girl half his age. As co-founder and head of Fox for over 30 years, Zanuck has employed some of the most beautiful women in the world. But it wasn't until Bella came along that his seemingly impregnable reputation as a family man was shattered.

SINCE then, he has had three more female "proteges," including French singer Juliette Greco (1957-1961), French model Irina Demich (1962-1967), and most recently, French starlet Genevieve Gilles (1968-?). Zanuck has often said, "Despite anything you may hear, I have only one real interest in life and just one—movies!" From all indications; French girls, especially aspiring young actresses, run a close second.

Fifty-year-old Zanuck first met Bella in 1952 during a trip to Paris to promote his studio's latest wide-screen development—CinemaScope. With him was Virginia, his wife of 28 years and the moth-

er of his three children. At a cocktail party in their honor, both Zanucks were attracted to a striking 26-year-old Polish-born divorcee named Bella Wiegel.

A mutual friend, actor Alex D'Arcy, introduced them. "She's a gambling addict," he told Zanuck. "Her clothes are being held by a hotel in Cannes where she lost all her money at the tables." Soon after, Bella was invited to move in with the Zanucks and later flew to Hollywood with them. A press release issued by Fox at the time explains what happened:

"The wife of the famous production head of 20th Century-Fox soon fell under the spell of Bella's charm, and she invited her to spend several months in Hollywood. Bella accepted and upon the insistence of Virginia, Zanuck first made a film test in Paris with Alex D'Arcy. Bella had not the slightest intention of becoming an actress, and had great difficulty in being serious during the test, so naturally did not give of her best."

Bella evidently did better in another test—this time in Hollywood—for Zanuck signed her to a long-term contract after changing her last name to Darvi (composed of the first syllables of Darryl and Virginia). In Hollywood, Bella continued to live with the Zanucks in their sumptuous Santa Monica home. Most of her time, however, was spent in France, either at the gaming tables on the Riviera or in her swank apartment in Paris' high-rent Passy district.

By 1955, Bella and Darryl were seen together all over Paris while Virginia stayed home in California. Zanuck, like Bella, loved to gamble; but he knew when to stop, and more important, he could afford to lose. "Once, in Cannes," recalls Bella, "I told him I owed the cashier 10,000,000 francs (\$20,000), and he didn't bat an eyelid. He just wrote out a check and gave it to me." According to Bella, she lost more than \$1,000,000 in eight years of playing roulette.

While under Zanuck's tutelage (four years), Bella was able to buy an expensive American convertible, several fur coats and enough jewels to decorate a Christmas tree. Her favorite was a diamond ring that she liked to flash around, claiming that it cost \$132,000.

On New Year's Eve of 1956, Zanuck took Bella's head in his hands and drew her toward him. At the stroke of midnight, they kissed passionately in full view of other revelers. It was the last straw for Virginia, who obtained a legal separation from her husband.

BY the end of the year, Darryl had left Fox to go into independent production (while being retained as a consultant at \$150,000 a year), and both his ardor for Bella and Bella's career had fizzled. She had made only three pictures, most notably *The Egyptian*. In spite of the small fortune spent on selling Bella to the American public, her lack of talent could not be disguised. Today, Bella's films are of interest only to those who collect "camp" trivia.

In 1962 she allegedly tried to take her own life by swallowing an overdose of sleeping tablets after losing her pocket money at Monte Carlo. It was a gross exaggeration when she later told a reporter that "Darryl was the man who really plunged me into the vice of gambling, without any evil intentions, of course." Bella still lives in France where Zanuck occasionally extends her a helping hand.

"He was an egoist," she recalls. "His generosity with women he loves, which was my case, is also an expression of his egoism. He does it because they give him pleasure—not for themselves."

If Zanuck was disappointed at his failure to make Bella into a star, he could take consolation from all those who had made it under his aegis: Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Clark Gable. The list reads like an old Hollywood *Who's Who*. And Zanuck's legendary career—which spans nearly 50 years—reads like a history of the American film industry.

MOVIES were in their infancy when eight-year-old Darryl made his screen debut as an Indian girl in a Bessie Barriscale picture filmed in Hollywood. He had recently been sent from Wahoo, Nebraska, by his separated parents to live with his maternal grandparents.

In those days, young Zanuck's passion was to be a soldier. During the early days of World War One, the short teenager could be seen marching in the wake of local military parades, precisely imitating the military swagger. In 1916, he visited a U.S. Army recruiting office where he was asked, "How old are you?"

"Sixteen," he lied. After signing an oath that he was of age, Zanuck was accepted for service. Most of his Army career was spent on the Texas-Mexico border under the command of General John J. Pershing, although he served briefly in Europe. Always a hustler, Zanuck supplemented his Army pay by writing dispatches to his home-town paper, as well as for *Stars and Stripes*, the Army newspaper.

After his discharge, Zanuck worked at a number of odd jobs, including selling insurance and writing slogans for "Yuccatone," a hair tonic supposedly made from an old Indian formula ("Have you ever seen a bald Indian?"). He continued writing short stories and sold two of them to Warner Brothers, where he was eventually hired as a \$125-a-week script writer. "I wrote for Rin Tin Tin in those days," he recalls. "If we spent more than five days on a picture they took the cameras away from us."

Zanuck was doing so well that he wrote for the studio under two pseudonyms to disguise the fact that he was the author of so many Warner pictures. One day Harry Warner summoned him into his office and offered him a cigar. Brother Jack held out a gold lighter. Then Harry said "We've just fired the studio executive producer. Who do you think should take over?"

"I don't know," replied Zanuck.

"I'll tell you," Harry Warner continued. "You take over. Starting tomorrow at \$5,000 a week." At 24, Zanuck—who had never gone beyond the eighth grade—became the youngest producer on record. Those who should know such things said that he was too young and lacked the experience and knowledge to rule a big studio. But they all underestimated him, for he strutted into command like a Napoleon. His stutter, which for years had interrupted the flow of persuasive words, disappeared. His high-pitched voice developed a cutting edge. He grew the inverted "V" mustache which gives his face a bold, defiant air.

In 1933 Zanuck formed his own company—Twentieth Century Films—which merged with Fox Pictures two years later. By 1940, Zanuck seemed to be so busy writing, directing, producing, supervising and releasing movies that the joke went around Hollywood that the young tycoon gave 10 minutes a day by stop watch to each of his three children and 20 minutes to his wife.

Whenever he needed to relax, Zanuck played polo with his Hollywood cronies (he carried a sawed-off polo mallet as a swagger stick), or indulged in one of his practical jokes. Once, when

a famous writer was coming to see him about adapting a book for the screen, Zanuck seated a chimpanzee at his desk. and left the room. "I want that S.O.B. to see for himself that all those stories he's heard about Hollywood are true," he laughed.

During World War II Zanuck served in the Army Signal Corps making training films. He was mustered out as a "chicken" colonel and went back to making pictures with his uncanny instinct for the public taste. Looking backward, his films all seem a reflection of their times. *One in a Million* (which introduced Olympic ice-skating champion Sonja Henie), *Charlie Chan at the Olympics*, and *Mother Wore Tights* all seem slightly ridiculous today. "I believe in gearing up a studio to produce pictures for today's audiences," Zanuck has said, "not the Smithsonian Institute."

Nevertheless, he has produced a few outstanding films that have withstood the test of time and contributed to the growth of the film art, most notably, *The Ox-bow Incident*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *The Snake Pit*, and *All About Eve*.

THROUGHOUT his career, Zanuck has intermittently battled with the press, either over coverage of himself or his films. His most famous battle occurred in 1939, when he took on the influential *New York Times* over movie critic Frank Nugent's negative reviews of the phony "historical" biographies the studio was then making. In order to obtain more favorable reviews, Zanuck withdrew all advertising from the paper for several weeks, but it didn't help. To get him off the paper, Zanuck hired Nugent as a writer at a very high salary.

Zanuck ran into trouble with the *Times* again recently over their coverage of the filming of Fox's latest historical biography, *Che*, the man who was partially responsible for the Communist revolution in Cuba and who helped put Fidel Castro in power. Zanuck thought

the *Times'* article was "trivial" and "commonplace" and seemed to object to the fact that he didn't recognize the author's name.

Back in January, 1954, Zanuck was able to kill a story that was due to appear in *Life*, mainly because of his friendship with the late Henry Luce, publisher of the magazine. During a party Zanuck gave for startlet Terry Moore in *Ciro's*—at which both Mrs. Zanuck and Bella Darvi were in attendance—the great man suddenly decided he could do as well as the trapeze artists who had just performed. Guests were astonished when they saw Zanuck rush to the stage and strip off his shirt, grabbing for the trapeze bar. He chinned himself three times, tried for a fourth and couldn't make it.

The photographers in attendance—except for the man from *Life* and another from *Holiday*—refrained from taking pictures of the incident, aware of Zanuck's power. Mrs. Zanuck sent them all thank you notes the next day.

Two years later, Zanuck had left the studio and his wife had left him. His affair with Bella lasted a few more months and was dwindling to an end when Audrey Hepburn rang him on the telephone early in 1957. "We've got the perfect girl for your new picture," she announced enthusiastically. "Her name is Juliette Greco and she opens tonight in the Empire Room at the Waldorf. Will you come?"

At the opening, Zanuck's eyes seemed to be glued on Miss Greco as she sang her repertoire of songs. No one could be sure, however, for he wore large sunglasses throughout the performance. "She's got talent," he murmured twice, nodding his head.

Audrey and her then husband, Mel Ferrer, took Zanuck backstage to meet their old friend from Paris. "*Enchanté*," he said in his near-perfect French accent as he kissed Juliette's hand. The 30-year-old dancer was the picture of fire and ice with (Continued on page 101)

In a photograph taken some years ago, Zanuck and wife enjoy an evening together.



Sexual Supermen

(Continued from page 28)

night I had it seven times with them. By lunch the next day I was so hot I paid a diner waitress I knew to take me to her room on her lunch hour for a French session."

"Some men would be proud of that much sex activity," I observed. "Why are you worried about it?"

"Well, I know something's wrong. With all I get, why can't I keep my mind off sex? I'm even beginning to make real bad goofs on the job. And after a whole night of sex, if I pass a dame on the street with a good figure, right away the flag goes up. I'm kind of worried, Doctor. Suppose I get out of control and drag some broad into an alley?"

A medical examination revealed nothing physically wrong or unusual with Gene Fox. I questioned him closely about early episodes in his life that might offer clues to his compulsive behavior, and his inability to reach sexual satiety.

The eventual solution proved as unique as the patient's problem. At the impressionable age of 13 he had obtained an illustrated book of hard-core pornography dealing with the sex experiences of a "succubus"—the mythical, beautiful witch of the Middle Ages believed to lure men to their death by fornicating with them intensively and repeatedly until all their life juices were drained.

Gene had read and reread the book dozens of times, often using it as an adjunct to masturbation. Then it had been discovered in his room, and his father, a church deacon, had belt-whipped him mercilessly. Confined to his room for a whole month, even for meals, Gene had found the memory so agonizing that he refused to think about it afterwards.

But he had not been able to shake off the powerful impression the fantasy had stamped upon his youthful libido. He empathized with the male victims who

had been unable to resist the seduction of the wicked succubus, and thus were doomed to fornicate to death. His unconscious mind reasoned, "You, too, cannot resist sex. You, too, will die unless you prove that you are strong enough to have repeated intercourse with a sexually demanding woman without being weakened."

It was this unconscious, suppressed dread that drove Gene Fox into compulsively seeking multiple orgasms, which were never enough to ease his tension. He was amazed but impressed when I helped him gain this insight into his problem.

"So that's my hang-up," he marveled. "What now?"

"Well, now that you understand that your fear is based on a fantasy, it may lose its power to affect you. You might begin to feel safe about acknowledging sexual satiety after having just one orgasm a night. Possibly even less."

A follow-up visit from Gene Fox a month later indicated that his compulsion was steadily diminishing. With an increased sense of relief he had called off his *ménage à trois* with Doris and Jennie. Jennie had retreated huffily to her own room. A week later Gene felt that he no longer needed Doris and took leave of her, too. When he returned to see me, he was limiting his intercourse to his wife.

Some men are capable of remarkable sexual feats. Often, like Gene Fox, their compulsion to excel in the numbers game has a neurotic origin. But there are also men who seem endowed with exceptionally active sex glands, and who require a high level of erotic activity.

They are not necessarily the locker room braggarts. One of my male patients enjoyed regaling other men with an account of his experiences in a Middle East brothel, where he had presumably bedded 11 women in a single night. Ironically, he was consulting me for an impotence problem.

He admitted that his normal cycle of desire was only once every 10 days to

two weeks. When he tried to have intercourse more frequently, he suffered failures. The night in the Middle East brothel, he confessed, had occurred a dozen years earlier and had actually involved only two prostitutes and three orgasms. His exaggeration served as a defense and disguise for his usual feelings of sexual inadequacy.

But in cases of authentic super-virility, where there is no neurotic motivation, the question arises: Do such men inherit or develop super-active sex glands?

We know that sexual stimulation, physical or emotional, activates the glands to produce sex hormones that fill the seminal vesicles with semen. Its accumulation creates a tension that provokes discharge for relief. The rate at which sex hormones refill the seminal vesicles—a man's "recovery power"—determines how speedily and frequently he is likely to repeat ejaculation.

Medical research is still trying to ascertain whether, in the case of some highly libidinous men, the sex glands alone—without physical or emotional stimulation—accumulate semen so rapidly and copiously that a high rate of ejaculation is required for physical comfort.

The insatiable male, sometimes referred to as a victim of male nymphomania or satyriasis, may have an over-active thyroid gland that speeds up sexual urges along with other bodily functions. Disturbances of the adrenal or pituitary glands may also cause excessive sex hormone production.

But Dr. John E. Oliven, a pathologist, insists that some men are definitely born with a stronger sexual drive than others, just as some are born with a greater lung capacity or faster kinetic responses. The Kinsey researchers uncovered a super-sexual group capable of ejaculating two or more times in continuous intercourse without losing erection.

"Skepticism over the possibility of repeated response in the male," noted the Kinsey Report, "merely emphasizes the incapacity of even scientifically trained persons to comprehend that others may be made differently from themselves."

Star sexual athlete of the Kinsey Report was "a scholarly and skillful lawyer" who was found to have averaged over 30 orgasms a week for a period of 30 years.

The *Journal of Sex Research* reports a Japanese study of Tokyo journalists noted for their prowess in brothels. This study appeared in the magazine *Bungei Shunju* under the title *Shikigo-den* ("Great Men in Sex"). One newspaperman had tried over 1,000 prostitutes at over 150 brothels in an eight-year period. Another had experimented to see how many women at different brothels he could fornicate with consecutively. He went from one house to another until the thirteenth brothel, where he found he had no further energy left for another orgasm.

According to a study by North Rhodesian sociologist James H. Chaplin, sexual supermen are common among the Bantu of that country. "Most men consider five minutes as the maximum time that should elapse," he reports, "between penetration and orgasm." Bantu women are taught violent movements in coitus called "sex dancing" to bring the men to orgasm as quickly as possible while reaching a climax themselves.

Most Western males, of course, far from worrying about taking over five minutes to climax, desperately seek to endure longer than the first minute or 90 seconds.

MAN'S MAGAZINE



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One typical 28-year-old Bantu tribesman with several sex partners beside his 14-year-old pregnant wife was found capable of multiple orgasms—three in five minutes, five in 15 minutes, 11 in two hours.

"He claimed that this was possibly due to the taking of certain herbal medicines, of which he had a considerable knowledge," Chaplin states. "A variety of tree roots are used for this purpose and their use is almost universal." These herbal medicines are taken by all Bantu boys from puberty, and they are also taught special manipulations to enlarge the sex organs. A length of almost eight inches is not uncommon for the erect penis among Bantu males.

Black sexual supermen have long been a legend in our own country, although no American studies have been able to document this persistent folklore. Certainly, however, there are individual Negro males with exceptional sexual endurance. Kinsey notes, for example, a 39-year-old Negro who had averaged over three orgasms a day from 13 to 39 years of age, and when turning 40 "was still capable of six to eight ejaculations when the occasion demanded."

The exact boundary that divides a sexual superman from a highly active normal male is difficult to draw. For one thing, age is a key factor. A 45-year-old man who matches a 19-year-old in intensity of desire, frequency of ejaculation, firmness of erection and multiplicity of orgasm might properly be classified a superman, while the 19-year-old wouldn't, since he would simply be exhibiting typical virility for his age.

A bridegroom isn't a sex superman because he can't seem to get enough intercourse with his wife. Here novelty provides a sexual excitement that keeps him heavily stimulated. But 10 years later if he is still seeking two or three copulations a night with the same wife, we may suspect that he has more than ordinary endowments—or a remarkably sexy wife.

The average man requires about 15 to 20 minutes after orgasm before he can normally restore full erection and undertake a second act of intercourse. It is the mark of the sexual superman that he can have two and three orgasms with the same erection, although he may need to wait five or 10 minutes before resuming full coital movements. Unless he can have such ultra-relief, he may complain like one of my patients who told me, "I just don't feel fully drained."

The exceptional performer, Kinsey suggests, is any adult male who achieves over four or five climaxes in a limited period of time. But he, too, notes that an occasional teen-age boy is capable of reaching six or more.

There are generally three criteria that set the sexual superman apart from his fellow men. The ability to have multiple orgasms with a single erection is one indication. A second is the speed with which he recovers from orgasm, in both his desire and capacity for additional ejaculation. Third is his ability to perform the sex act frequently with strength, intensity and full erection, delaying his own climax until he has provoked one or a series of orgasms in the female.

Again, the factor of age cannot be ruled out. In young men under 23 or 24, sex performance has to be really exceptional in order to classify a man as sexually extraordinary.

Dr. Lester A. Kirkendall, professor of Family Life at Oregon State College, cites several cases of youths who could be called "high performers." One 20-year-old achieved 10 orgasms in a half-

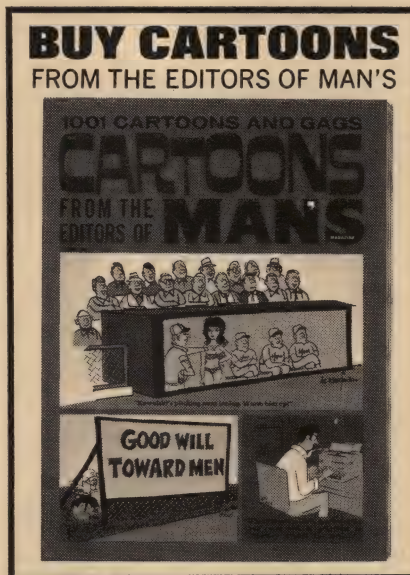
hour. A 22-year-old male, who declared that his sex drive was not urgent and was easily managed, achieved 10 orgasms an hour. A 22-year-old, in a 45-minute period, achieved 9 orgasms with a single erection.

Yet none qualified as sexual supermen simply because in their age group they were not among the top performers studied.

One out of eight men who marry in their teens is capable of two or more orgasms during continuous erotic activity in a limited period of time, the Kinsey study found. But by the time they reach 35, less than half of that same group is still capable of multiple orgasm.

On the other hand, an 80-year-old Californian might well have qualified for the designation of sex superman. A few years ago his wife, after nine years of marriage, won a divorce from him on grounds of his sexual promiscuity. She charged that he "took girl friends to our Senior Citizens Club" — and then added insult to injury by boasting of his amatory successes.

Dr. W. J. Robinson tells of a 72-year-old male patient who came to him complaining of not feeling very well.



But Dr. Robinson's examination could find nothing at all wrong with him.

"Doctor," the worried patient insisted, "I've been married for 50 years and I've had sexual intercourse with my wife three times a day from the very beginning. But I'm getting to where I can't do it any more, and there has to be something the matter!"

Far from seeking to be a sex superman, the average married man often finds multiple orgasm a chore, and is well satisfied with a single ejaculation within a given time period. As a marriage wears on, many husbands find themselves less frequently stimulated, and often would rather skip a night or two of sex. Some are tired out by work and don't have the energy, preferring rest and sleep.

Many who feel driven to seek extra-marital sex are not irrepressible Don Juans but men worried about their increasingly low-grade sexual performances with their wives. The novelty of a younger, different woman, they hope, will rejuvenate their sluggish sex responses. But often they find that they have only aggravated their difficulties and anxiety.

Ruth Dickson, in her book *Married Men Make the Best Lovers*, warns mistresses: "Is it fair to make him assume

the entire burden of your physical satisfaction? He's got to perform stud service at home, you know. What are you trying to do? Kill the poor guy? This places a responsibility on him that he shouldn't have to carry. If he thinks you depend entirely on him for sexual gratification, it could scare him into impotency."

Dr. Walter R. Stokes, noted marriage counselor and psychiatrist, describes one patient whose apparent performance as a sex superman was scarcely to be envied. A man nearing middle age, the patient complained of insomnia. He felt driven to stay awake to avoid the three or four wet dreams he otherwise experienced in his sleep every night, and which were "weakening" him.

Awake, he could think of nothing but sex. He had intercourse with his attractive young wife four or five times daily. In addition he felt compelled to masturbate several times a day, and often had intercourse with other women. From all sources he averaged between 10 and 15 orgasms daily. Yet he complained of small sex satisfaction, and was worried that his high expenditure of semen was ruining his health.

His background revealed a highly repressive upbringing in a Latin country. Sex had both fascinated him and filled him with dread of its consequences. His fears had been intensified by an adult maid in the house who had seduced him when he was nine, giving him gonorrhea. It was clear that his life as a sexual "superman" was actually a neurotic, unsatisfying pursuit of the forbidden, haunted by guilt and fear of punishment in the form of failing health.

The Russians have their own unique brand of sex superman, according to the *New York Times*. Nikolai Ladnov was sentenced to 10 years in prison by a Moscow Peoples' Court for seducing no fewer than 521 women. "This is no old-fashioned Don Juan," observed the Soviet *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, "but one who employed a precise accounting system that guaranteed him complete success." Ladnov had kept a ledger in which he listed all his prospects and conquests, with a serial number, and detailed sex characteristics of each woman.

A man who has a constant erection is thought of as a highly sexed male, if not a superman. Such men, actually, may be victims of priapism, a disorder of the penis, which has no accompanying sexual desire. When ejaculation does occur, the sensation is often low grade and unsatisfying, and the erection may persist for days or weeks.

Priapism may be caused by a lesion of the spinal cord, thrombosis of the veins draining the penis, or even by local irritation. Dr. Joseph Kaufman, well-known urologist, reports one case in which it was caused by a wood tick that had burrowed into a patient's penis. Priapism sometimes clears up by itself, but also responds to medical treatment.

One genuine sex superman interviewed by Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy and the late Dr. Kinsey was a little soft-spoken man, over 60, well-educated with a quiet sense of humor. He revealed that of 33 members of his parental family, he had sex relations with 17 of them.

Married with two children, he had extramarital relations with hundreds of other women, getting 20 of them pregnant. He had either sex play or intercourse with about 200 pre-adolescent girls. He also admitted to homosexual relations with 2,000 adult males and 600 pre-adolescent boys, and sex activity with a wide variety of animals including cows, horses, burros, chickens, pigs and sheep.

Asked which sex activity he enjoyed most, he told Drs. Pomeroy and Kinsey: "Women—but the burro is awfully good." He also startled them by his claim that he could ejaculate in 10 seconds from a pre-erection state. When they could not believe it, the over-60 sex superman produced a stopwatch and successfully demonstrated his ability.

"What are we to make of such a man?" Dr. Pomeroy marveled.

Many psychiatrists prefer to interpret hypersexual behavior as an indication of anxiety rather than of genuine sexual need. The dissatisfaction with a normal amount of sex gratification, thinks Dr. Victor W. Eisenstein, New York City psychiatrist, is purely neurotic: "The Don Juan type, for example, is chronically frustrated in not finding his mother in all the women to whom he makes love."

He describes one handsome 35-year-old husband who in his business relations had ready access to many attractive women. For years this patient had intercourse with four or five different women a week, often with multiple orgasm. With his wife, however, he had intercourse only three or four times a year, and even then only when she was asleep. He proved to be suffering from suppressed guilt over an erotic attraction to his mother, and fear of punishment by a violent father.

"Hypersexual behavior," Dr. Eisenstein explains, "served to ward off his intense castration anxiety... and to counteract guilt feelings by proving his worthiness of being loved."

Sexual opportunities or the lack of them are often crucial in determining the quantity of a man's orgasms. A husband at home may have three a night, every night in the week. But if the army takes him away for two years, his distaste for masturbation and a lack of other regular outlets may drop his sex activity to a minimum. A husband may also be physiologically and psychologically capable of 30 acts of sex a week, but a wife's frigidity or prudery may hold him down to one climax a night or less.

The quality of a man's performance is often more significant than the quantity. A few skilled men practice the oriental art of *karezza*, maintaining the sex act with a single erection for an hour or longer by balancing activity and rest, meanwhile provoking multiple orgasms in their sex partners. They may have but one climax an evening, but it is usually an intense and overwhelming experience following a long period of steady, sensuous pleasure.

These voluptuaries, certainly, would win female acclaim as sex supermen over "male rabbits" who have two or three swift orgasms a night while providing none for their partners.

Dr. Robert A. Harper, Washington psychotherapist and marriage counselor, believes that the question of who is a genuine sexual superman is moot since there is no such thing as excessive sexual activity. "Actually," he declares, "where the individual is in good physical health, it is almost impossible for him... to have 'excessive' sex activities."

This might suggest that any man who wants to enter the ranks of sexual supermen can do so simply by making the necessary strenuous efforts. If you'd like, at any rate, to climb a few notches on the scale than you presently rate yourself, here are 10 suggestions that can help:

1. Stop sublimating with substitute satisfactions. Some men transfer their sensory interest to food or liquor, overeating or drinking to excess to compen-

sate for inadequate sexual satisfactions. Dr. Karl Heiser, Cincinnati psychologist, also suggests that men who are engrossed in fast powerful cars, or over-absorbed in handling guns, are compensating for feelings of sexual inadequacy. When your erotic urge is not channeled into substitute releases, it will dam up and stimulate direct sexual urges.

2. Give up or cut down on cigarettes. Heavy smoking causes too little blood and too little oxygen to nourish body tissues adequately. "Nicotine," warns Dr. Richard L. Potts, research specialist, "is a known sexual inhibitor."

3. Go out of your way to avoid conflict and tension. Studies by Dr. Hans Selye in Montreal, confirmed by 30 years of clinical tests, show that the sex glands shrink and become less active in proportion to the strains on a man's nervous system. The closer you come to a happy-go-lucky frame of mind, shrugging off worries or setbacks, the more likely you are to be able to enjoy the sexual side of life.

4. Stop taking unnecessary patent medicines, indigestion remedies, amphetamine pills, headache pills, etc. "Frequently a few weeks of laying off medicines which can be omitted without real harm," observes Dr. John E. Eichenlaub, "has restored firm erections and unimpaired sexual powers to men who were certain that they were 'over the hill.'"

5. Tone up your system by exercise, massage, hot water or steam baths followed by cold showers and brisk towel-ing.

6. For those who believe in the efficacy of "sex foods" (which may work simply because they believe in them) *New Scientist* reports recommendations by British adviser Barbara Cortland: "To cure and prevent sexual fatigue and make a man the strong lover he was intended to be by nature," she advises in addition to protein, fruits and vegetables: large amounts of honey; 10 vitamin E pills; four spoons of wheat germ oil; four vitamin A pills; bonemeal and pumpkin seeds. But you'd better pick up your phone and ask your doctor first.

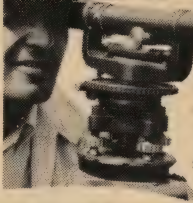
7. Make a fresh attempt to get your wife to lift present bedroom taboos and cooperate in experimenting with different approaches, positions, oral caresses. Sex should be fun, not habit. Without novelty married sex tends to become monotonous. Frustration and indifference lower sex frequencies.

8. To make your lovemaking last longer, try reducing sensitivity by applying a 1% nupercaine ointment to the male organ half an hour beforehand. When an involuntary climax threatens during intercourse, stop, inhale slowly and deeply, divert your thoughts. Your wife can be kept stimulated even without your movement if you twitch your penile muscles. Long, slow thrusting also helps staying power.

9. To improve your ability to repeat the act, when ejaculation begins contract the urinary muscle ring you use to cut off urination. By holding it contracted until ejaculation is over, you reduce the flow of semen by a quarter to a half, helping you to retain the urge and vigor for repeat performances. Effective use of this technique requires frequent daily practice in contracting this muscle during urination.

10. Don't let yourself get sexually lazy. When athletes let themselves go, their muscles turn to flab. Never allow any muscle to lie around unused—especially those involved in your sexual apparatus. You may never become a sexual superman, but the more energetically you exercise your equipment, the longer you won't have to rely on memories. ▲

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Pilot Walked on Air

(Continued from page 33)

airborne. Still, Conover knew he couldn't risk trying to hover over the downed airman while lowering a cable and sling. If he reduced speed even a moment, he'd be hit by gunfire from all directions.

"We're going to have to break off," his copilot shouted. "We'll have to leave the guy there."

"Wait a minute!" Conover was grappling with an idea—a wild, crazy idea. "There's one thing we can try! We can try to pick him up on the move!"

"Huh? How? You mean just snatch the guy up?"

"That's it! Lower the sling! If he can grab it when we pass over, we can scoop him out of there! That'll leave him dangling beneath us on the cable, but as long as he holds on we can worry later about pulling him inside."

"You mean just pick the guy up and let him hang outside? The minute his feet leave the ground that cable will start swinging in all directions and he'll lose his grip. He'll fall while we're climbing away."

"We've got to take the chance!" Conover could imagine what it would be like to hang from a cable outside the chopper. The thought was dizzying. "Hell, I know it's crazy, but—"

The thrashing sound of rotors reached John Fortenberry's ears above the increased outcry of North Vietnamese voices. Fortenberry wheeled around in the high grass, his heartbeat slamming in his throat.

At first he thought he'd been mistaken. Then he saw the HH-43B coming at him low and fast, just above the trees. The chopper's glass canopy

flashed in the sunlight. Fortenberry couldn't believe it!

But the captain knew, too, that the chopper couldn't stop and lower a cable for him. The North Viets were too close, the risk for the HH-43B crew too great.

He wanted to wave the chopper off but he knew the gesture might be misinterpreted as a plea for help.

For the sake of the crew, he was almost glad the HH-43B wasn't slowing down as it bore toward him. He glimpsed North Vietnamese sprinting toward the treeline and he knew they'd reach the clearing in seconds... where they'd have an unobstructed field of fire at both him and the helicopter.

Not reducing speed. They're gonna keep going and leave me here...

He understood. But still, it was the final agony, the ultimate loss, in a series of heartbreaks the captain had experienced ever since his RF-101 had been hit. Now, at last, John Fortenberry knew that there was no longer any way out. He would be abandoned here, to be overwhelmed by the on-rushing Reds...

The chopper was maintaining its speed, all right. But—

"Hey? What the hell?"

The pick-up sling, an oval-shaped shoulder harness, came spilling out from the open door of the HH-43B at the end of a cable that kept unwinding as the sling came down. Fortenberry didn't get it.

The chopper's sudden arrival must have changed the orders given to the North Vietnamese troops. Again, rifle shots cracked. More voices reached Fortenberry's ears, and he sensed bullets whipping through the air around him. He could see the Red soldiers clearly now as they got closer and closer to the treeline.

"Give up, American pilot! Stop running and give up!"

Although he knew rifle slugs were whining through the air all around him, Fortenberry couldn't make himself move or duck. He kept standing there, confused, staring in disbelief.

He was almost too late, figuring out what the chopper pilot intended to do. At the last possible instant, he realized that the HH-43B flier wanted him to reach for the extended sling, grab it as it went past, and hold on for dear life.

If it worked, he'd be yanked violently off the ground and carried aloft at the end of the cable. It didn't seem possible at all.

"Now!" Fortenberry thought as the oval shoulder-sling came at him. He threw away the .38 and reached with both hands like a child reaching for a brass ring on a merry-go-round—except that he would have only one chance to grasp the ring.

It came slamming into him with such sudden, violent force that the impact dazed Fortenberry and he could only react by instinct. But somehow he got his arms inside the sling.

The pain struck like a whiplash. Fortenberry was hardly aware of his feet being wrenched off the ground, his body catapulted into space. He was too stunned by the feeling that both of his arms had been wrenched off at the sockets.

Dangling in space as the chopper shot upward, held there only by the cable-supported sling that gouged into his armpits, Fortenberry was hit by the full force of windblast from the chopper's rotors.

It was like being carried by a cyclone.

Legs flailing wildly, the captain went flying back into open space behind the HH-43B as it climbed. The clearing, the trees, and the entire ridgeline dropped away below him as the helicopter gained altitude. It was terrifying beyond all normal limits of human comprehension.

"My God!" John Fortenberry gasped. Compared to this, his parachute jump had been a leisurely stroll.

The ground was falling away so rapidly that a sweeping panorama unfolded beneath Fortenberry's flailing legs. He could see entire ridgelines... sprawling areas filled with paddy fields... miles of winding country roads.

And directly below, at least 50 North Vietnamese soldiers were clustered on the open ground where Fortenberry had been, aiming upward, shooting.

It must have looked incredible—a man dangling in space beneath 100 feet of steel cable that joined him to the climbing helicopter. F-4C Phantom pilot Bob Morris said, "He looked like a human fly, just hanging there. They must have been moving at about 120 mph when they snatched him up, and you can imagine the force behind that kind of speed. All of us who saw him were certain that both of his shoulders must be broken, that he would slip out of the sling and go falling to his death..."

Morris didn't waste any time gawking. Unhindered now by the presence of a friend on the ground, he and the other Phantom pilots rolled in and attacked the ridge with guns blazing. The rumble of jet engines was joined by the barking staccato of 20-mm fire. Many of the North Vietnamese troops who'd expected to "get" Fortenberry died in the first pass.

Lieutenant Conover got on the radio to tell Saigon JOC that he'd picked up the downed airman and that "our man is walking on air." The message was misinterpreted. Several men hunched



MAN'S MAGAZINE

VON KRIEGER

"I hate to keep riding you, Wombley, but you're the only one left..."

over a radio with Captain Gentner assumed that the pilot was happy at having been rescued. It didn't occur to them that Fortenberry was *really* walking on air, or that the rescue was far from complete.

The chopper turned toward the Gulf of Tonkin. Earth, sea and sky spun around in Fortenberry's blurred vision. The nauseous captain was trying not to heave. Looking up at the helicopter, he realized that the enlisted crew members were grouped around the open door, trying to reel him in.

I'm not going to make it, he thought. I can't hang here long enough. The cable or the sling will break and I'll go plunging...

Fortenberry felt a slight added tug—almost negligible in comparison to the savage pulling force already being exerted under his armpits—as the chopper crew began to reel him in. It was as if the crew of the HH-43B had gone trolling and he was a big fish at the end of a long line...

He understood why the chopper pilot had had to do it this way. He also knew that the rescue men inside the HH-43B were among the most daring and selfless fliers in Southeast Asia.

Airman First Class Joe Gianelli, from Brooklyn, took an enormous risk—leaning out from the open door of the HH-43B and reaching into the airstream to catch Fortenberry as he came up. It was like a fisherman gaffing a big catch. And if Conover made a mistake at his controls and tipped the chopper, Gianelli would be thrown out into open sky...

As Fortenberry was hauled upward, Airman Gianelli faltered once, started to pitch out, and caught himself on the door jambs.

It was the most agonizing, tension-filled moment of the entire rescue attempt as Fortenberry's dangling body was reeled closer and closer to the open door and hands grappled for him. Gianelli got a grip on one arm. This was it. An error now and the whole thing would be lost...

An eternity later—about 10 seconds—the captain was surrounded by friendly hands that yanked him through the door, and he collapsed on the floorboards inside the H-43B, so beaten from his ride in open space that he had to lower his head between his knees and breathe heavily for long moments, catching his senses.

He would have "ruts" from the cable sling around his armpits for weeks to come and occasional spasms of pain to remind him that he'd ridden in space like a trapeze artist. For now, it was all John Fortenberry could do to open his eyes, catch his breath, stare at the grinning faces of the rescue men in the chopper, and reach for an outstretched cup of medicinal rum.

Fortenberry's first move when they let him out of the Da Nang hospital, after brief observation, was to meet every member of the helicopter crew and give them his thanks...

The Reds paid heavily for downing the captain's RF-101. Those Phantom jets had wreaked havoc on enemy trucks and troop concentrations. While trying to close in on the captain, the North Vietnamese had bunched up to create what Morris called "a beautiful target."

Recon pilot Fortenberry later said, "I guess I must have had one of the luckiest rescues of the war." It was an understatement. It was only the second time a pilot had been picked up that deep in North Vietnam, and John Fortenberry had to walk on air in order to get back to base. ▲

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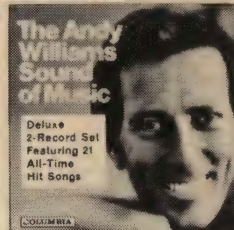
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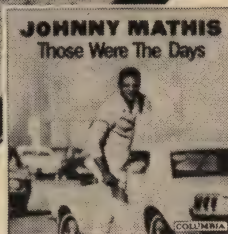


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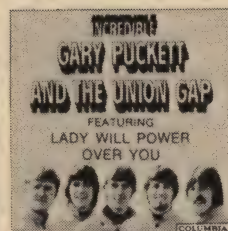
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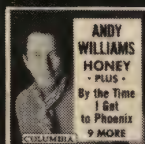
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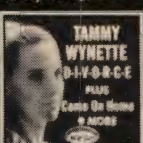
6733. Plus: Look To Your Soul, Whiter Shade Of Pale, etc.



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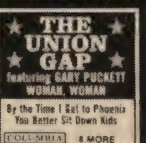
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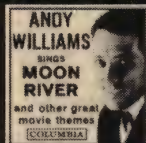
3857. Plus: Ups And Downs, Just Like Me, Steppin' Out, etc.



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Aretha Now
I Say a Little Prayer + Think
ATLANTIC 8 MORE

THE ROLLING STONES' BIG HITS
19th Nervous Breakdown
Get Off of My Cloud
10 MORE
LONDON

PERCY FAITH
His Orch. and Chorus
ANGEL OF THE MORNING
Plus: Mrs. Robinson
MacArthur Park
COLUMBIA 8 MORE

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
LAST TIME AROUND
On the Way Home + 11 MORE
ATCO

JIM NABORS
Kiss Me Goodbye
Plus: MONEY + 9 MORE
COLUMBIA

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES
SPECIAL OCCASION
Plus: Tester Love
COLUMBIA 9 MORE

CARL SMITH
COUNTRY ON MY MIND
California Sunshine
10 MORE
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RHAPSODY IN BLUE
Spellbound Concerto
Warsaw Concerto
3 MORE
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TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
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DOWN HERE ON THE GROUND
Plus: Wind Song + 8 MORE
ATCO

MARTY ROBBINS
BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX
Plus: Love Is In the Air
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

IRON BUTTERFLY
In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida
ATCO 10 MORE

BERNSTEIN'S GREATEST HITS
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BEE GEES + IDEA
Plus: Top Gotta Get a Message to You
10 MORE
ATLANTIC

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Aretha: Lady Soul
Chain of Fools
9 MORE
ATLANTIC

Jeff Beck
Truth
Shapes of Things
9 MORE
MCA

BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS
Mr. Tambourine Man
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I Ain't Me, Babe
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A NEW DAY
Plus: You Got the Power—
To Turn Me On
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THE DOORS
Light My Fire
Break On Through
9 MORE
ELEKTRA

ROBERT GOULET
WOMAN, WOMAN
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

WES MONTGOMERY
A Day in the Life
ATCO 10 MORE

DONOVAN
The Hurdy Gurdy Man
Plus: Jennifer Juniper
11 MORE
REPRISE

SONNY & CHER'S GREATEST HITS
The Best Goes On
19 MORE
12-RECORD SET
ATCO

TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

CLAUDINE LONGET
LOVE IS BLUE
Plus: When I Look in Your Eyes
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

JIM NABORS Sings THE LORD'S PRAYER
Plus: Battle Hymn of the Republic
10 MORE
COLUMBIA

SIMON & GARFUNKEL
PARLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY & TYNE
Homeward Bound
The Dangling Conversation
10 MORE
COLUMBIA

RAY CONNIFF and The Singers
SOMEWHERE MY LOVE
Plus: Downtown Charade
8 MORE
COLUMBIA

THE 5th DIMENSION
UP, UP AND AWAY
Plus: Go Where You Wanna Go
9 MORE
SOUL CITY

THE VERY BEST OF ROY ORBISON
Only The Lonely
+ Candy Man
+ Crying + 9 MORE
MONUMENT

JERRY VALE
HIS BEST
WITH YOU
11 MORE
COLUMBIA

OTIS REDDING
The Dock of the Bay
plus: The Glory of Love
9 MORE
VOLTY

BOOTS RANDOLPH
The Sound of Boots
+ Gentle on My Mind
+ Cranky Jakes
10 MORE
MONUMENT

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

BURL IVES
The Times They Are A-Changin'
PLUS: Little Green Apples
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

BOOGIE WITH CANNED HEAT
ON THE ROAD AGAIN
9 MORE
LIBERTY

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I Walk the Line
4 MORE
COLUMBIA

RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO
THE "IN" CROWD
Plus: Tennessee Waltz
Come Sunday
4 MORE
CADET

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
Mais Que Nada
Day Tripper
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS
Battle of New Orleans
Sink the Bismarck
North to Alaska
10 MORE
COLUMBIA

RAY PRICE'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
Make the World Go Away
Burning Memories
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

BOBBY VINTON'S GREATEST HITS
Blue on Blue
Now Are Red
10 MORE
REPRISE

JIMMY SMITH'S GREATEST HITS
The Sermon
Midnight Special
6 MORE
12-RECORD SET
JAS-NOVE

TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

JERRY VALE'S Greatest Hits
Pretend You Don't See Her
Innamorata
COLUMBIA 10 MORE

TOPS ANY RECORD CLUB OFFER EVER MADE! Now you can get ANY 12 of the hit records shown here — all 12 for less than the price of one! That's right — if you join now, you may have ANY 12 of these records for only \$3.98! And all you have to do is agree to buy a record a month during the coming ten months.

In short, within ten months you'll have a sizable library of 22 records — but you'll have paid for just half of them... that's practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices.

FREE MUSIC MAGAZINE. Each monthly issue contains up to 300 different records to choose from... hit albums from scores of different record labels! You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested... or take any of the other records offered.

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. As a member you are entitled to charge all purchases. Your records will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$4.98 (Classical; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. Upon completing your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's bonus plan — which entitles you to one record free for every one you buy. Under this plan you pay as little as \$2.86 a record (including all mailing and handling charges).

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Just write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only \$3.98, plus postage and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested.

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SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY \$3.98

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):

☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Teen Hits
☐ Country and Western

Name..... (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO
A.P.O., F.P.O. addressees: write for special offer

213-3/N4

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
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CRC Where smart buyers shop for hits!

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Beer and Wine

(Continued from page 26)

"I've been drinking it for maybe 20 years now. That's a long time, and a pretty hefty investment in cash," Bill explained. "Well, I got to thinking, if I spend that much for something, I want to know more about it. So I've been looking into beer in my spare time. It's interesting. Like, do you know how much beer you've got to drink to pump the same amount of alcohol in your blood you'd have with one highball or martini?"

"A pint?"

"Wrong. More than one and a half quarts. Know why?"

"That's easy, there's less alcohol in beer," interjected Ned.

"That's only part of it," Bill told the two men. "Beer has a lot of cereal in it. Cereal slows down the rate at which alcohol is absorbed by the bloodstream. Say, Ned, ever have your draft beer analyzed? I got a hunch it may be too watery, which means—"

"Which means I'm cheating the customers again," yelled Ned. "Go home, go home, you're gonna give this place a bad name!"

Bill was obviously just having some fun with the bartender in his favorite tavern. It was a way to liven up a quiet Wednesday evening. But his beer knowledge was sound. So was his idea about learning more about the beverage.

Most men spend whole lifetimes drinking beer—and wine, too—without really knowing very much about them. How they are made. Their characteristics. How to get the best for the least money. How to save on beer parties and the like. Result: They cheat themselves out of cash and pleasure both. The point of this article is to prevent that from happening to you.

Bill's emphasis on the size of the head in a glass of beer is an example. Bill didn't seriously think that Ned was embarked on a program of cheating his customers. But the fact remains: The bigger the head on a glass of beer, the less actual beer there is for you to drink. It doesn't matter, of course, if you're pouring from a bottle or can. You pour the head you want and don't lose anything. But when you're drinking draft beer in a tavern, it's a different proposition. A dollars-and-cents proposition.

Just a few months ago a trade journal for the beer industry, *Modern Brewery Age*, gave an illuminating breakdown on draft beer profits. One set of statistics given had to do with a 10-ounce beer glass. When a bartender pours beer with a $\frac{1}{4}$ " head into such a glass, the total keg will yield 209 glasses. When he pours a $\frac{1}{2}$ " head, he gets 222 glasses of beer per keg. When he pours a $\frac{3}{4}$ " head, there are 236 glasses to be drawn from the same keg. It's clear, therefore, that the bigger the head, the more profit for the tavern and the less beer for you per glass.

Now, you may very well want an impressive head on your beer nonetheless. Many men do; it's entirely up to you and your preference. But it's only fair that you know the score and that if you then prefer a smaller head you simply ask for it.

Tip on pouring to get the kind of head you want, in a tavern or at home: If you want a big head, pour directly into the center of the glass; if you want a small head, tilt the glass and pour down the side.

However you pour your beer, chances

are you probably think of the brew as one of the plainest and most common drinks available to humans. And in a sense you're right. There's a no-nonsense kind of quality about beer. It's a man's drink now — though women in growing numbers are discovering its pleasures—and always has been. Furthermore, it is the one alcoholic beverage that makes no pretenses about itself. Its largest appeal, marketing experts find, is to males who earn less than \$8,000 a year, and/or have had no college education.

But the next time you sit down to a hearty glass of the golden brew reflect on something else, as well. Reflect on the fact that beer is just about the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man. Researchers who have dug into its history call it as old as agriculture itself. Several years ago archeologists excavating in Iraq found a Mesopotamian seal baked in pottery. It depicted two workmen at a brewery vat. The seal was subjected to intense analysis and found to be more than 6,000 years old.

Ancient Babylonians, Egyptians and Chinese brewed beer. Soldiers in the Roman legions drank beer with the same relish GI's do today. The first settlers barely set foot on New World soil when they opened their first brewery. George Washington, Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry — all the early American heroes savored their pints of brew. Beer may be ordinary—but to the knowledgeable drinker, each sip provides him with a sense of history.

As the U.S. Brewers Association points out, however, there is a vast difference between the beer they drank in Colonial America (at 10c per gallon) and the kind you quaff today. The colonists may have had the edge on price, but not on quality — the stuff they brewed was heavy, cloudy, and lacking in sparkle. Brewing methods were hit or miss. Modern beer for modern man uses science, technology and rigorous systems of quality control to assure a uniform product. A trip through the maze of tanks, valves, gauges and piping of a modern brewery makes that abundantly clear.

Recently, just such a trip was arranged especially for MAN's at a brewery that exemplifies up-to-the-moment brewing technology — Piel Brothers Brewery, which sprawls over several blocks in the East New York section of Brooklyn. It vividly illustrates the various steps that must be taken—and the age-old ingredients used—in the beer-making process. You begin by taking an elevator to the sixth floor of the brewery proper, and there's no mistaking where you are because the air is heavy with that pungent, sweet-sour aroma peculiar to beer.

There, on the top floor of the brewery, raw commercial grits are cooked in a big vat. "It's the first step in the actual brewing process," explains assistant production manager Harold Rightmyer. From another section of the brewery, malt—the main ingredient in beer-making—is mechanically weighed, measured and carried to another vat called the "mash tub." Malt is really barley that has gone through a germination process that enables it to change its starches into different kinds of sugars—sugars needed for fermentation, a later step.

When the grits are properly cooked they, too, are pumped into the mash tub. Powerful machinery mixes the two ingredients together, setting up a roar so loud you can hardly hear your guide shout out his explanations.

Once the mashing process is completed, the steaming mixture of malt and

grits—the mash—is allowed to drop into a weird-looking tub of copper and stainless steel known as the Lauter tub. Here the solid matter is separated out and the remaining liquid—known as "wort"—is allowed to drain into a huge copper vessel a floor below. This awesome container stretches from floor through ceiling and holds 500 gallons or more. Brewers call it the "brew kettle," and at this point in the art and science of beer making, one of the most essential steps occurs—the addition of hops.

Hops? They are small greenish flowers that give beer its distinctive, peculiarly mild-bitter flavor and aroma. As the wort boils away in the brew kettle, it is thickened, concentrated and sterilized. Sterilization precludes anything going wrong during fermentation.

The area around the brew kettle is so hot you almost begin to sweat. Once you have descended a narrow, circular flight of stairs into the fermentation room, you think you have a good case of the chills. Here refrigeration coils maintain the temperature at a constant 48 degrees, best for fermenting.

At this juncture yeast has been added to the beer-in-process and the liquid is fed into great, open tanks that hold as much as 13,000 gallons each. Like a witch's brew, the yeasty, fermenting stuff—which is kept here from 7 to 10 days—bubbles furiously, exhaling carbon dioxide gas. In time a thick layer of creamy white suds forms on the surface.

It is a startling sight, and you think to yourself, "The biggest head in the world." Looks inviting.

Sensing your thoughts, Rightmyer says, "It's very bitter."

"Okay to taste it?"

"Sure."

He's right. These fermentation vats are a way-station on the road to the finished product, and the suds taste bitter and unpleasant. Once fermented, the liquid is filtered to remove yeast and proteins, then stored in an immense cylindrical storage tank at temperatures just above freezing.

This is a dank, dark area of the brewery, its wet floors crisscrossed with four-inch rubber hoses of a bright red color. In this "lagering room" the beer sweetens, mellow, becomes smooth and palatable. (To "lager" means to age.) Finally, the beer goes through another filtration process, is hyped with carbonation and ready for the packaging that will take it to tavern or supermarket.

Broadly, this is how beer is made. Some of the details cannot be sketched in because each brewery employs its own brewmasters who jealously guard their own brewing secrets.

Like some other breweries across the country, Piel's advertises its beer as "draft," even when sold in bottles or cans. What is the difference between a can of draft beer and a can of regular beer? Filtration makes the difference. A new kind of filtration process filters out all yeast, proteins, bacteria and other organisms that could spoil beer, and makes even packaged beer taste like draft.

Brew made by the non-draft process—traditional beer—is pasteurized after canning or bottling to get rid of that unwanted matter. Pasteurizing beer — heating it to 140 degrees for a quarter of an hour or so—changes its chemical properties and makes it a bit harsher to the taste. Which is better? It all depends on the beer drinker, on his taste. Many go for the smoothest, mellowest, lightest beer possible. Others like it heavy and slightly more bitter.

"One man's beer is another man's poi-

son," quips Brian Richard Boylan of New Jersey, a documentary film maker who prides himself on being an amateur beer expert. "I like my beer strong and fairly rich without having a medicinal taste. How do I gauge the beer I drink? I guess the way most men do—by the way it tastes and smells, by its color and carbonation."

Boylan, whose work sometimes takes him to other parts of the U.S., says he enjoys trying out local beers wherever he goes. He advises other traveling men to do the same. Beer varies from section to section because of the water and the brewing methods used. It's lighter in some areas than in others.

There is a lot of confusion about what "lightness" means in beer. It has nothing to do with color. The lighter the beer, the less proteins it contains. The fewer the proteins, the less filling it is. Light beer usually starts out from a base of 60 to 80% barley malt—the balance being ground rice or corn (grits). Most foreign beers—the famous German and Dutch ones like Loewenbrau and Heineken's, for instance—are brewed from 100% barley malt.

The overwhelming majority of American beer drinkers go for light, which means that imported beers don't sell too well here. In fact, the imports account for less than 1% of total U.S. beer sales. On the other hand, sales of foreign-made suds are growing at a very rapid clip, chalking up a 10% advance each year. That's better than the American breweries are doing and beer importers look to make even greater inroads in the market.

Commenting on the differences between American and foreign beer, one importer snorted contemptuously, "If American beer gets any lighter, it'll be soda pop."

He was prejudiced, of course, but there are differences between foreign and domestic brews that beer lovers should know about. Generally, foreign beers are lagered (aged) much longer than the domestic variety; in some cases, two or three months longer. Imported beer buffs maintain that American beers are quickie-produced for mass consumption and that even those calling themselves "lager" beers really aren't comparable to the foreign variety. Foreign-made brews have a higher alcoholic content (around 5%, contrasted with about 3.6% for the domestic kind). Foreign beers, especially German ones, often advertise the city they're brewed in... München or Dortmund, for example. One of the most famous of all beers used to be Pilsener, from Czechoslovakia... so famous, in fact, that some brewers here and elsewhere call their brews Pilsener if they think the taste approximates that of the genuine article.

Beers made in other countries obviously cost more than the American product because of transportation charges, duty, etc. In some cases they cost as much as 40 or 50¢ more. Obviously, this gives the imported brews a kind of snob appeal. Records kept at the U.S. Brewers Association provide a hint as to which foreign beers are most popular here. In terms of imports of beer into the U.S., West Germany is first; Canada and Holland are tied for second place; Norway is third.

Never tried a foreign brew? Invest \$3 or so and sample a bottle of beer brewed in each of those countries. France, England, Ireland and Japan also make excellent beer. Tip: Get a few pals together and try a group taste test. Pour a little beer from each country for each person, no more than a couple of swallows or so. Have everybody rinse their



"Gee, thanks, Mr. Belding, and I'm sorry I did all that screaming... but at first I thought that I was getting raped."

mouths or eat a cracker to take away the taste, then go on to sample the next beer. Keep repeating the process until you decide which brand, if any, you like best. You could also run similar taste tests between foreign and domestic beers.

Some men like both foreign and domestic. They keep a few bottles of their favorite foreign beer around for special occasions, and they drink domestic beer on a regular basis. Important note: Domestic or foreign—don't ice it up—at least not if you want to get real beer flavor. Brewmasters and beer experts of all kinds agree that beer is best drunk when it's chilled to about 40 degrees. Any colder and no matter what brands of beer you drink, they all taste alike.

As for American beers, many men tend to buy the more expensive beers, the kind marked "premium." However, a word of warning about that. Premium beer may well be premium quality; then again, it may not. As a recent *Popular Science* study on American beers pointed out:

"Originally, premium beers used higher quality (and more expensive) ingredients or more careful brewing techniques. For many years, though, certain beers selling at so-called 'popular' prices have called themselves 'premium-quality.' And some 'premium' beers have lowered the tab. Only the brewer's accountant knows for sure whether he does or doesn't use premium-priced ingredients in the brewing."

If you want to throw a big beer bust, and are out to save money, don't worry about premium versus non-premium. Have no qualms about buying inexpensive beer, the kind that sells for \$1.10 to \$1.25 a six-pack. When people gulp down ice-cold brew in large quantities, it isn't long before they can't tell the difference between superior and inferior

brands. Regardless of what the ads say, they won't be too particular about flavor.

What you do have to worry about is buying enough—but not overbuying. Boylan, the documentary film man, throws numerous beer parties throughout the year. He follows a few simple buying guidelines which he is willing to share with MAN's readers:

"First I make a list of the guests, dividing them by sexes. My gauge is roughly that one man will drink as much as two women. Then I try to think in terms of the particular party—how long it's going to last, how loose it's going to be. The longer and looser, obviously, the more beer I need to have on hand. On the average, for a beer party lasting a few hours, I figure one six-pack per person, plus half a dozen six-packs in reserve. If I know it's a heavy-drinking crowd I lay in one six-pack plus half a quart per person, and one or two six-packs in reserve. It may sound like a lot, but most of the men I know have a great capacity—there's never much left over to kill the next day's thirst."

Wine is something else again. In France and Italy, no self-respecting male—whether he rivets bolts at a construction site or toils in a wall-to-wall carpeted executive suite—would think of gulping down even a mouthful of food without a swallow of wine to go with it. Whatever the price of the meal in a cafe or restaurant, a carafe of dark red wine is put on the table more casually than water is here. In the U.S., though, wine has always been thought of as a "fancy" beverage; for that reason most men have avoided drinking it except on special occasions.

The past few years, however, have seen a change in this pattern. More Americans are drinking more wine than ever before in history, and the amount

of wine poured down American gullets grows in volume year by year. There's been a change, too, in the types of people who buy wine to drink with their meals. "It used to be mostly executives who came in for wine to drink with dinner," says the owner of a liquor store near Tuexdo Park, in upstate New York. "But more working men, factory men, are buying wines, too. And many know just what they want."

Many more men, however, do *not* know what they want in the way of wines. This is perfectly understandable. Walking into any self-respecting liquor store or wine shop, they are faced with a vast array of wines—red wines, pink wines, white wines. They are confronted by home-grown labels from New York and California, exotic labels with strange names like Pouilly Fousse or Chateau-neuf-du-Pape. They see prices that range all the way from \$1 to \$15. Many walk out paying far more for wine than they need to... or with a wine so inferior they take one gulp and swear off the stuff forever.

"Lots of people are confused by the variety of wines they're confronted with on our shelves," says the manager of a liquor store in Queens, New York. "Can't say I blame them. We try to help but, frankly, we don't know everything we're selling, either."

Let's assume at the outset that you are not intent on giving anyone a snow job. You don't care to conduct an exercise in snobism—rattling off the names of foreign-sounding wines, carrying on at length about good years and poor years, making a fetish of having the right wine with the right dish. All you want to do is have enough know-how to buy a bottle of good table wine at little cost. There, of course, is the crux of the problem: What makes for good wine?

The answer is as simple as it is complex: Grapes make wine; good grapes make good wine; excellent grapes make excellent wine. In wine making, the skin and pulp of the grape are the most important components. What these contain in abundant supply are sugar (glucose and fructose, if any chemistry buffs want to know); organic acids (mostly malic and tartaric); nitrogenous compounds; vitamins; water. Wine-making grapes are harvested when their proportions of acids and sugars are just right for fermentation. At that point the grapes have reached their "optimum maturity."

Once harvested and transported to the winery, the grapes are mechanically crushed (this used to be done by barefoot girls and in some remote regions of Europe still is). Then the crushed matter goes into the fermenting tanks.

Purple grapes, used in making red wines, are dumped into the vat in their entirety—juice, pulp, skin, seeds, and all. Green grapes, used in making white wines, get different treatment: Solid matter is separated out and only the juice is pumped into the fermenter. Fermentation gives wine its alcoholic content, usually from 10 to 14%. Finally the wine is aged, much of the remaining sediment filtered away, and the bottling begins.

Because there are so many different wines on the market, and a whole host of countries bottling them, your best bet in wine buying is to seek out a liquor store with a large stock of wines. This gives you a bigger selection, but there is a more important reason for the suggestion. The larger the stock, the greater the number of experienced wine drinkers who patronize the store. The more such people patronizing it, the better the chance that the owner knows his

wines. The more he knows, the better position he is in to give you some valid recommendations.

Of course, you have to make sure you are dealing with a trustworthy person. Most liquor store and wine shop owners do try to please. A few, however, simply try to sell the wine that has the biggest profit margin. There is no reason for you to spend more than \$2 or \$3 for a bottle of good wine. And sometimes bargains are to be had at lower prices. Good Riesling from Chile, for instance—a tasty dry white wine—is often available for little more than \$1. Often, too, there are good buys in Italian, Spanish and Yugoslavian wines.

Most stores stock a very large selection of French wines, for the simple reason that France is the largest wine producing and exporting country in the world. French wine labels, unfortunately, are also the most confusing. Often they carry the name of the wine, the French district they came from, the region within that district, the year the wine was made, and the name of the importer.

It takes a lot of study to master the hundreds of names involved. Chances are you neither have the time nor the inclination to go into the subject that deeply. Best idea is to remember a few broad categories of dry table wines and try them out until you find the kind you like best. Suggestions? Among the reds, try Beaujolais, Pomerol and Chateau-neuf-du-Pape. Among the whites try Pouilly-Fuisse, Chablis and Vouvray. All can be had inexpensively. If you are interested in sweet appetizer wines try sherry or vermouth. For dessert wines, try port, tokay or sweet sherry. These, too, are easy on the pocketbook.

All dry French wines carry the year of origin on the label. As a result of climate and other conditions, some years are great for the grapes that make wines; other years are real disaster periods. Rough guide to best and worst: 1964, quite good; 1965, off-year; 1966, very good; 1967, seems to be good; 1968, awful. Right now there are some excellent buys in 1964 and 1966 wines at \$1.50 or thereabouts, although in some cases such low prices mean the wine comes from the last pressings. And if, right now, you can get hold of some low-cost 1961 wines—grab them.

As for American wines, there are all kinds of debates among wine experts as to whether French or American wines are best. Many people snobbishly ignore American wines just because they are not imported. The truth is that domestic wines—the ones from California, especially—are very good. They don't taste exactly like French wines, even when the grapes are of the same variety, but they are good. Almaden, Krug, Masson and Cresta Blanca are some very good California brands. A few decent wines also come from the Finger Lakes region of New York State, but California wines are generally judged to be better because the climate is constant and superior to eastern weather. There are some other differences between California and New York wines. The California varieties come from grape cuttings that originated in France. New York wines come from strictly American grapes.

Tip on saving money: Buy a case of 12 bottles and you get a 10% discount.

Hugh Johnson, a well-known wine expert, offers another bit of counsel: "Wine always costs less, naturally enough, when it first comes on the market, too young to drink, than when it has been stored and matured a few years." What this suggests is that you can buy cheap wine, store it, and wind

up with a higher-quality product at no extra expense to you except for a little patience.

More and more people are having fun setting up wine cellars for themselves. It's not at all costly. Wine racks come cheap—as low as \$5 or \$6—or you can make your own. You don't even really need a regular wine rack, although it is more convenient. The important thing is to store the wine on its side. This keeps the cork wet, preventing it from shrinking and letting air leak in.

Starting a small wine cellar enables you to experiment with different kinds and brands of wine. In fact, for an investment of about \$25, you can have a good time sipping from an assortment of 12 different kinds of wine. Be sure to find a spot in your home or apartment most conducive to storing wine. It should be away from the light, free of vibrations, neither too hot nor too cold. Above all, the temperature should remain constant.

Red wine becomes especially mellower and tastier with age. "The improvement in even a bottle of the cheapest available red wine which I have kept for a year was astounding," Johnson observes. His blanket advice to wine buyers: keep any red wine at least three months before drinking it. White wines and a red wine called Beaujolais don't age well and can be drunk "young."

A final word about wines and food. People have made a big fetish of serving just the right wine with just the right food. It's become a form of snobism and way overdone. Even wine expert Andre Simon, founder of the famous Wine & Food Society, now says, "The best wine is that which is the most suitable, hence the most pleasing at the time." In other words, don't worry about what the rules say, drink the wine you like best, regardless of what food is being served.

Of course, there are some overall guidelines most wine drinkers follow. They make sense. Few people would serve a sweet desert wine with a platter of steak, for example. An appetizer wine like sherry doesn't go too well with salad or vegetables. In general, most people drink their wines according to some well-hewn patterns. The Wine Advisory Board of San Francisco offers some sensible suggestions on serving dry (non-sweet) wines:

White dinner wines—serve with lighter dishes like fish, shellfish, chicken, white meat and omelettes.

Red dinner wines—serve with hearty dishes like steaks, game, pates, and cheeses.

Rose (more or less a cross between white and red wines, made when the crushed grape parts are left in the fermenting tank just long enough to tint the wine pink)—serve with all dishes.

But remember: These are broad suggestions and many people these days feel perfectly free to follow their own particular tastes, even if these don't conform to the general pattern. Careful about temperature, though: red wines are served at room temperature. White wines are chilled. Put the wine in the refrigerator—not the freezer—two or three hours before serving.

If you are really serious about wines, and want to know more about the subject, by all means get to your local library for a book on the subject. You might also look into a small inexpensive, easy-to-read booklet called *Quick Guide to Wine*, published by Doubleday.

In any event, start buying, sipping, enjoying. Who knows? You might be discovering a new hobby. ▲

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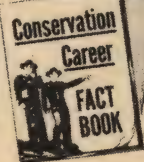
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War On The Mafia

(Continued from page 40)

Bonnano assigned the New York assassinations to Joe Magliacco, a corpulent hood with a blood-pressure condition. Magliacco farmed the contracts over to one of his lieutenants, an ambitious torpedo named Joe Columbo . . . and the move promptly placed Joe Bananas' skin in jeopardy.

For Columbo tipped off the Mafia commission.

Challenged by his stony-faced *mafioso* brothers, Magliacco panicked and confessed. He got off lightly: banishment from the Cosa Nostra and a \$50,000 fine. Death claimed him anyway not long after, when his blood pressure popped. And Joe Columbo was rewarded with command of Magliacco's "family."

As for Joe Bananas . . .

The commission dispatched a loyal *mafioso* named Sam DeCavalcante to Arizona with a personal appeal for Bonnano to come north and attend the commission. DeCavalcante's loyalty was beyond doubt. Hadn't he spent many inventive years trying to develop for Mafia use a garbage disposal unit capable of reducing a human body to a meatball? But Bonnano ignored this invitation, too.

"For God's sake," raved Momo Giancana, Chicago chieftain, at the next commission meeting. "Why not just kill the guy?"

The other Mafia bigwigs shrugged doubtfully. Ordering the execution of Joe Bananas didn't come easy. He was a true Sicilian who entered the United States illegally via Havana and Miami in 1924, but skipped the country in 1938 and reentered legally at Detroit from Canada. After resuming control of Manhattan rackets he built up an efficient, Brooklyn-based organization with branches as far-flung as Montreal and Haiti. In 1945 he became a naturalized American, and his value to the Brotherhood in the USA was historical fact.

Nowadays, the Mafia's organized gambling involves an annual seven billion dollars, its loan sharks take one billion, and the narcotics trade exceeds 350 million. Much of this enormous profit is funneled through investments in such legitimate enterprises as bowling alleys, real estate, food packaging concerns, industrial plants, Wall Street brokerage houses, trucking companies, banks and labor unions. As one veteran New York policeman said, "The syndicate is into every goddam thing from kiddie car parks to pension funds."

And without question, the Mafia's awesome success was thanks to the sweat, brains, brutality and organization of aging Dons like Joe Bananas.

From the venerable *consiglieri* (elder statesmen) down to the lowliest streetcorner *soldato*, most *mafiosi* measured Joe's devotion to the Brotherhood by many past examples.

One was his solution to the perennial problem of body disposal. Joe acquired a funeral home and allegedly had unwanted corpses stuffed into the hidden lower compartments of caskets specially made to his design. Bereaved kin of the official occupants were never the wiser. About the only precaution needed at such tandem burials was a good supply of muscular pallbearers to carry the extra weight without strain.

Convictions? Joe Bananas had been arrested more times than he could remember, but the only conviction on his record was a violation of the Federal Wages and Hours Law . . .

So a contract on Joe Bananas wasn't something to be taken out lightly. In "Tommy Ryan" Eboli's home the commission decided to give Joe a last chance to answer charges . . . and this time made sure he'd show up.

Manhattan, October 21, 1964. Twice while Joe Bananas attacked his dinner in the swank midtown steak house, the sixth man to join his party stepped outside to a street phone booth. When the group left around 11 PM and bundled into a taxi, the sixth man separated from them, turned a corner out of sight and hailed another vehicle. He snapped at the driver: "37th and Park Avenue."

Joe Bananas' cab braked outside 35 Park Avenue shortly after midnight. Only one man accompanied him now: his lawyer, William P. Maloney. The address was Maloney's, and his client was staying there as an overnight guest. Or so it was planned. While his lawyer paid off the cab, Bonnano hunched against a rain-flecked wind and strode to the apartment house entrance. His gait was brisk, confident. He had no illusions about the big trouble he might be stirring for himself within the Mafia hierarchy, but figured the stakes worth it.

He was a Cosa Nostra kingpin and knew it. His importance to the organization dated from the bloody Castellammare Wars of the 1920's, so called because the rival chieftains both came from the same Sicilian town. Their murders by trusted henchmen ended the bloodletting and, in 1930, most of the previously quarrelsome Mafia bands amalgamated. It was to mediate the costly carnage on the New York streets that the national commission was formed.

Joe Bananas, an early member, was in his seat the night that Joseph Valachi joined the Mafia. There were 30 men around the long table and a gun and knife in the middle of it, to symbolize the mode of a *mafioso*'s life and death. It was Joseph Bonanno's lot to draw blood from Valachi's finger in ritual token of blood membership. In Mafia eyes he thus became Valachi's godfather, and it wasn't any fault of his that Joe Valachi turned out to be the biggest stoolpigeon in Mafia history. . . .

Now the man who had left Joe Bananas' party and lurked near the corner of 37th and Park beckoned two men out of the shadows. They ran past him along the block and closed in on Bonnano, each grabbing an arm. "Joe, you're coming with us. The boss wants to see you."

Joe struggled. "What the hell's going on?"

They didn't answer but hustled him off to the beige sedan waiting on 36th Street, and when Maloney ran after them, demanding to know what they were doing with his client, one of them whipped out a gun and fired. The slug slammed into the apartment house wall. In the rain-whipped darkness Maloney wasn't able to see the abductors clearly, therefore couldn't positively identify the suspect when police later alleged one of them to be Mike Zaffarano, until recently a trusted bodyguard of Joe Bananas. . . .

Until the unlikely day that Mafia tongues loosen freely, what befell Joe Bonnano during the subsequent 19 months will never be known in detail. But from anonymous FBI spokesmen, from carefully released statements of the New York City Police Department, and from the lips of informers whose names can never be revealed, this much can be pieced together . . .

Bonnano was confined six weeks at a hideout in the Catskill Mountains. His death warrant was made out and ready for solemn sealing. The executioners were alerted. And Joe fought for his life, using every weapon in the arsenal of his experience, from emotional appeal through the threatening logic that killing him would only trigger a nationwide gang war. Still, it wasn't enough to sway the commission. Joe's life hung in the balance, every minute nudging him closer to eternity. He had no more tricks left in the bag. All he could do now if he wanted to survive was meekly surrender control of his crime empire. For the price tag pinned by the Mafia national commission on Joe Bananas' hide was nothing less than unconditional abdication. . . .

Late December: In William Maloney's office, on the thirteenth floor of a Wall Street-area building, the phone rang and the voice on the other end was that of Joe's son, Salvatore "Bill" Bonnano. His message: *Pop is safe, on an upstate farm . . . He'll be back in town Monday, 9 A.M. in your office. . . .*

When the time came, Maloney's walls bulged under the press of expectant cops, federal agents, reporters. But Joe didn't show. . . .

It was asking too much of him to relinquish control of the multimillion dollar organization that had cost great effort and other men's lives to build. Bonnano had no intention of granting either the cops or the Mafia grand commission any relief by quitting. But a promise was a promise. So he figured all the odds during another year of laying low, part of the time in Haiti, occasionally in his son's home at East Meadow, Long Island. There wasn't only the Mafia to consider. The law was getting restless. . . .

In February, 1964, United States Attorney Robert Morgenthau had announced a major federal offensive against organized crime. Morgenthau's office applied the heat to the Bonnano network early in the investigation, tied more than 60 rackets to various members of Joe's 260-man "family." True, the resultant 119 arrests involved mostly small-time *soldati*, but one prize catch was the family's underboss, Carmine "Lillo" Galanti, sentenced to 20 years for narcotics smuggling.

Thirty-five members of the family were put under fast subpoena, including Joe, who was, in fact, kidnaped on the eve of his scheduled appearance before the investigating Federal Grand Jury, thus spawning incorrect reports that he'd been snatched to prevent him from talking and would never be seen again.

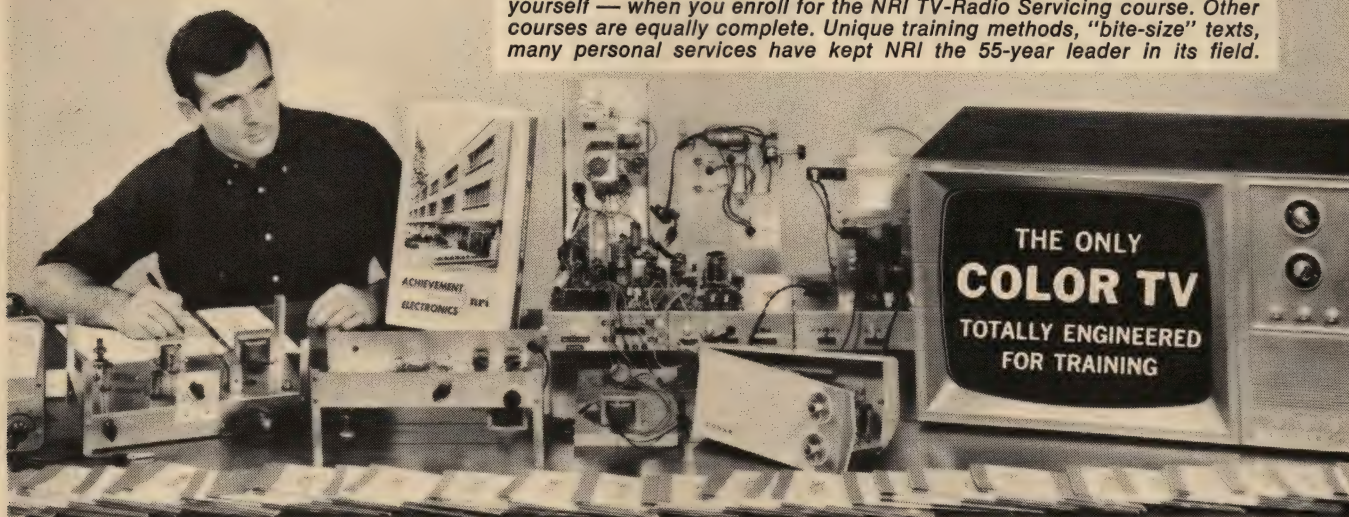
In hiding, Joe kept tabs on developments. His officially leaderless clan, shattered and scattered by intrafamily dissension and federal harassment, was up for grabs. He appointed his brother-in-law, Frank La Bruzzo, and son Salvatore to succeed him as bosses of the Bonanno family. This didn't sit well with the commission, who just couldn't see it as the all-out abdication Joe had promised. Joe, obviously, would still be running things behind the scenes.

A meeting convened in January, 1965, at the East Lido, Long Island, home of "Three-finger Brown" Luchese . . . and dominated by the powerful Gambino and Profaci families, the assemblage made a different choice. To head the Bonnano crime family: Gasperino DiGregorio, best man at Joe Bananas' wedding and Salvatore's godfather.

DiGregorio hadn't been too active lately in Mafia affairs. He lived in a modest West Babylon home, ran a Brooklyn garment factory, had no po-

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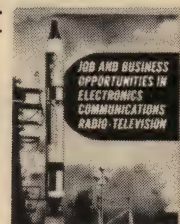
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lice record. But he did have a weak heart. The national commission didn't regard him as a particularly vigorous choice; then, no one would bet on the Bonanno family having a healthy operational future either.

But for sure it was being tested. Most of the original Bonnano *soldati* abandoned Joe and accepted the new leadership. So did some of Joe's hand-picked lieutenants. Some made the switch back again to his, or his son's, side. It got so that Joe Bananas himself wasn't sure who might be double-crossing him, and an officer of the New York PD's Central Investigation Bureau assigned to cover Mafia affairs complained, "Christ, you can't read these guys any more without a score card."

The shuffling was a prelude to the shooting.

11 P.M., January 28, 1966. The Ridgewood section of Brooklyn. This was the neighborhood bossed three or four decades ago by a young and brawling Joe Bananas, but today many of the old *mustachios* who had known him then were gathering their wives and kids and moving out. It wasn't wise any more to boast of long-term chumminess with Joe Bananas. It wasn't even safe to live in Ridgewood . . . not while the Mafia was ripped internally by suspicion and factionalism and the sidewalks were about to become a battleground. . . .

Now they cornered Salvatore Bonanno on Troutman Street, between Knickerbocker and Irving Avenues. Maybe it was a genuine ambush with assassination in view but more likely a warning shoot-up. Blocked off back and front, Bonanno's white Lincoln Continental halted. Joe's crewcut son jumped out and ran. Neighbors bold enough to peek through curtained windows spotted him disappearing into Number 283, the Cipperonis, chased by a gun-waving group. . . .

Downstairs in her home Mrs. Cipperoni shrieked as the fleeing man and his pursuers tore through her hallway into the kitchen, and with a shattering of a glass storm door and the roar of 30 gunshots, they bounded across her garden and vanished over the back fence. . . .

Less than 48 hours later U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau was on the phone to the Police Department. "This was no minor street skirmish, for God's sake," he growled. Five carloads of cops, rushed from the Wilson Avenue Station House to the scene of the shooting spree, had found seven assorted gun, but no victims or bloodstains. There was a tendency to write off the incident as without significance.

"But this fits with all our surveillance reports," Morgenthau continued on the phone. "To me, it spells a crisis within the Mafia ranks. . . ." He listened, then spoke again: "Yeah, bring 'em in. . . subpoenas for Grand Jury questioning. . ." He began to reel off names. ". . . Salvatore Bonnano . . . La Bruzza . . . the Morale brothers . . . Mike Consolo . . . Frank Telleri . . . the D'Angelos. . . ."

Morgenthau snapped the phone down and ran a hand over his taut, worried face. His investigation was planned to be the biggest assault yet mounted on the Mafia. The best he could hope for was some loosening of the stranglehold that organized racketeering maintained on the national economy. It could only be guessed whether the current convulsions inside the crime syndicate would aid the probe or impede it.

Morgenthau recalled the recent observation of Inspector Louis Cottrell, head of the Central Investigation Bureau and a leading expert on the Mafia:

"The top brass of organized crime who ordered an end to killings within the organization years ago have grown old or died or are in prison. Young desperadoes and some older racketeers who feel they haven't been getting a big enough share of the loot have lost their respect and overcome their fear of underworld authority. They are shooting for what they want and in some cases their targets are shooting back."

Another manifestation of youth revolt, thought Morgenthau with a humorless grin. The old Dons were "square," and ambitious punks were rebelling against the crime establishment. In such a tense, uptight situation within the Cosa Nostra it only needed a genuine contest for family control to start the guns blazing again.

Like the Joe Bananas split. . . .

On May 17, 1966, Joseph Bonnano walked into the U.S. Courthouse on Foley Square, New York, and gave himself up. Charged with obstructing justice and released on bail, he retreated to his son's Long Island home. Two months later Frank Mari, a Bonnano lieutenant who had gone over to the DiGregorio camp, was gunned down in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. It was the signal that Joe Bananas was prepared to defy the edict of the national commission handing control of his family to DiGregorio.

Gasperini DiGregorio was too enfeebled to mastermind the kind of campaign necessary to whip Joe into line. The transition of family leadership just wasn't proceeding smoothly. And that meant another top-level Mafia conference.

It took place at the La Stella Restaurant on Queens Boulevard, on September 22, 1966. Thirteen Mafia biggies attended, including "Tommy Ryan" Eboli, Carlos Gambino, and Joe Columbo. Mike Miranda, policy-advising *consigliere* for the jailed Vito Genovese, was present. Also Santo Trafficante, from Tampa, Florida. Carlos "Little Man" Marcello flew in from his Jefferson Parish headquarters outside New Orleans. It looked like a regular businessmen's get-together, the executives well-fed, well-manicured, clad in \$300 suits and toting Abercrombie attache cases. They discussed a variety of Mafia matters, but what to do about Joe Bananas topped the agenda.

Cops swooped on the La Stella at 3:30 P.M. and hauled the hoods to court on charges of consorting with known criminals, but this was routine to let the Mafia know of continued police interest in its affairs, and the charges were quickly dropped. After a thumb-nose gesture at the law by reassembling in the La Stella for a lunch of minestrone with linguine and white clam sauce, the mobsters dispersed to their different territories.

The object of the meeting had been accomplished. Plans were revised, the official nod given for Paul Sciacca to take over the crumbling Bonanno family.

Sciacca had been one of the important *capos* (captains) under Joe Bananas' leadership until the defections to DiGregorio, and the FBI for one believes that he was one of the first to defect. Sciacca's residence: Massapequa, Long Island. Legit business: a dress factory in Brooklyn. Police record: a single arrest for burglary in 1930, and it didn't stick. Reputation: tough efficiency. From a Mafia standpoint, now was the time for stubborn Joe Bananas and his hold-out loyalists to acknowledge Sciacca as boss so the crime syndicate could restore its appearance of a united front against

Attorney Morgenthau's federal agents.

Only Joe still wasn't ready to cry uncle . . . and the Joe Bananas war erupted in bloody earnest.

November 10, 1967. The gold-tone late model Cadillac had been parked for 20 minutes outside the Cypress Gardens Restaurant on Cypress Avenue, Brooklyn. It had brought Thomas "Smitty" D'Angelo and Francisco "Frank the 500" Terrelli. They were inside, seated at the third table to the left from the entrance. Veal parmigiano and white wine had just been placed before them. A second Cadillac, blue, pulled up outside behind the first: James D'Angelo, arriving a few minutes late for the lunch appointment with his brother and business associate . . . but on time for another appointment.

With death.

While James D'Angelo was locking his auto on Cypress Avenue, a man wearing a black fedora and black raincoat turned into the alleyway in back of the restaurant.

James D'Angelo came in the front door. "Frank the 500" Terrelli glanced up from his meal and smiled a greeting. The other D'Angelo nodded, dabbing his mouth with a table napkin. None of the party knew it but Frank Terrelli and the D'Angelos were originally Bonanno men, now linked by police to the Sciacca faction. The three were allegedly active in Mafia-controlled loan shark operations, linen supply and liquor rackets in Queens and Brooklyn. Summoned to testify before the Grand Jury about the Troutman Street shooting sprees, all had pleaded the Fifth Amendment.

Being the cops' "target of the month" didn't necessarily involve round-the-clock surveillance. If it had, it might have saved all three from becoming targets of the month with a grimmer twist. . . .

The Cypress Gardens back door . . . the man in black slipping through it, crossing the kitchen, pausing at the entrance to the dining area. Subsequent police evidence will nail a chef's trainee called Popeye Santora as fingerman. The unsuspecting victims are pointed out . . . the man in black draws a .45-caliber submachine gun from under the raincoat, advances into the dimly lighted dining area. It is separated from the bar by a row of white chrysanthemums and a gold fiberglass screen. About half the tables are empty but the man is only concerned with one . . . that at which James D'Angelo is about to sit.

D'Angelo freezes, his brother and Terrelli start to their feet simultaneously, but the weapon is already stuttering. Twenty-two slugs fly . . . only three go astray, splintering the front window. . . .

The rest found their mark at a 10-foot range. The executioner wheeled smartly, went out the same way he had come in, leaving Frank the 500 and the D'Angelo brothers sprawled lifeless around their wine-laden table, blood drenching their gray business suits.

Peter Crociata was another former Bonanno henchman who had switched allegiance to Paul Sciacca. On March 4, 1968, he was outside his home preparing to move his car when a sedan slowed alongside him and one of three passengers climbed out, aiming a pistol at Crociata's head. He ducked, one of four shots piercing his neck. . . .

Maybe that was a rush job. Pete Crociata survived. The reprisal in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn four days later was carried out more thoroughly.

Time: about 7 P.M. Location: Leonard Street, a mixed commercial and residential thoroughfare. Sam Perrone had just

returned from buying a pack of cigarettes. Now he lounged near the entrance to the Bingo Warehouse and Trucking Company, of which he was part owner. Perrone, an ex-con (three years for hijacking), a former bodyguard of Joseph Bonanno and presently chauffeur-bodyguard of Joe's son Salvatore, was off duty—and a perfect target for the pair who strode purposefully down Leonard Street and pumped six .38-caliber slugs into him at point-blank range.

Announcement from Brooklyn Chief Assistant District Attorney Elliott Golden: "We intend to prevent our streets from becoming a battleground for rival gangs. . . .

April 1, 8:50 P.M. Michael Consolo could have been thinking of a number of things as he left his parked car and strolled along 76th Street to the \$40,000 two-family home he shared with his daughter and son-in-law. Consolo, at 64, had spent a lifetime in the rackets. Eighteen arrests studded his police record, and he'd been linked with "Lillo" Galante in narcotics smuggling and narrowly escaped being sent up with him. Now he was an old *mustachio*, long drained of a young torpedo's lusts for trouble.

But young or old, Mafia membership imposes stern duties on a man, decisions that cannot be ducked. Like recently, when Consolo had to choose sides. He'd balanced on the fence for as long as it was healthy, then lined up with Sciacca. At first. Maybe it was a sentimental tug, maybe more direct persuasion, but subsequently he went back to Joe Bananas. And that was risky. For a double switch bears too close a resemblance to a double-cross. . . .

Consolo had only a few more doors to pass before reaching 61-05, his number. As the black car leaped out of the dusk and roared by, Consolo spun in a barrage of .38-caliber bullets, then collapsed to the sidewalk with slugs in the head and throat and four deep in his back.

Announcement from U.S. Attorney Morgenthau's office: "Twenty-five detectives assigned to investigate the murder of Michael Consolo are questioning known associates of Joseph 'Joe Bananas' Bonnano and Paul Sciacca, reported rivals for Mafia rackets once under Bonnano's sole control."

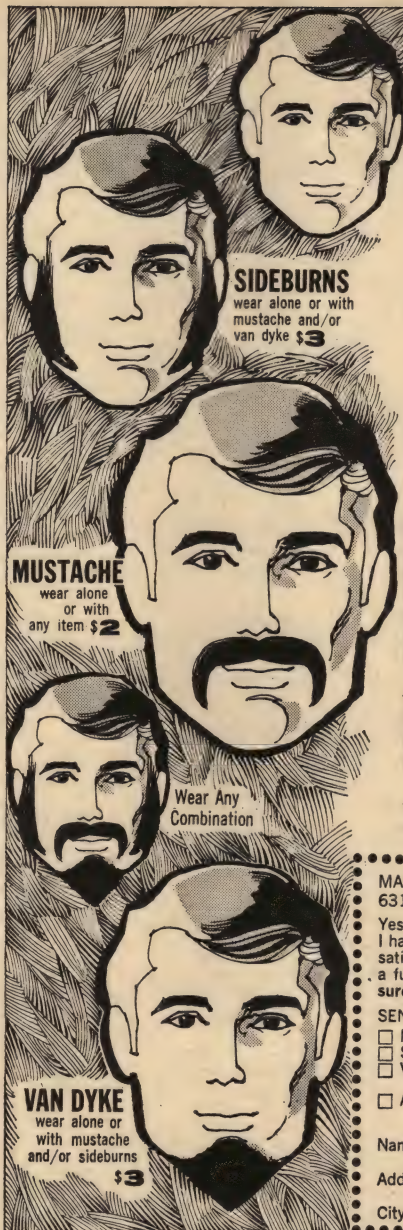
And in the top Mafia echelons, exasperated questions: "What the hell is it gonna take to whip Joe Bananas into line? Why wasn't the guy content with having talked himself out of a death warrant? Doesn't the mule-headed old sonofabitch know when he's long overdue to retire from the rackets?"

Since he apparently didn't, he had to be shown some more graphic evidence. . . .

April 5: William Gonzalez, assistant to the late Sam Perrone in the Bingo Warehouse and Trucking Company, steered his light green Cadillac into Carpenter Avenue, in the Bronx, and coasted it to a halt some doors down from Number 3929, his home address. He didn't have time to switch the motor off before bullets came crashing through the auto's window. The attack car raced off down Carpenter. Gonzalez, still living, made it to Fordham Hospital, his left shoulder a gory pulp. He was clapped under instant police guard. . . .

The lull lasted 11 days.

Seventy-two year-old Francisco Crociata had followed his cousin Pete on the crossover trail from Bonnano to Sciacca. That fact alone qualified Francisco, as it had Pete, to be a ripe target in the Brooklyn shooting gallery. The police



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also figured Francisco was a receiver of stolen property and possibly involved in a sadistic slaying whose connection, if any, with the Bananas War the police had yet to establish.

They had found on Sam Perrone's body a key to the garage Francisco Crociata rented at 167 Jefferson Street. And they found in the garage a stolen 1967 auto with New Jersey plates, rented in October, 1967, by a man currently under indictment for the murder of Jon Grasky, a male model whose bullet-riddled corpse was recovered from the tall dry grass of a seaplane base in the Throggs Neck section of the Bronx.

It was perhaps to rid his mind of these distractions that old Francisco Crociata now lounged in the Rossini Democratic Club, 201 Irving Avenue. A young *soldato* with ideas for putting Francisco's thoughts permanently at rest walked in and blasted four shots into the old man's head, chest and shoulders. Francisco survived, adding his bit to the legend that says it is easier to slay a rhinoceros than rub out an old *mafioso*.

Charley the Sidge LoCicero disproved the legend.

Cologero LoCicero, a 64-year-old elder of the Brotherhood, had risen through the ranks to become underboss in the Joseph Profaci family, but that was prior to the 1960-62 revolt sparked by the cocky Gallo brothers against the aging dictator Profaci.

Still, though he somehow hadn't attained the prestige of a *consigliere*, LoCicero was reputed to be a top bookie and a *capo* in the Profaci family now under the command of Joe Columbo. A sometime con, LoCicero had been stuck

with the nickname "Charlie the Sidge" plus a grandnephew who had said all the wrong things to a grand jury investigating the theft from him of securities.

The youth, a messenger working for a Wall Street brokerage house, had first described how on April 16, 1965, masked thugs forced him into an abandoned building, tied him up, and relieved him of the securities. Later, though, he'd talked some more. The grand jury indicted six Mafia *soldati* for the theft, including two of the kid's uncles—Charlie the Sidge's nephews.

On April 5, 1967, the grandnephew was found mutilated and knifed to death in Brooklyn's Borough Park. Now it was exactly a year and two weeks later, in the same neighborhood, and Charlie the Sidge was in Cuselli's Luncheonette on Eleventh Avenue, enjoying a strawberry malted.

Time: 9:15 A.M.

Apparently oblivious to the morning rush of traffic outside, the Sidge toyed with a pack of Luckies on the counter and sipped his drink. He was fated never to finish it. . . .

The FBI, after collating informer tip-offs and wiretap data, explained why. Joe Bananas, infuriated by the assassination of his trusted bodyguard Sam Perrone and doubly enraged by signs that Sciacca's war against him had the approval of all the other leaders of Mafia families, had proclaimed: "Next time they hit one of my men, they lose one of their *capos* . . . first in one family, then in another." As if to call Joe's hand, the enemy had then chopped down Mike Consolo.

Many *mafiosi* might have argued

whether Charlie the Sidge was that important a *capo* in Joe Columbo's clan. What no one questioned was Columbo's rising stature as the most powerful mobster chieftain in the New York underworld, and as a member of the national commission he had certainly thrown his support to Paul Sciacca. Cologero LoCicero was high in the Columbo camp. That was enough right there to spoil the Sidge's strawberry malted. . . .

The gunman was masked. He stalked into Cuselli's firing a submachine gun from the hip. Twelve slugs hammered into LoCicero's face and side and swept him to the floor between the soda counter stools. . . .

The war might have blazed on. But even *mafiosi* who outfox federal crime-busters and survive their own feuds don't live forever. Joe Bananas was now 63. Medics had warned him that he'd be smart to worry less about his enterprises and Sciacca's gunslingers and pay more heed to his chronic heart condition.

Joe turned his back on Brooklyn, maybe for the last time, and caught an early plane for Tucson. "Get plenty of rest," his doctor advised. Rest? Trouble follows Joe Bananas wherever he goes.

On July 4, 1968, a bullet or brick pierced a plate glass window in his posh home at 1847 East Elm Street, and a couple of weeks later explosions in a shed back of Pete Licavoli's Grace Ranch, not far from the Bonanno property, wrecked two Chevvies and a Dodge pickup truck. Rumors were already buzzing in Mafia haunts that Licavoli, reputed head of the Detroit Mafia with legit holdings in Tucson and Phoenix, didn't want Joe Bananas muscling into Arizona territory.

Less than 24 hours after the Grace Ranch bombing, two secreted bundles of dynamite stashed against the Bonannos' outdoor barbecue pit exploded like a double thunderclap. The blast ripped an eight-foot hole in Joe's patio wall, shattered picture windows into blizzards of glass, and shattered even the next door neighbor's windows.

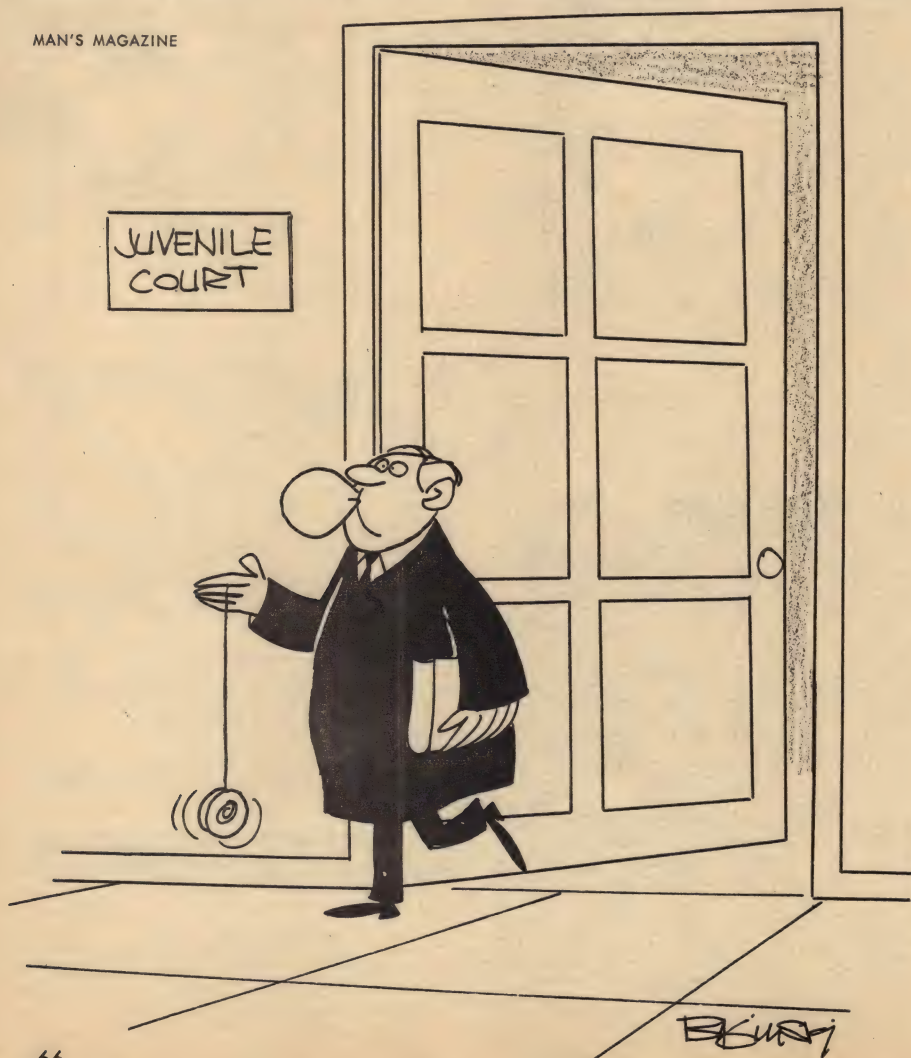
Altogether, in the summer of 1968, Tucson was plagued by eight separate bombing or shooting incidents. No one was hurt. Maybe Paul Sciacca's displeasure had pursued Joe Bananas all the way to Arizona. Maybe Southwestern hoods were warning Joe off, knowing his passion for founding enterprises in other people's ballparks. Or maybe the fuses were set by East Elm Street residents who foresaw a decline in property values if their neighbor's New York troubles were dogging him west.

But in any event, a truce was imminent in the Joe Bananas war. At the latest report, Salvatore Bonanno has sold his Long Island home and moved to San Jose, California, where law enforcement agents believe he is staking out new business interests with some West Coast sidekicks of the old man's back in the day of the Castellammare War.

Paul Sciacca's control of the Bonnano family is virtually complete. Joseph Bonnano remains in Tucson, an ailing, affluent recluse. Nobody is taking potshots at him, as this goes to press. But neither is anybody in the Mafia prepared to bet that Joe Bananas will finally pass on from a heart seizure. ▲

EDITOR'S NOTE: As MAN'S goes to press, Thomas Zummo, a Sciacca hood, was machine-gunned to death in the lobby of a Queens, N.Y. apartment house, thus becoming the eighth victim of the Mafia's "Banana War."

MAN'S MAGAZINE



Prison Hostages

(Continued from page 19)

grown boys out there on the outside. And this place is so rotten I wouldn't want none of them servin' time in here."

George fights back a chuckle at this remark. O'Neill goes on.

"Now, if everybody in this here place was like Mr. George, I wouldn't care."

A couple of reporters laugh.

"Mr. George is all right," O'Neill says. "Why, he can walk outta here right now if he wants to."

All the time O'Neill is holding a knife in George's gut—out of sight of the reporters. Another prisoner beside the window also has his knife drawn.

Now the reporters want to question George. "Are these things true?" one asks. "Are these guys not permitted to take showers?"

George does not answer. If he says no, then he risks the knife in his stomach. If he says yes, it will appear that he is agreeing with the prisoners. He keeps his mouth shut and hopes for the best.

O'Neill returns him to the table, takes his knife away. "Let's get the reporters in here," he says. "They ought to see this place."

Word is sent out through the windows. The prisoners want Warden Koloski himself to give the reporters a tour of the block. The reporters seem anxious. Koloski reluctantly agrees.

"How long are you going to keep talking with these cons?" an angry police officer asks Koloski.

"As long as I have a voice," Koloski answers.

Reporters and photographers gather around him. Slowly, he leads them inside the entrance of A and B block.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen to you," a prisoner tells the reporters.

A photographer gets his camera ready, takes a few pictures. Koloski leads them into the block as the cons back away, watching. Finally, the cons can wait no longer. One runs up to the reporters, shouting that he wants to tell his story; others follow. The reporters are overwhelmed.

"You men promised to leave them alone!" Koloski shouts.

"We just wanna give 'em a story!" a prisoner replies. "We want 'em to know what it's like in here."

"I think you've already gotten that point across," Koloski says coolly.

The reporters spot Sam George sitting on the table, legs dangling to the floor. "Get his picture," one says. A photographer moves in.

Strangely, the prisoners allow the reporters and photographers to see Sam George, but none of the other guards. They say nothing about the guard, Paul Davis, who is being held alone in C and D block. The prisoners have a very special reason for not mentioning Davis: He is to be the first guard put to death if their demands are not met by the warden.

Sam George knows this. He also knows that Davis was not singled out for any particular reason—the prisoners just needed one guard to be the first, and they happened to grab him. The kerosene can—to incinerate him—is right outside Davis' cell door.

And Sam George knows something else, too: Paul Davis has been one of the fairest guards in the prison, and the prisoner guarding him happens to like him. George reasons that this prisoner, rather than guarding Davis, is actually

protecting him from the other convicts.

The reporters and photographers have seen enough. They follow Koloski out the door and into the open yard. There, other officials greet the warden. "What's it like? What's going on?"

"The guards are all right," Koloski says.

"Let's rush 'em."

"No," he says firmly. "Not yet."

"Warden, do you rule out force to get the hostages out?" a reporter asks.

"I want to use reason if at all possible."

"But do you rule out force?"

The warden does not answer.

Word comes through that two of the leaders, Conti and Armstrong, want a courtyard meeting with the warden. Koloski quickly approves. Conti says there must be newsmen present "to get the true story." Koloski agrees. The meeting is arranged.

Tension mounts as the door opens and Conti and Armstrong walk out. There is no move to grab them. Reporters and radio newsmen move in with their microphones, pads and pencils. The two convicts are tough, but articulate.

"Our backs are to the wall and we're going all the way with this thing," Armstrong declares.

"We want amnesty for what happened here today," Conti says. "We want 12 sadistic guards fired or transferred. We want an outside investigation by the federal government. And we want changes in the entire prison disciplinary system."

"This whole thing started on June 24, when 2,700 men took part," Armstrong says. "Then they took some of us who have influence among the inmates and locked us up in special cells as so-called ringleaders. They slid our food to us under the doors. Those guards try to play God behind their badges."

Koloski nods as he listens. Some guards surrounding them with weapons want to move in and capture Conti and Armstrong now. Koloski motions them back.

"If the state can obtain indictments for specific crimes in the June riot," Armstrong goes on, "okay. But they shouldn't keep all of us suspects locked up this way in semi-solitary confinement."

"Your guards will be in no danger," Conti tells Koloski, "if our demands are met, and if no attempt is made to get them out by force. But if anybody comes up in that cell block with a gun, or throws tear gas, we will have to do it."

"Do what?" a newsman asks.

"Burn 'em."

"We also want amnesty for the June riot," Armstrong interrupts.

"I have nothing to do with that. I wasn't here," Warden Koloski says.

Conti moves closer to the warden, looks him in the eye. "This revolt is not against you, Warden. But some of the personnel you inherited are undermining your philosophy."

The two turn to leave. No one speaks. Soon they are once again behind the walls, and Koloski and the reporters are left thinking... and wondering.

Koloski knows he is on the spot. He is a sincere, dedicated man, and he wants to improve conditions for these prisoners. Still, nine of his guards are being held hostage, and he has just been told these men will be set afire if the prisoners' demands are not met. If he orders the other guards and State Troopers to rush the cons, he has no doubt that the hostages will suffer a horrible death. Yet, he cannot meet all the prisoners' demands.

He agrees to an amnesty for this day's happenings, but he has no control over what will be done about the June riot—

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that is now in the hands of legally appointed officials who are preparing indictments. He bristles at the thought of ordering an investigation into his own prison. "I can handle it myself," he says softly. "I don't need the federal government to tell me what's wrong." He knows he can agree to the cons' other demands—in fact, he had already begun the process of trying to improve conditions. He had already ordered all his guards to "talk, pacify, communicate." There would be no beatings, he had told them.

Koloski sends word to Conti and Armstrong that he will agree to all the demands but two: amnesty for the June 24 riot, and a federal investigation.

Sam George hears the word relayed to Conti and Armstrong.

"The warden won't agree to an investigation," the messenger says.

"Get the fires going!" an inmate yells. Several men rush to the cans of kerosene they've taken from the supply room.

"Not yet!" Conti shouts. "Not yet. Let's see who can wait out the other."

Fights break out, and Sam George shields himself behind his two prison "bodyguards." This is a powder keg, he thinks, and it is going to explode any second now.

George knows it will only be a matter of time before the many prisoners who want the guards burned are able to take over command from Conti and Armstrong, who seem sincere in not wanting anybody hurt. He's glad that Conti and Armstrong are in control. If some of the others had been in charge, his head would be rolling in the yard right now. He shudders.

Many are yelling for "more pills," and suddenly a walkie-talkie is thrust into George's hands. "I want my medication," a prisoner says, softly and simply. "You call outside and order my medication."

A knife presses into his stomach. Conti and Armstrong watch. He looks at them. They nod. He takes the walkie-talkie.

"Don't try anything. We got another one, and we're monitoring everything you say."

"These boys want some pills," George says over the walkie-talkie. "You better tell Koloski."

Soon various medicines are handed through the opening to George. They are snapped from his hands as soon as he gets them. When the supply runs out, the lieutenant returns to his table. "The

strong ones get it and the weak ones don't," he thinks.

The hours pass, and little changes. The prisoners are like wild men—shouting, screaming, demanding that the others listen to what they've got to say. Now everyone wants to be a leader. No, not everyone. Some are content to slip off to a corner "to make love." The open acts of homosexuality surprise George, even after his 10 years as a guard here. He knew it existed, but to see it like this, in the open...

New fights break out between jealous inmates over a favorite "girlfriend." Other fights are started, apparently to determine who'll be the new leaders. Even the Muslims are fighting among themselves.

Outside, as night comes on, huge generators are brought into the yard and giant searchlights are beamed on the prison walls.

Sam George is tired. He would like to lie down on a nice clean bed and sleep. Richard Armstrong stands beside him. Together they watch the wild prisoners. "This is crazy," Sam George says softly. "You're all being damn fools to do this."

"We have to do what we have to do," Armstrong shrugs. "You don't have to worry about anything, Mr. George."

Sam George would like to believe that. But locked in with a group such as this, how can he?

He leans back on the table. His eyes are heavy. It is 1:30 A.M. and he is very tired. Finally, he lies down on the table and sleeps for about half an hour. But the fear of what might happen to him in his sleep continues to nag him. He dozes on and off until morning.

During the night, Warden Koloski telephones Ohio Governor James Rhodes, requesting that National Guard troops be called out. Rhodes agrees. By dawn, about 140 National Guardsmen are in the yard, helmeted, carrying automatic weapons. The yard is beginning to look like a battlefield.

Breakfast is sent into the riot-torn blocks. Hot cakes, syrup, sausage, bacon, juice, coffee. The first tray to be passed through is given to Sam George.

"At least," he thinks, "if I die, it'll be on a full stomach." But he is surprised to get the first tray of food. Why? What does it mean? Surely, if they're going to kill me, they wouldn't feed me first. Or would they?

The wildness has faded now, but in its place, on the faces of the prisoners, is something even more threatening. They seem desperate now. Before, they'd been able to get rid of their frustration and bitterness by fighting among themselves—yelling, kicking, screaming. But now they're not fighting. They're not loud. They're talking quietly, eyes shifting about—looking first at Lieutenant Sam George, then at the windows.

"Things are getting up tight," Sam George tells himself.

At 10:30 A.M., George looks up to see fellow guard Don Dilley being brought down the steps.

"Let's take a walk, Mr. George," a prisoner says.

Sam George stands. "Where are we going?" He nods to Dilley. The two guards say nothing to each other.

The prisoners lead them through A and B block, down into C and D block, and toward the cell in which guard Paul Davis is being held. The cell door is opened. George and Dilley are shoved inside. The door closes, locks.

"Wonder what this is all about?" Dilley says.

"We want you where we can take care of you quicker," an inmate replies.

George is in the cell only a short time. Another prisoner walks up, motions that the door be unlocked.

"We only want Lieutenant George," he says.

"What's happenin'?" an inmate asks. "A convict has been shot by a guard," the prisoner answers calmly. "So we want Lieutenant George."

This is it, Sam George thinks. A con has been shot by a guard, so now they're going to let me have it.

Two cons grab him, shove him out of the cell, almost on his face. Richard Armstrong walks up, knife drawn.

"We're going into the yard, Mr. George," he says, putting the knife to Sam George's throat. "Let's go!"

Howard Conti joins them, pulls out his knife, sticks it in Sam George's side. George can feel the sharp point penetrating his shirt. One ounce of pressure, he thinks, and I'm a dead duck.

A third prisoner, "Soldier Boy" Robinson, walks up carrying a large drill bit. "Right in your back," he says. "I'm gonna ram it right in your back!" He holds the foot-long drill bit like a club.

Sam George is shoved through the door into the yard. The morning sun nearly blinds him. He adjusts his eyes, sees the National Guardsmen, the prison guards, the State Troopers, their guns. They are far back. In the foreground are Warden Koloski and State Corrections Chief Maury C. Koblentz.

They've brought me here to kill me in front of them all, Sam George thinks.

Conti and Armstrong say nothing. They stand on either side of him, knives at his side. They look around. They are searching for the body of the prisoner who has been shot.

Suddenly, they see him. He's down all right—but he hasn't been shot. His throat has been slashed—and not by a guard. Another prisoner is standing nearby with a knife, blood on the blade.

Conti and Armstrong put two and two together. This is a fight between two cons. The guards haven't shot a prisoner, after all.

Koloski, Koblentz and the troops are silent... waiting.

"Listen to me!" Conti shouts across the yard. "We're not kidding or bluffing. We want you to get that straight. If you'd shot one of our men out here, we'd have killed Lieutenant George right here! You understand that? You get that?"

Sam George has an idea. "I can run for it right now," he thinks. "I could let 'em both have it with my elbows, and make it."

Then he thinks, "No. If I make it, they'll kill the other guards. I'm the one hostage they want to keep. If I break loose now, they'll send word on the walkie-talkie to set the fires. I can't take that chance."

He thinks of the kerosene and the gallons of lighter fluid the cons have stolen from the commissary. No, he can't risk that.

Conti and Armstrong slowly back up, taking Sam George with them. The door is opened, and Sam George is back in prison, at the mercy of nearly 300 rebellious cons.

"Wanna put him back in the cell?" Robinson asks.

"Naw. We may need him again," Armstrong answers.

The cons seem confused, excited. "What's all those soldiers doin' out there?" one asks. "Yeah, look at those guns. What about all them trucks? What's in 'em, anyway?"

They're getting worried, George thinks. What will they decide to do? And, what is going on out there?

What is going on is a plan... a plan that was used in the Philippines in World War Two by an officer named Sylvester Del Corso. Del Corso, now commanding officer of the Ohio National Guard, is in the yard at this moment. The situations seem similar to him. In Manila, Japanese forces held the municipal building for five days against Del Corso's troops. Then he got an idea: Put a dynamite charge on the roof, and another charge on the wall. First the roof blast goes to divert the Japs; then the wall charge goes, and the GI's storm through the opening to take over. It worked that day in Manila, more than 20 years before. It could work here, too, Del Corso thinks.

A conference is held involving Del Corso, State Highway Patrol Superintendent Robert Chiaramonte, Warden Koloski and State Corrections Chief Koblentz.

"All right," Koloski says. "But not yet. Get everything ready for it, I'll say when."

National Guardsmen begin to measure the walls. Their actions anger and confuse the prisoners inside.

"What the hell they doin' on the walls?"

"What's goin' on out there?"

"They're going to blast us out of here," one answers. "See if they don't. They're going to blow us all to kingdom come."

"Tell 'em to move back," Conti says, shoving the walkie-talkie into Lieutenant George's hands. "Tell 'em to get the trucks back and the guns off the lawn, and tell 'em to get those guys off the walls."

But even Conti is confused now. He doesn't know what to expect.

"Maybe they ain't gonna bomb us," another prisoner says. "Maybe they just want to look in the windows."

"Yeah, that's it. They're just curiosity seekers!"

But they're not curiosity seekers. They're demolition experts. They're inspecting the wall surface, determining where the charges should be placed.

Now other workers move up to the wall, carrying a wooden scaffolding.

"What're they gonna do, try to climb to the roof?" a prisoner mutters.

"Naw, they're gonna put the dynamite on that wood platform," another answers.

And Sam George knows it is true.

"What about it, Mr. George?" Conti says. "Are they going to blow this place?"

George knows he'd better talk fast. He can see out the window what is happening. He sees them bringing in the explosives. And the prisoners see it, too.

"Get ready up there," a convict calls to the sixth range, where the seven guards are being held. "Give 'em the match as soon as we give the word!"

The cans of lighter fluid are moved closer to the cell doors.

"If they do try to blow this place, let the guards have it!"

And Sam George knows he won't burn. He knows what they have planned for him. His head will be rolled out into the yard. This he knows for a fact.

The explosive is placed on the scaffolding. The prisoners, frightened, are yelling.

Suddenly the door from the yard opens. Rabbi Nathan Zelzer asks to be admitted. "I must talk with you."

"Let him in," Conti says.

It is 2 P.M. The prisoners surround Zelzer, their eyes searching his for an answer. What is going on out there?

Zelzer tries to get the men to give up. The men will not listen.

"Please listen to me," the rabbi says

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nervously. "I don't have very long."

George knows why. He knows that Zelzer must get out before the Guardsmen blast the wall.

"We're doing what we have to do," Armstrong tells the rabbi. "We're not giving up until our demands are met."

"The warden will not agree to a federal investigation," Zelzer says. "He cannot give you amnesty for the other riot. That is out of his hands."

"Then you'd better leave, Rabbi," Conti says.

The rabbi, saddened, walks to the door. "You must reconsider," he says. "There isn't much time."

They permit him to walk out into the yard. Then they turn to Sam George.

"What about it, Mr. George? They gonna blow this place with you in here?"

"What?" says George. "You don't think they'd blow a hole in this wall, and let all you convicts out into the streets of Columbus, do you? That would be silly. They're just bluffing. You know that. Think about it."

A knife is pressed to his neck. "You really believe that?" a prisoner says.

"They're not going to take a chance on letting all you people out of here by blowing a hole in the wall," Lieutenant George says, trying to sound convincing. "That makes sense," a prisoner says.

"Yeah, they're not gonna blow no hole in no wall, and let us people out on the street."

"Like Mr. George says, it's silly. It's a bluff."

It is 2:30 P.M. Koloski sends word to the prisoners. "You have 15 minutes to release the hostages."

His ultimatum is met with angry shouts. "Get the fires ready," a prisoner calls up to the cells where the seven guards are being held. "Make sure Mr.

George gets it if anything starts," one prisoner tells another.

A con named Richard Carroll puts his knife to Sam George's windpipe. "If they do try to blow the place, it's your neck!" he says.

The blade presses against the soft flesh of George's throat. Now he is scared ... really scared. He knows they will blow the wall. And when they do ...

"Get to the wall," Carroll says, taking the knife from George's throat and putting it to his stomach.

George leaves his table, walks to the wall near the window. He judges that he is only about five feet from the point at which the plastic explosives have been placed. Carroll puts a little pressure on the knife. George feels it sharp against his stomach.

The minutes tick away. Outside, Warden Koloski looks at his watch. It is 2:45 P.M. The hostages have not been released.

"All right," he says softly.

Del Corso gives the signal. A demolitions expert moves in. First the fuse on the roof charge over C and D blocks is lighted. Then the charge on the wall is set.

Traffic is stopped on Columbus' Spring Street. Reporters and photographers crouch low. Guardsmen pull their helmets down over their eyes. Everyone waits.

Inside, the prisoners know that something is about to happen. They have not seen the fuses lighted, but they do sense a sudden stillness in Spring Street. They see the reporters and photographers crouching down.

"Jesus," one of the prisoners says. "You don't think they're about to do it, do you?"

"They're bluffing," Sam George says. "I've got to buy time, he thinks. If these

cons know they're ready to blow this place, they'll kill us all right now.

Lieutenant George stands a few inches away from the wall. Carroll stands in front of him, leaning heavily on the knife he holds poised against George's stomach.

Atop the roof, two prison guards and two Highway Patrolmen wait, weapons ready, heads down to protect themselves against the impact of the charge set just a few feet from them. When it goes, they will drop through the hole in the roof, guns blazing.

In the yard, National Guard troops get their automatic weapons ready and poise themselves for a charge. They inch toward the building, trying to stay out of sight as much as possible ...

The seconds tick away ...

Suddenly—BOOM!

The roof charge goes off! Cons turn in that direction, look upward, are met by a spray of bullets as the guards and patrolmen drop through the roof, guns firing even before their feet touch the floor!

Three cons fall, wounded but not dead. The others try to run.

Then—BOOM!

The wall charge goes! The impact knocks Carroll back, Sam George to the side!

George, lying flat on the floor, his eardrums ringing, cannot see through the smoke and dust. He starts to get up, begins to run through the hole that has been blasted in the wall. No, he thinks. If I do that, I'm liable to get shot by my own men!

He crawls back, under a bench, waits for the dust to clear. He hears shots, machine-gun fire, screams.

He sees legs running past, hears voices. "Hey!" he yells through the smoke and dust. "Don't shoot! It's me—Lieutenant George!"

George gets up, starts to move. A city policeman, unable to recognize him, smashes him to the floor with the butt of his gun.

"I'm Lieutenant George," he mutters, blood pouring from the wound in his head inflicted by the policeman.

The dust clears a little. Another policeman rushes up, spots George on the floor.

"Sam, what the hell you doing down there?" the officer says. "Get outta here."

"Just get somebody to help me out of here. I'm willing," George says.

He is helped to his feet, led toward the hole in the wall. There are bodies in the debris, rifle-carrying Guardsmen all about.

And suddenly, he is out ... in the fresh air ... on the lawn ... out of danger.

Guards and firemen rush to him to help him. He is the first hostage to be freed.

Above, troops free the seven guards before the cons can set them afire. They have to kill some prisoners to do it.

And below, in C and D, a prisoner has risked his own life, throwing himself atop guard Paul Davis to shield him from the blast, saying simply, "Better me than you."

One by one, the guards are led out to safety.

When the smoke clears and the guards make their rounds, it is learned that five prisoners—Wesley Neville, Jr., Thomas Bradshaw, Jesse Wade, Burton Anderson and Walter Baisden—have been killed. Several others have been wounded, but will live.

The Ohio State Prison riot is over, 28 nightmare hours after it began. ▲

MAN'S MAGAZINE



"You're Fatima—I never forget a pair of eyes."

Boudoirs & Brothels

(Continued from page 43)

half-drunk on cheap wine, belched loudly and guffawed. On his ample lap sat a plump young woman whose bared breasts he had been fondling. Now, he unceremoniously dumped the bawd on the stone floor and stood up, 200 pounds of muscle and brawn.

"Who is this little rooster *monsieur* Villeneuve who gets such special treatment, Mother Lavelle?" the man belatedly. "I've been coming here for years, and all I get from you is curses and overcharges for bad wine and diseased sluts. We citizens believe in equality—that's why we fought a revolution. I don't like the way you fawn on this little cock, whoever he is. I'll show you how a real man behaves."

The drayman, clenching an empty wine bottle in his hammy fist, advanced menacingly on the new arrival, who was just over five feet tall. The other roisterers and bawds in the noisy room fell silent; patrons of Mother Lavelle's enjoyed a good fight.

The small man spoke up in an uncommonly strong and authoritative voice, despite the muffling effect of his scarf:

"Step over here in this corner, *monsieur*. I would have a word with you in private. It will be to your advantage. But if you remain belligerent, you will regret it to the end of your days, I swear."

The inebriated drayman laughed uproariously. He could afford to take his time before he beat up the arrogant stranger. More amused than affronted, the huge fellow accompanied the visitor to a corner of the room while customers and sluts watched expectantly.

The little fellow's back was toward the hushed audience. They saw him deliberately drop his scarf so that his face was revealed to his towering antagonist.

Mother Lavelle watched the encounter through slitted, worried eyes. Then a gasp went through the tense room. The big drayman, a look of shock and stupefaction on his face, suddenly sagged as if he had been deflated like a giant rubber toy.

His brutish features, red from drink, turned pale as he quickly bowed his head and touched a greasy forelock respectfully. Still bowing and staring with eyes which had turned glassy with subservience and fear, he backed away hastily toward the door and fled into the stormy night.

Adjusting his scarf to shield his countenance again, little "Villeneuve" withdrew from his greatcoat a sheaf of large-denomination banknotes and flung them at the brothel-keeper.

"Here, woman, I wish to pay for wine and entertainment for your patrons. They deserve a bit of pleasure in their drab lives. And now, to the little chicken who awaits me, yes? May the new girl be as handsome and supple as you promised, Madame, or by the tricolor I shall see that your own aged head is properly guillotined and mounted on a pike, just as you boast you once wreaked vengeance on the enemies of the Republic."

In a garret room furnished with a bed, a chair and a wash basin and towels, 15-year-old Genevieve Masson, newly arrived from a drab Brittany farm, sprawled indolently. She combed her raven hair and teasingly thrust a long, shapely leg at the little man who had stripped with great haste.

"You are small in height, *monsieur*, but you are most deceiving." She tickled his inordinately large member with her

big toe and patted a dab of scented oil on her breasts. "You have money, eh? Madame did not tell me your name, but she said you would pay well if I pleased you."

The diminutive fellow, his organ tumescent—impatiently danced around in his bare feet. "Enough of your prattle, girl! Yes, yes, I have money. Plenty of francs to buy you the prettiest frocks in Paris and a splendid bracelet as well. But, let us get on with our business, and then I shall pay you suitably."

Genevieve studied the swarthy moon-face, the brooding dark eyes, and the lank hair which fell over the man's forehead. He seemed familiar to her. His lips were tightly compressed as if he rarely smiled, even while murmuring endearments during the act of love.

Though she was young, a score or more of farmhands had ably indoctrinated Genevieve in the variations and postures of intercourse. The little man with the thin cap of hair and the searing eyes broke into a rare smile as he said in a clipped voice to the girl writhing under him:

"Ah, little filly, you are good, very good. Madam Lavelle was right. You are magnificent, a most willing and pleasing partner."

Later, as she towed the customer after their session, Genevieve eyed him curiously and said in a troubled voice, "I know that I have never met you, *monsieur*, but your face is most familiar. I am trying to place you. Wait—now I remember . . . Last month I bought a memento, a small serving tray bearing the picture of our emperor himself. Here, I still have it in my bureau drawer."

Genevieve trotted to the shabby dresser and pulled out a cheap souvenir of the kind sold at rural fairs. She looked at the picture, then at her customer. Then she looked again, comparing the two, more intently.

"Why, this—this is madness. You—you could not be this man. He is—"

Standing to his full five feet two inches, naked but dominating, the satisfied patron of the young whore inclined his head benevolently and said in a fatherly tone, "You are correct, my child. I am your emperor, Napoleon. But this shall be our secret, yes? It would never do for the Empress Josephine or for my court to know that I frequent low places such as this. Here, take your fee—you have earned it."

Rummaging in his tunic, Napoleon Bonaparte dredged up a linen sack filled with gold coins and extended it to the awe-stricken Genevieve. Then Napoleon quickly dressed, adjusted his face scarf, and yanked open the door. He surprised Mother Lavelle, who was peering through the keyhole, unable to straighten her arthritic back in time to flee.

She attempted a painful curtsy, kissed the emperor's outstretched hand, and simpered, "How was it, sire? Was not this wench the tender morsel I promised she would be?"

Another wad of currency was retrieved from Napoleon's greatcoat. He thrust it into her hand, impatiently glanced at his pocket watch, and replied dryly:

"She is formidable, Madam. Keep her that way. No other men for Mademoiselle Genevieve. I so command you. Preserve this talented child for my own enjoyment and I shall pay you well. My next visit will be on Thursday night. Until then, *adieu*, Madam. You have indeed pleased your emperor tonight."

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language known to man, the little despot's military prowess and political brilliance are stressed to the exclusion of Bonaparte's lifelong obsession—sex. Though there is copious evidence of his sexual appetites in his journals, letters, and in the memoirs of his mistresses, it is as if the world's scholars and historians had banded together in a conspiracy of silence to veil the "little corporal's" prodigious appetite for pleasures of the flesh.

There was no psychiatrist or Dr. Kinsey around in Napoleon's time to diagnose the cause of the incessant sexual itch which led him from bed to bed. The best psychological bet is that the Corsican—all his life troubled by his diminutive stature and sallow, unappealing countenance—used love as well as marital boldness to bolster his ego. Indeed, some psychiatrists—poring through yellowed records of Napoleon's sexual exploits—believe that women were a greater source of satisfaction to the dwarfish general than were his legendary military victories.

Napoleon's admiring naval lackey, Admiral Decres, himself a lusty prancer in the boudoirs, wrote that "Our Emperor's political and martial skill is equaled only by his talent for enticing duchesses and serving-maids onto his couch."

General Pichegru, who plotted to assassinate Napoleon, grumbled as he awaited the guillotine: "Our sovereign is late even to my execution, a tardiness due, no doubt, to his inability to resist a new slut."

Josephine, Napoleon's sexpot empress who herself cheated incessantly while her spouse was off to the wars, once tied silver bells to his ankles so she would hear him if he stealthily left her bed for the company of a lady-in-waiting down the hall. The emperor solved this prob-

lem by ordering his locksmith to manufacture tiny, removable clappers which Napoleon could detach from the bells before stealing from Josephine's side to his next conquest.

A fervent believer in astrology and magic amulets as sexual guideposts and aids, Bonaparte kept a private catalogue of 700 women's names, stressing their ages and the signs of the zodiac under which they were born. As he once confided to his faithful aide-de-camp Malan (who scouted the taverns for bawds who might please his general):

"A Capricorn woman knows how to prolong a man's pleasure in bed, artfully using her legs and thighs to hasten or retard the climax of love. But beware of Scorpio women, my good fellow. They are innately cold but quite able to simulate a passion which is convincing though counterfeit. As for myself, give me a woman who is a Leo. I have learned over the years that Leos are singularly flexible and pliant, with a great zest for any innovation or caprice in the art of love. Nor are they averse to the most exquisite pleasures of oral stimulation in addition to the more customary methods of intercourse practiced by man."

Always morbidly afraid of losing his potency, the emperor was a lucrative patsy for purveyors of charms and potions supposedly capable of imparting godlike sexual virtuosity. He once paid to a Cairo bazaar fakir 5,000 francs for a horsehair bracelet which, in the words of the wily merchant, "will impart to you the strength of the stallion from which this hair came, sire."

When his hairy fetish was unaccountably misplaced during the crucial battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon ignored the pleas of his generals for an emergency conference and rummaged around on hands and knees until he retrieved the sex symbol, which had slipped under his foot locker.

For his mistress Clarice Hamelin, a huge-breasted Creole, Napoleon ordered a special cream compounded of lanolin and attar of roses. "Such heroic adornments as these breasts must be preserved with the same ardor we lavish on France's parks, palaces and monuments," he solemnly assured the 22-year-old courtesan. "I myself will massage your bosom daily with this nostrum manufactured in Grasse by an alchemist who swears his ointment will preserve breast beauty for 40 years."

Unfortunately, these daily ministrations by the most hated and adored ruler of Europe came to an abrupt end when Josephine—discovering a jar of the gunk in Napoleon's closet—sniffed the stuff and surmised that her emperor again was up to hanky-panky with a new female. When she spied on Napoleon under a curtain of Mademoiselle Hamelin's boudoir, and beheld her husband assiduously applying the unguent to the younger woman's breasts, Josephine made an ugly scene. Bonaparte had to buy his empress a new coach (with four virile coachmen to privately satisfy her lust) to assuage her indignation.

Though the emperor's busy sex life was the subject of daily court gossip, few among the moralists, clergy or his own family dared reproach the great man for his erotic adventures in high and low places. Once, when the Committee on Public Safety drew up a bill of complaints concerning his "immoral" conduct, the wily Napoleon—forewarned by a stooge—had his own countercharges ready to hurl at his accusers:

"Ah, Citizen Gaumartin, I have a re-

port on my desk of a truly regrettable pregnancy you inflicted on the 14-year-old daughter of your neighbor, *monsieur* Flammar. As for you, Colonel Gellet, how is that accursed pox you caught from Madame Granvelle, your sister-in-law? That wretched doxy has given her disease to five of my colonels in the past year. Is your wife aware of how you contracted your sorry illness? ... And you, Citizen Pelouze, how good to see you again. Only yesterday I learned about that saucy little baggage *mademoiselle* Vauvrie, who sews for your wife. How generous of you to pay such a high monthly rent for a 19-year-old seamstress. ..."

His encyclopedic knowledge of their own misbehavior sent shock waves through the stuffy committee members who had come to demand that Napoleon lead an upright life. Bowing and murmuring apologies, the embarrassed solons made a hurried exit.

Back in poverty-stricken Corsica, where Napoleon was born in 1769, there are still a handful of old crones and wrinkled ancients who cackle as they repeat the salacious stories their own grandparents whispered to them about the troublesome Bonaparte boy who migrated from the town of Ajaccio to make a mark in the world unequaled by any other man.

For little Napoleon, a runt with bow legs, insatiable curiosity about girls, and a hankering for a military career, kept the respectable citizens of Ajaccio in an uproar with his audacious pranks.

His father Charles Bonaparte, a minor court attache, caned Napoleon repeatedly for climbing hills and spying on rustic lovers he encountered under the bushes.irate neighbors—weary of the lad peering into their bedroom windows—called him the *rabullione*, meaning "little bandit."

"Our son will get into deep trouble," Charles lamented to his wife. "He surely will make a girl pregnant by the time he is 14. Worse, though he is small and plain looking, even mature women like his cheeky ways and the sly remarks he makes to them. Last night *monsieur* Thiereu, the customs inspector, warned me that he would thrash Napoleon mercilessly if our boy doesn't stop lifting the skirts of Madame Thiereu. I must do something about the lad."

The father's chance came when there was a tuition-free opening at the military school in Brienne, France. Young Bonaparte was eager to escape his straitlaced family and to savor the fleshpots of France while absorbing military lore and history, his only interest in school.

At Brienne on Saturdays the cadets—when they had a few extra francs—patronized the town's sole brothel, a thatched-roof structure known as "The Inn of Good Cheer." At first, the older students were reluctant to take stubby, unprepossessing Napoleon on their weekly trek to the whorehouse.

A certain Cadet Bazaine sneered: "The girls will be afraid of you, Napoleon. You are an uncouth Corsican, speak French horribly, and are such a little boor. Come along, if you wish; but if the trollops kick you out, don't say I didn't warn you."

Oddly, Napoleon Bonaparte—sallow of face, hunched, and bantam-sized—proved to be a smashing success in the brothel. This adulation of the youth by whores was doubtless generated in equal parts by the bold and inventive sexual proposals he made and by the dimensions of his organ, already a topic of envious barrack-room comment.

At 16, Napoleon had accomplished an incredible feat: attractive harlots paid him for the privilege of tumbling into bed with Europe's future ruler who, at this period of his life, was chronically broke, receiving but 15 francs a month from his family back in Corsica.

Despite his unprepossessing appearance, Bonaparte's fierce dedication to military studies, as intense as his pursuit of pleasure, enabled the cadet to graduate with honors as a 20-year-old lieutenant of artillery. Stationed in the bucolic town of Valence, Napoleon—always agitating in the ranks against his superiors and the government—won 300 francs at dice and took up unauthorized lodgings in a shady tavern operated by a *Mademoiselle* Bou.

This woman, who also moonlighted as

a prostitute, was a busty, 26-year-old spinster with unbounded admiration for her squat, fierce-eyed boarder. She gave Lieutenant Bonaparte a rent-free cubicle adjoining the billiard room. Darting from his bed to the billiard parlor to collect hourly fees from the players, Mademoiselle Bou was ecstatic over Bonaparte's sexual vigor.

"Such a formidable tool for a lover of modest physique!" she purred. "You have pleased me greatly, Lieutenant. I wish to do something for you. Here, take this purse—it contains 1,000 francs. Buy yourself a fine new uniform, a handsome sword, gold braid and shiny boots. A soldier of France must not look seedy."

The woman's generosity was a mistake. Once he had her money, Napoleon applied for another transfer and was posted to Corsica and his home city of Ajaccio. During the French Revolution, he played his political cards so skillfully that his superiors were never certain whether the brilliant young officer was pro-Royalist or a republican at heart.

At the Revolution's end, Bonaparte—who had cast his lot with the mob—was a powerful general, "possessing the best military brains and the greatest lust for women in our Republic," according to his rival, Marshal Ney, who later was to offer Napoleon his own wife in return for military promotion.

It was a dark and ardent widow, Josephine de Beauharnais (her husband had been guillotined during the Terror), who inveigled Napoleon into marriage through her sheer sexual virtuosity. A voluptuous woman six years his senior, Josephine was equally at home in bed with a stable boy or a sultan, a valet or a viceroy.

She impressed the young general with her alternate spells of coquetry and hedonism, playing the role of modest widow one day and wild bacchante the next. In Napoleon's box at the Theater Feydau, the widow Beauharnais willingly permitted the ardent general to fasten tight the red drapes and to possess her while sitting on the hard little theater chairs.

Napoleon, who could be something of a simpering school-boy in moments of anticipatory passion, wrote Josephine numerous effusive poems in praise of her throat, hair, breasts and other parts. One verse, extolling "your little black forest, repository of bliss," was preserved by the canny Josephine in the event she would have to use it to coerce Bonaparte to the altar.

This foresight on the part of the ambitious widow proved unnecessary. Busy with military matters, Napoleon rushed Josephine to a registrar's office, married her speedily, shoved her into his waiting coach, and dashed back to her apartment where the future emperor quickly stripped for action.

Theirs was a stormy and violent marriage, marked by deceit, threats and recriminations on the part of Bonaparte and his sultry spouse. On Napoleon's flagship *Orient* at Toulon, Josephine invited sailors into her bed—she and Napoleon had separate quarters — while Bonaparte smuggled aboard a 17-year-old Moroccan girl, Fawzi, disguised as a cabin boy.

All through his Egyptian military campaign, Fawzi was at the Corsican's side, ever ready for a romp when Napoleon left his generals for an hour of sensual relief.

It was while riding in a triumphant military parade through Cairo that Bonaparte glimpsed his "queen of passion," as he was later to dub her, riding in a convoy of donkeys. She was a blue-eyed young blonde named Pauline Fournes, a 20-year-old, sexually-skilled Parisienne who had marched across the desert with Napoleon's troops to remain with her soldier husband.

When a hot wind lifted Pauline's skirts and revealed an expanse of white thigh and perfect legs, Napoleon excitedly asked his adjutant:

"Did you see her, *mon ami*? *C'est magnifique!* What a prize to discover in this damned country. You must learn her identity and bring her to me immediately."

The troops of the 22nd Chasseurs knew all about Madame Fournes. When her husband, a private, was busy digging latrines, washing dishes and shining boots, his shapely wife with the pouty lips and invitational eyes was slipping from tent to tent, earning 20 francs here and 30 francs there by doing what she knew best.

After installing Josephine in a Cairo palace where she amused herself with lackeys and bazaar boys, Napoleon behaved with Pauline Fournes like a starving man at a banquet. His sexual bouts with this brazen camp follower caused snickers up and down the line. As a Colonel Cassavet wrote in his diary:

"*Mon general* gives diamonds, fine frocks and much gold to a slut who can be enjoyed by the lowliest soldier for five francs. Or for nothing, if the woman is in need of a man."

Napoleon's affair with Pauline Fournes was unknown to her cuckolded husband, who was dumbfounded one day to be plucked from the ranks by Bonaparte, commissioned as a captain on the spot, and sent on a trivial mission to Paris to get him out of the way. By now, scores of other women — especially wives of ambitious politicians and military men — knew Napoleon's weakness and jostled each other to offer themselves, their daughters, sisters and servant girls to the little general from Corsica.

Of these amateur panderers, his favorite was Madame Doree Verdier, wife of a colonel, a talkative, bewigged woman with a doxy's zest for profanity and the persuasiveness of a car salesman. To recruit new playmates for "*mon general*," as she fawningly referred to Napoleon, she combed the bordellos and harems of the Middle East, making copious notes about the physiques and temperaments of the young women she interviewed on his behalf.

One night, Madame Verdier said excitedly: "*Mon general*, I have discovered the treasure of treasures. Her name is Zenab, a marvel of a child. Just 16 years old. A ravishing virgin with enormous eyes, a lithe, oiled body, shapely breasts and long tapering legs."

This description was enough for the easy-to-ignite Napoleon. Thrusting a sack of gold coins at the woman, he ordered Madame Verdier to spare no

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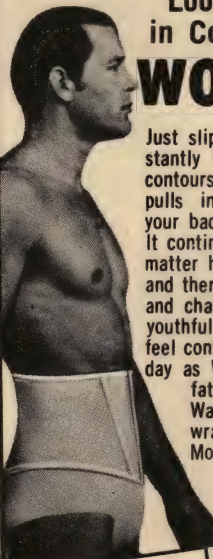
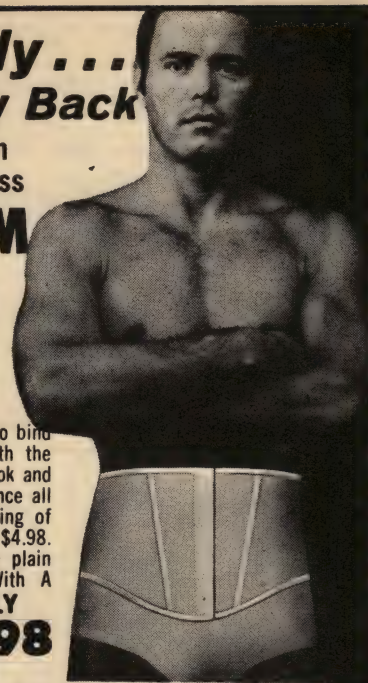
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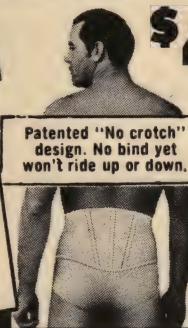
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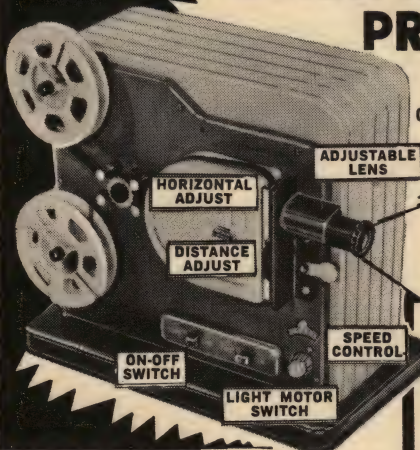
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effort or money to get the virgin beauty into his bed.

Zenab superbly met Napoleon's requirements. Kneeling, she kissed his hand, praised Allah for her good fortune, and nimbly hopped into the sack after gorging herself with candied fruits and eucalyptus cakes her new master ordered for her.

"You must be changed into a French lady of fashion," Napoleon decreed. "I shall have the best dressmakers and hairdressers mold you into the very image of elegance, Zenab."

After she was bathed, plucked, perfumed and oiled, and furnished with a costly wardrobe, Zenab was a mouth-watering vision who had the men around Napoleon panting with desire. Bonaparte himself knelt before her, fondled and kissed her long brown legs, and fitted Zenab's feet into new slippers with buckles of gold.

It was in this position that Josephine—entering the room for one of her usual wrangles—discovered her husband. This time, their matrimonial hassel was of epic proportions: Madame Bonaparte ripped off Zenab's frock, threw ink in her fancy hair-do, and bloodily raked the Moroccan girl's derriere with long fingernails.

It was a costly afternoon for the crest-fallen Bonaparte. To placate Josephine, he had to buy his shrewish wife a magnificent palace on the Birket-el-Ratle in Cairo while he rushed off to other battles—and new female conquests...

In the years that followed, the name of the once-obscure general engraved itself in hot steel on world history. One by one, mighty armies fell before Napoleon's brilliant planning and his troop's well-disciplined execution of his orders.

It is a measure of the man that even during the most critical political situations or actual warfare, Bonaparte found time for erotic play which would have

exhausted a healthy male 20 years his junior.

In Paris, he would swiftly change from glittering uniform to drab mufti and visit the brothels, adopting the aforementioned bogus name of "Monsieur Villeneuve." In the *Alle des Veuves*, he set up an opulent apartment supervised by his valet Constant, who first inspected the women for VD before letting his master cavort with them.

After creating the post of emperor for himself, the master of Europe became still more obsessed with sex, so much so that his courtiers spent large sums trying to hush up news of Napoleon's capers.

The emperor enjoyed undressing women and measuring them for undergarments, sometimes posing as a tailor or dressmaker's assistant. At court, he doted on dressing up for his mistresses in outlandish costume. After these interludes of preening and posturing inevitably resulted in frenzied sexual activity, Napoleon sometimes became rigid and went into a catatonic state.

It is possible that he suffered from a form of epilepsy. But these seizures—especially during intercourse—became more frequent as he grew older. His servants and courtiers were careful never to allude to his spells because of Napoleon's sensitivity on this score.

At Boulogne, where 160,000 French troops waited to invade England—the plan later was aborted—Napoleon encouraged the importation of 300 whores.

To a marshal who protested that the sluts were interfering with military discipline, Napoleon replied, "An army does not march on its stomach alone. But if it had to, the memory of a pleasurable night with one of our 'soldieresses' would impart strength and cheer to any man. Let my troops enjoy the women."

To make sure that his men got their

money's worth from the harlots, Bonaparte himself patronized a score of the girls during the long wait at Boulogne. From his three-week stint among the military prostitutes he contracted a first-rate case of "that insufferable pox known as the clap," as he wrote sadly to his brother Joseph.

After he divorced Josephine and remarried a younger woman in order to beget a male heir, Napoleon continued—even intensified—his sexual excesses. Now, suspicious of his top officers and hating all politicians, worried about assassination attempts at home and abroad, Bonaparte more and more turned to young girls for sexual relief and assurance that he was indeed loved and admired.

One autumn day as the emperor emerged from a steam bath with his newest love, 17-year-old Eva Krause, daughter of an army paymaster, Napoleon was confronted by an angry young man named Frederick Staps, Eva's former lover.

"You have inflicted your will on Europe, sire, but you can't rob me of my own happiness!" Staps shouted dramatically, hurling a cylindrical object at Napoleon's bare legs. It was a homemade infernal machine. Bits of red-hot tin and shrapnel sprayed the room, slightly wounding the emperor and narrowly missing his teen-aged innamorata.

Bleeding from a gash on his knee, Napoleon frantically summoned his guards and Frederick Staps—ranting—was led away to prison. But the would-be executioner's final words, echoing in the steamy, blood-spattered bathroom, rang in Bonaparte's ears:

"You are almost finished, *mon general*. There are others besides Frederick Staps who will exact vengeance. It will take a little time... But you will be ruined and in disgrace, a miserable and impotent old man. *I pray to God it happens soon.*"

On a stormy March day in 1821, on the prison isle of St. Helena to which he had been exiled by his British foes, the dying Napoleon Bonaparte, clad in a faded general's uniform, huddled in a chair. He stared vacantly as his manservant Ephraim entered the deposed ruler's room bearing a small package newly delivered by the monthly mail boat.

With trembling fingers, the pain-wracked Napoleon—eaten by cancer—opened the parcel which had been posted by a well-known Parisian chemist he had frequently patronized when he was emperor.

In the box was a vial of green pills with a note from the still-loyal pharmacist: "This aphrodisiac, Excellency, is a recent discovery of my colleague Henri Prins in Lyons. He claims it has worked marvels in restoring the amatory powers of men much older than yourself. Accept it with my compliments, sire. There is no charge. I well remember your generosity in the old days."

Napoleon, only 52 years old but looking 70, smiled feebly. He murmured, "These pills are of little help now, Ephraim. This damned island jail has no women. The British have seen to that. Swallow the pills yourself, my man. Your wife may appreciate your thoughtfulness."

Two days later, the little giant who had made history was dead. "Monsieur Villeneuve," who dispensed gold so freely in the brothels, would walk the streets of Paris no more. The world had lost an epic lover as well as a warrior of enduring glory. ▲

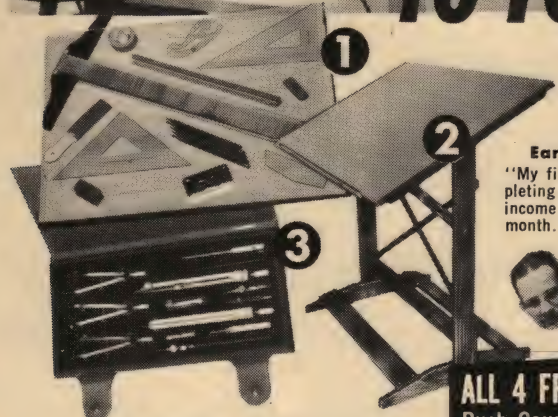
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Married Men

(Continued from page 25)

She tried to keep her voice pleasant. "Why couldn't you have let me know earlier?"

"Look, I'll explain tomorrow."

Her temper suddenly snapped. "I don't care about tomorrow. What about me?"

His voice was cold. "I'll see you tomorrow. Goodbye."

The line went dead in Linda's hand and she sat very still, trying to control a choking feeling of complete frustration. At last she replaced the receiver, only to pick it up again and dial. Then a voice was saying hello and she found herself replying: "Hello, Paul, this is Linda. About that party..."

THREE

It was four o'clock when David and Claudia arrived back at her flat. She lived in a very new and modern house. David often wondered how she could afford it.

When they entered, Claudia rushed about tidying up. She made a disgusted "ugh" when she came to the dirty dishes in the kitchen. "I'll buy you a dishwashing machine," David said, slipping his arms around her waist.

She turned, laughing. "What a terrible present. I'll have something more romantic, thank you!"

"What do you want? We'll go shopping tomorrow."

"I want two mink coats, lots of diamonds, a penthouse in New York, and a villa on the Riviera!" She started to laugh. "Can you afford me?"

"I'm serious. Will you settle for a mink jacket?"

Claudia looked at him. "Well, you really are serious. Baby, that's fabulous.

But none of this ordering jazz. I like surprises."

"All right, a surprise it will be."

"What time do you have to turn into Cinderella tonight?" asked Claudia.

"Well, I should leave about 8:30." He stroked her hair. "But I can always stretch a point, depending on what the main attraction is." She giggled and undressed...

Later, when David looked at his watch, it was after nine. Claudia lay beside him.

"You're like a cat," he said, "sometimes a little kitten and sometimes the wildest, dirtiest alley cat around."

"I like that. I can see myself telling it to some guy in the years to come..."

He put his hand over her mouth. "Don't say that. There will be no other guys, only me. I love you and want to marry you." He was surprised himself to hear the words.

"You know, it's amazing," she said, "how easy it is for married men to propose. They know they can lay out this tasty bit of bait without getting trapped themselves. Marry me, darling, only don't let my wife find out!"

David was furious. "I could get a divorce," he said.

"Are you going to?"

"I don't know." He pulled her to him. "It's not just me and Linda; there are the children to consider. But I love you, and I want to look after you. I don't want you to be in that rat race you're in."

"Well, I'm glad you have it all figured out." She caressed his back, and he felt desire rise up in him again. "There is only one problem. I don't want to marry you." She wriggled away from him and got off the bed. "I want to do what I want to do, whenever I want. No ties, no strings. I don't dig this marriage bit. I

love you now, today, but tomorrow, who knows?"

He couldn't control the choking excitement he felt for her as she stood there; her words didn't matter. He dragged her back on the bed and let loose his fury and frustrations on her.

For David it was devastating; with Claudia it always was. She was unlike any other woman he had ever known. And each time it was more, both emotionally and physically.

"You had better get up. It's past the witching hour, and wifey will be waiting."

"Don't be a bitch. Anyway, I think I'll stay."

She kissed him. They phoned Linda, and Claudia pretended to be the operator so that the call appeared to be coming long distance.

Afterward she said, "No son of a bitch would talk to me that way and get away with it. I feel sorry for your wife."

They got up and Claudia busied herself in the kitchen making sandwiches while David prowled around the flat. She had annoyed him with her little speech about not wanting to marry him. But on thinking it over, he became almost pleased about it, because it put him in the position of being able to have his cake and eat it too.

He didn't really want to leave Linda. In his own way he loved her, although she had ceased to attract him sexually. He had compensated for this by different affairs throughout the years. He felt no particular guilt about being unfaithful, although if the shoe had been on the other foot—

Claudia was licking mayonnaise off her fingers in the kitchen. She was wearing a pink kimono and had tied her hair away from her face.

"You look about 15," he said, then

added: "I want to talk to you seriously."

She followed him into the living room. "Look, darling, I've been thinking a lot about you, about how you manage financially. I want to help you out. I mean, well, frankly, where do you get your money?"

Claudia sat very still; her eyes glinted dangerously. "I don't like being questioned. I'm not asking you for anything. I don't want anything from you." She started to shout, "Leave me alone with your questions. Where do you think I get money from? Do you think I'm a whore?" She was crying, and David was shocked that he had provoked such anger. "It's my business where I get my money from, and if you don't like the idea of that, then let's just forget it."

David caught her mood of fury by this time. "All right," he said coldly, "we'll forget it." He marched into the bedroom and dressed. When he came out she was sitting on the sofa reading. She didn't look up.

He stood there, undecided about whether to walk out or not. "Well, are you going to tell me?"

She continued reading and didn't answer him.

"Goodbye," he said.

He went downstairs to his car, having decided to spend the night in a Turkish bath. He was puzzled about why Claudia was so secretive about the source of her income; it could only mean that it was something he wouldn't like.

FOUR

Paul looked younger than Linda remembered him. "I'm glad you changed your mind. What did it? My irresistible charm?"

"I don't know." All the wine she had drunk and the rushing to get ready had made her tired. "Maybe I shouldn't have come."

He looked at her. "I'm glad you're here."

The scene that greeted their eyes inside the house was wild. The staircase was littered with people, men with beards, girls sitting and standing, and everyone steadily drinking. The room on the right was filled with dancing couples, shaking, or just standing and necking. The room on the left featured a thin girl with red hair taking off her clothes to the beat of some bongos.

Upstairs, Paul steered her into a room with a bed creaking under the weight of many coats. Two girls were staring deep into each other's eyes in a corner, and another girl had passed out at the bottom of the bed. Linda took off her coat and felt too dressed up in her neat cocktail dress.

They went downstairs to the room on the left. The redhead had abandoned her strip and was sitting on the floor. She grabbed hold of Paul's leg as he went by. "You want to make it?" Her voice was slurred. "I've got a great body."

Linda found herself separated from Paul, and she headed toward a table where the drinks appeared to be coming from. A fat man pounced up behind her. "Do you want a drink?"

"Yes, please," said Linda.

He poured her a very large Scotch, and she drank it down hastily. "Let's dance," he said, and put his arm around her waist. She could feel the hotness of his hand through her dress.

"Not just now," she said, trying to disentangle herself.

He licked his pudgy lips, and then Paul arrived. "Hello, Bruno. I see you've met Linda."

The fat man removed his arm. "Oh, she's yours, is she?"

Paul laughed. "Don't take any notice of him," he said, and then was suddenly

serious. "You're very beautiful tonight."

Paul poured her another large Scotch and she drank it quickly, feeling its burning effect almost immediately. "I think I should go home," she said weakly. "I'm a little bit drunk, you know."

"I know." He pushed her toward the wall, and then he leaned forward and kissed her. She closed her eyes and felt the intimacy of his tongue penetrate her lips. She felt she should push him away but didn't have the strength and anyway she didn't want to. It was a long time since she had been kissed like this. David never kissed her anymore, and she had forgotten how exciting a kiss could be.

"Do you want to go?" Paul asked her. "No."

He took her into the other room, where the dancing was going on, and then he held her very tight. "I want to sleep with you," he whispered.

"I want to sleep with you too," she whispered back. "I mean, I don't want to, but I... Oh, God, I think I had better get some air."

He kissed her again. This time she kissed him back, and their mouths met in mutual enjoyment. They stood still among the dancers, lost in their own little world. His tongue explored her mouth, and she felt a sudden hot desire for him. He pressed her very close and then released her.

"You wait here," he said. "I'll get your coat."

She stood patiently waiting, the liquor she had drunk preventing her from thinking clearly. Her head buzzed, and she wanted to be back again in the safety of Paul's arms.

Eventually Paul arrived. He got her in the car and put his arm around her. He kissed her, and his hands started to explore her body. She felt weak and her head spun, and when she shut her eyes everything whirled.

Abruptly he let go of her and started the car, and they seemed to be driving for ages. Then he was helping her out of the car, and they were climbing a lot of stairs, and then they were in a room, and he was pushing her onto a bed. She didn't struggle when he unzipped her dress and pulled it off. He kissed her slowly, and his hands created a fantastic excitement in her. Then she was suddenly lost in a raging, enveloping holocaust of love...

Linda awoke about 5 A.M. She opened her eyes in disbelief. She looked around. She was in a small untidy room, and Paul was sprawled across the end of the bed asleep.

She pulled a cover off the bed, and wrapping it round her, she got up, and dressed. Paul didn't stir.

It was cold and silent in the street. Her car coughed and spluttered, and she thought that it would never start. At last it did, and she drove home.

She let herself quietly into the house and went straight to her bedroom. She felt a tremendous feeling of guilt. At last she fell asleep, knowing that in the morning she would have to face herself and David.

She tossed and turned and slept restlessly.

FIVE

David left the Turkish baths refreshed and invigorated. He contemplated phoning Claudia but decided to wait and see if she called him. He bought the morning papers, then went for breakfast before continuing on home.

He ordered bacon and eggs, then sat back to scan the papers. His eye was immediately caught by a picture on the front page: An angry mob surrounding

two policemen in the process of carrying a woman away from a riot; the woman's skirt was high above her knees, her hair was flopping over her face, and one shoe was about to fall off her foot. David was horrified. The woman was unmistakably Linda.

He gulped his coffee, scalded his tongue, and called for the bill.

David drove away, his face grim. He envisaged what he would say to Linda. Ban the Bomb indeed! Who did she think she was? Claudia was forgotten. He put his foot down on the accelerator and raced home.

Linda was in bed, asleep. He went over and shook her roughly, thrusting the paper in front of her face as she opened her eyes.

"What's this about?" he demanded.

A feeling of dread ran through her. He had found out about her and Paul!

David brandished the paper. A feeling of relief passed over her when she realized that this was what he was so furious about.

"What an awful photo!" she exclaimed.

"Is that all you have to say?" He continued in an angry voice, "What were you doing there?"

"I had nothing else to do. I just found myself there. I'm sorry you're so angry."

"I'm not angry," he screamed. "I like to see photos of my wife smeared all over the papers, with her skirt around her waist."

She got out of bed. "I'm not going to sit here while you yell at me. Perhaps if you spent an evening at home for a change this might not have happened."

Just then the telephone rang. Linda suddenly felt very hot. Suppose it was Paul?

David swooped down on it. "Hello."

Linda held her breath, and then David launched into a long conversation with someone from his office.

She took advantage of the phone call and dressed. When he finished talking, he seemed a little calmer. "Do you want breakfast?" she asked him.

"No. I have to make some calls. There's this party tonight for Beauty Maid Soap; I forgot all about it. You better meet me at the office and we'll go from there. I hope nobody has noticed your publicity."

She groaned at the thought of another party.

David had his own thoughts. Claudia would be at the party. He must be sure that Linda didn't become suspicious; she seemed to be getting a little too concerned about him being away so much. Maybe she was beginning to suspect him. At least he would be able to see Claudia. He started to make his business calls.

Just as Linda was about to leave the house, the telephone rang. She so expected it to be Paul that she felt herself break out in a sweat. "Hello."

"Hello, darling, it's Monica. I saw you in the papers. What does David think about it?"

"Oh," replied Linda, "he's furious."

Monica laughed. "Well, darling, Jack and I are having a few people over after dinner tonight, and we should love you and David to come."

"Well, Monica, we have to go to a press party tonight, and I don't know when we will get away."

"Never mind, darling, just come when you've finished." She gave Linda no chance to protest. "Bye, darling."

Linda replaced the receiver. She really didn't feel like seeing Monica and Jack later. However, David would probably want to go.

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She left the house in a bad mood. Paul hadn't phoned her. She desperately wanted him to phone. However, if he did phone, she wanted to tell him that she couldn't possibly see him again.

It was nine o'clock before Claudia appeared at the Beauty Maid party. David had been watching for her all evening, and suddenly she materialized.

"Good evening, Mr. Cooper."

David was taken off guard. He was talking to several press boys and their wives, and Linda. At last he said, "Oh, this is Claudia Parker, our Beauty Maid girl."

Claudia smiled around at the group. She was very flushed and David knew at once that she was loaded. "Miss Parker," a reporter asked, "What do you really think of Beauty Maid soap?" His eyes darted toward her bosom.

Claudia played up to him. She gave him one of her deep, sexy looks. "Well," she said at last, "I'm an actress really. I can't give you a serious opinion on soap. As a matter of fact, I've just come from seeing Conrad Lee, and he's very interested in having me in his new picture." She shot David a triumphant look.

The reporter was most interested. "Well, that sounds wonderful. Perhaps we could do a piece about you on our film page."

"Yes, that would be lovely." Claudia smiled.

David suddenly could stand it no more. He gripped her by the arm, smiled tightly, and said, "I hope you will excuse us, Miss Parker will be demonstrating our product. I think I had better get her over to Phillip Abbottson."

As soon as they were out of earshot he exploded. "Where have you been? You were supposed to be here by eight."

She gave him a cool look. "David, baby, you're nothing in my life, so why don't you just leave me alone."

"You bitch," he said in a low voice. His grip tightened on her arm.

"I'm going to make a scene if you don't let go of me," she said quietly. "I'm not someone's wife who has to account for every second." Then she walked off.

A few minutes later, the lights were dimmed and a spotlight focused on a stage at one end of the room. Phillip Abbottson launched into a long speech about Beauty Maid soap. Then he said, "And now I would like to introduce you to Miss Beauty Maid herself!"

The curtains were drawn back, and there sat Claudia, in a marble bath surrounded by bubbles.

David felt a surge of sudden excitement. When Claudia finished talking, there was hearty applause from the men

and a few jealous titters from the women. Then the curtains were drawn and Phillip reappeared at the microphone.

David excused himself from Linda and made his way to behind the stage. The marble bath was now empty, and he noticed a small door at the back of the dais. He hesitated and then went through it. Claudia was standing, patting herself dry with a towel.

She looked at him wearily. "What now?"

He walked over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "I'm sorry," he said; "no more questions."

She smiled. "All right then, you're forgiven."

He bent down and kissed her warm, soft lips. "Not here, you idiot," she whispered. "Someone might come in. You'll be missed."

He let go of her and went and turned the key in the door.

She was giggling softly. "Oh, David, you're really nutty!"

He cupped her breasts in his hands and bent to kiss them. She moaned, "Go on then, do whatever you want. I don't give a damn!"

SIX

The gathering at Monica's and Jack's was in full swing when Linda and David arrived. There were about 10 people there. Monica grabbed hold of Linda and proudly, with her arm around her, marched her into the living room, where everyone was, and announced dramatically, "And this is our famous ban the bomber!" Oblivious to Linda's embarrassment, Monica went on: "I'd like you to meet Jay and Lori Grossman, friends of mine from America. Jay's here to direct the new Conrad Lee picture."

"Oh, really," said Linda, "how interesting. I met a girl earlier this evening who's going to be in it."

Jay raised a quizzical eyebrow. "That is interesting." "We haven't cast at all yet, apart from the male star."

"Oh, well," Linda smiled. "I expect she's suffering from delusions."

David had been in a very good mood since leaving the other party, and he started to chat with the Grossmans.

"Darling," Linda interrupted him, "who was that girl doing the Beauty Maid thing?"

"What?" asked David, feeling guilty. "Why do you want to know?"

David felt tension in the silence that followed, and said, "Claudia Parker."

Jay shook his head. "Never heard of her."

"What is this?" questioned David.

"Well," said Linda, "you remember she said she was going to be in the new Conrad Lee picture. Well, Jay's directing it, and apparently she isn't in it."

"She didn't say she was in it at all," said David. "She saw Conrad Lee and he liked her, that's all."

"Oh," Jay laughed, "Conrad is always seeing these poor little chicks and stringing them along. That's show biz."

Lori Grossman nodded. Her face was that of a beautiful, but quite blank, painted doll.

"That's how Lori and I met," Jay continued. "She was an actress, came for a part, and instead got me. She's my third wife. All three were actresses."

At last Lori spoke. "I sure would like another drink, honey."

Jay stood up. "How about you, Mrs. Cooper?"

"Please call me Linda. I'd love a gin and tonic."

Jay went to fetch the drinks, and Monica dragged Linda over to some people to show them the newspaper clipping with Linda's picture.

Lori crossed long shapely legs.

David studied her. She was about 27 and looked like one of those models out of *Vogue*. He found himself attracted to her and wondered what she was like in bed. "How long are you here for?" he asked.

"Several months," she drawled.

Jay returned with the drinks. He turned to David. "Listen, we have to meet some friends at the Candy Club; how about you and Linda coming too?"

"Well, I don't know..."

"Hell, you must come," said Jay. "I'll ask Linda." He went off.

David looked at his watch; it was past 12. Claudia told him she would be home in bed. He wondered if he could telephone her, but decided it was too late. The Candy Club sounded like a good idea.

Jay returned with Linda, smiling broadly. "We're all set. Shall we go?"

At the nightclub, Jay asked to be taken to Mr. Lee's table. The great Conrad Lee, a tall man in his late fifties, was at a table with six other people, and he leaped up and embraced Lori, and when Linda was introduced he kissed her hand.

David stared in amazement and fury at Claudia. She sat beside Conrad, her hair tousled, one strap of her dress falling off her shoulder. She was very drunk. When Conrad sat down his hand caressed her shoulder.

"That's the girl I was talking about," Linda whispered to Jay.

"Sure," said Jay, "she's got as much chance of getting in the picture as a fly!"

Claudia noticed David then. She was too drunk to be surprised. She just waved gaily and said, "Small world!"

David scowled at her.

Conrad took Lori off to dance, then Jay claimed Linda. David sat down beside Claudia. "You lousy little bitch!" he said in a low voice. "Going straight home to bed."

She looked surprised. "Baby," I did go home, but Conrad called and said he would like to see me again about the part. I have to think about my career."

"You're drunk," he said with disgust. "You're acting like a whore. Do you honestly believe all this s---t Conrad is telling you?"

She looked at him coldly. "You're just jealous, that's all. The only time you act sweet is when you've got a hard-on!"

At 2 A.M. Linda eventually said to David with a yawn, "I think we had better be going. I'm tired."

At last they were alone. Linda leaned back in the car and closed her eyes. David said, "You and that phony director Grossman were getting very friendly."



"We can't go on meeting like this... I've got a hernia."

ED. ARLO

She opened her eyes. "No more so than you and that tatty soap model." He shot her a dark look. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh David, really." She sighed. "You didn't even talk to anyone, you were so annoyed she was with Conrad Lee." She paused, then added curiously, "Have you ever taken her out?"

He stared furiously at the road ahead. "What a ridiculous question."

"Darling," Linda said, "what's wrong?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's wrong with us? Why are we so far apart?"

"I didn't know we were far apart."

She looked out of the car window. "It's funny, David, this must have been starting to happen to us for years, yet neither of us realized it. We're almost strangers now. The only thing we have in common are our children."

"You're talking a lot of nonsense."

"A lot of nonsense," she repeated; "is that what you really think?" Tears started to roll down her cheeks. "When did you last make love to me? When did you last want to?"

He pulled the car to the side of the road. What could he say? That he didn't find her exciting anymore? That Claudia was a better lay? She was right, really, they were far apart.

"Do you remember our honeymoon?" she questioned.

"Linda," we're both 10 years older. Things don't stand still, you know."

"Yes, I know." She thought — Paul makes me feel 10 years younger. He makes me feel attractive and desirable.

David said, "We'd better be getting home. I want to get to work early."

"Yes, all right." She thought, Why don't you take me in your arms? Why don't you throw me down on the back seat and make love to me here?

They drove home in an uneasy silence, both realizing that there was more unsaid than said.

Jay Grossman phoned the following day. "We were wondering if you and David would join us for dinner tomorrow?" he said. "Lori just can't wait to go to the Savoy Grill."

Linda said, "I'll have to check with David. Can you call us back?"

David didn't phone until past seven. "I'll be late," he said.

"How late?"

"Probably around 12."

"Where do you have to go to?"

His voice was angry. "What is this, a cross-examination?"

She replied coldly, "No, but I think I'm entitled to know."

There was a silence, then, "I'm sorry. Of course you're entitled to know. I've got a late discussion with Phillip."

"I'll see you later, then."

"Yes, don't wait up."

"Bye." She hung up and yawned. Then she remembered that Jay would be phoning back. Quickly she dialed David's private number at the office. There was no reply.

"Oh, bother," she muttered, and looked in the phone book for Phillip's number. David was probably in his office. She couldn't find Phillip's number, but his home number was there, so she dialed that. His wife answered.

"I'm sorry to bother you," said Linda, "but can you give me Phillip's private number at the office?"

"Yes, of course," said Mary, "but I'm expecting him home any minute."

"But isn't he working late with David?"

"No, he's definitely on his way home. In fact, 'I think I hear him at the door now.'"



Linda felt stunned. Why was David lying? And why was it only now, when she herself had been unfaithful, that she had to find out? It was obviously another woman. She felt sick.

It all tied in—late nights home, week-ends away on business, no physical interest in her. This must have been subconsciously why she had gone to bed with Paul.

She started to cry. It all seemed so wrong, and to add insult to injury, Paul hadn't even rung her. She threw herself down on the sofa and gave way to tears. "I hate men," she sobbed; "selfish, lousy, horrible bastards. . . ."

SEVEN

David awoke early on Tuesday with one thought in his mind—to get out of the house and phone Claudia. He dressed hurriedly and drove as far as Baker Street before stopping to phone. But no one answered.

With a sudden flash of decision, he drove to where she lived. He rang the door bell to no avail. "Little bitch!" he muttered to himself. "Dirty little bitch!"

He hung around outside for a while, but eventually realizing the futility of this, he drove sourly to his office. Every half-hour he rang her number, getting more and more angry each time it wasn't answered.

At four o'clock she finally picked up her phone. He listened to her say "Hello," then a pause, then—"Hello, is anyone there?" Then the phone was slammed down.

He left the office at once and drove to where she lived. He didn't want to row with her on the phone, he wanted to see her, watch her lie.

"Well, surprise!" she said. "Come on in. Want a drink?"

"It's four o'clock in the afternoon," he said coldly.

She poured herself a stiff Scotch. "Well, David?"

He paced the room angrily and menacingly, saying nothing.

She giggled, "Oh, stop it with the wronged-husband bit."

He shook his head at her. "I don't understand you; you act like some cheap little whore."

She took a long drag of her cigarette and said calmly, "I'm in a very good mood today, nothing can spoil it, not even you. Conrad Lee is going to do a lot for me."

"Oh, yes," said David bitterly. "He'll do a lot for you—in bed."

"Oh, you're just too jealous, that's all."

"How was he in the sack?"

Her eyes met his. "He wasn't anything like you." She wrapped her arms around him. "No one's ever been like you." The fight was over.

It was slow, and warm, and tender. Afterward they lay on the floor where he had taken her, locked in each other's arms.

She kissed him softly. "You must understand," she whispered, "It doesn't mean I don't love you. When I sleep with him, it's nothing. He's an old pig. But, baby, I want to be in his film so much. . . ."

He flicked his hands over her soft breasts. "You're so beautiful, when I'm with you I don't care what you've been doing. All right, then, get in his lousy movie if you must. But don't sleep with him or anyone else again, or I'll beat hell out of you!"

She pressed closer to him. "I wish you would beat me, that would be good."

It's impossible, he thought, that it could happen again so soon, and be that much better. She's like a tigress. They should cage her naked in the zoo.

Out of the blue Claudia said, "Your wife's very attractive. How old is she?"

David wasn't interested in discussing Linda. "Oh, 30 or so."

"I wonder what I'll look like at 30." He was saved from answering by the telephone.

"Oh, hello," Claudia said softly, glancing at David. He immediately wondered who it was. "I'd like that," she was saying. "About what time?" She fumbled for a cigarette. "All right, see you tomorrow." She hung up. "I'm starving!" she exclaimed. "I feel like going out for a fabulous dinner."

"Who was that?" he asked, trying to keep his voice casual.

She hesitated just a second too long before saying, "It was my agent. He wanted me to have dinner with him and his wife tomorrow night."

"Just like that he starts asking you to dinner?"

"Yes, just like that," she said patiently. "I called him earlier and told him I wanted to see him about this Conrad thing. I'm going to bathe; can we go out later? Or have you got to rush home?"

He thought she was lying, but what

was the point in arguing. "Do you want me to be free?"

"Silly! Of course I do!"

"I'll phone home. Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, let's go somewhere swinging for a change. Let's go to Carlo's."

Carlo's was the place to go, the place to be seen. He knew that he was taking a ridiculous risk going there with Claudia. However, he wanted to be seen with Claudia, wanted people to know that she was his. "OK, I'll book a table."

The restaurant was very crowded. The headwaiter said their table would be ready in a few minutes, so they sat in the bar. David was relieved to see no one he knew.

A girl came up to them, dragging a weedy-looking young chap behind her. "Darling!" she said to Claudia. "You remember Jeremy. Well, we're engaged! Can you imagine!"

"Shirley!" exclaimed Claudia. "How marvelous!" She turned to David. "Shirl, darling, this is David Cooper. David, I'd like you to meet Shirley's fiancé, the Honorable Jeremy Francis."

Before David could intervene, Claudia invited Shirley and Jeremy to join them for dinner. They accepted at once, and went off to the dance floor.

A smile played softly around Claudia's mouth. "When I first came to London, I worked in a club; Miss Fancy Pants worked there too."

"What were you doing in a club?" asked David, surprised.

"The dance of the seven veils!" Claudia replied laughingly.

"What! You must be joking."

Claudia's smile faded slightly. "I'm not joking. I had no talent for anything else; it was either that or get pawed by a lot of dirty old men. I would sooner take my clothes off any day."

"I don't know anything about you, really, do I?"

Claudia's large eyes turned suddenly remote. "You've never bothered to listen. Like all men, your prime concern is to get me in the sack as fast as possible."

David was about to reply when Shirley and Jeremy returned.

"Jeremy's made the most divine suggestion," said Shirley. "There is a little nightclub at Windsor. Why don't we all pop down there after we eat?"

Claudia said, I'm sorry, but we're a bit tired."

"All right, then," said Shirley. The dishes had been cleared away, "Let's leave these two lovebirds on their own." She waved gaily at Claudia, and towing Jeremy along behind her, they made their exit.

Claudia started to laugh.

"I don't think it's so funny," said David.

Claudia's laughter increased. "Oh, it is funny. If you had known Shirley a few years ago—well, I mean, she was anybody's and everybody's!"

His tone was cold: "And you?"

Abruptly Claudia stopped laughing. She stared at him for a few seconds and then said deliberately, "I think we have just about reached the end of our relationship, if you could ever call it that." Before he had a chance to reply, she got up from the table, and threading her way through the restaurant, she vanished out of sight. Quickly he called for his bill.

"It's David Cooper, isn't it?"

David looked startled. There stood Jay Grossman. "Well, hello," he said uneasily.

"Where is your lovely wife?"

David wondered if he had seen Clau-

dia leave, then decided he hadn't. "Oh, she's at home," said David. "I had a business meeting; they all had to rush off."

"You must come over to say hello to Lori," said Jay.

The Grossmans were sitting at a table across the room. Jay summoned the waiter while Lori produced a compact and proceeded to touch up her already perfect makeup.

"I spoke to Linda earlier," Jay said, "about joining us for dinner tomorrow night."

"Oh," said David blankly, his mind half on the fact that Claudia had walked out on him. "That would be a good idea; where do you want to go?"

"Lori wants to see the Savoy Grill."

They chatted a while longer. Then David made his excuses and left. He headed his car toward home. It was 10 o'clock.

EIGHT

After a while Linda stopped crying. She didn't know what to do. She couldn't face the prospect of waiting for David to arrive home, fresh from the arms of some tart.

In desperation she phoned Paul.

He answered the phone, "Hallo?"

She got cold feet and froze, not saying anything. Quickly she hung up the receiver. It rang again immediately.

"Linda, this is Paul; I know you just phoned me."

She was taken aback.

"Look—I've been waiting for you to phone. Can you come over? I must talk to you."

She got ready swiftly, before she changed her mind, and drove to where he lived. He answered her knock immediately.

"I don't really know what I'm doing here," she blurted out.

They were in a small, dark room. The walls were hung with lots of paintings, mostly nudes with masses of hair, and voluptuous bodies. She sat on the sofa, and he said she could have a beer or vodka. She chose vodka.

"Look, about the other night," she said nervously, "it should never have happened . . ."

He took her hand. "You don't have to make excuses. It happened, and it was great."

She took another gulp of vodka. "I just wanted to explain!" she hesitated and then rushed on: "I mean, I didn't want to leave you with the wrong impression of me."

"You left me with a beautiful impression—your perfume all over my bed, the smell of your body, the way you cried out when you came." He reached over for her and she halfheartedly tried to pull away. But their mouths met and she was lost.

They made love for two hours—starting on the sofa, the floor, and then the bedroom. Afterward they talked.

She felt so peaceful and protected by him. He listened quietly while she told him about David and his indifference toward her, about herself, the children. They smoked cigarettes and drank more vodka.

She found out about him too. He was an artist who worked as assistant to the art editor of a magazine.

After a while it was past 11, and she said, "Look, I had better be leaving. David's going to be home at 12."

"Can't you stay the night?" Paul mumbled.

"Oh, honestly, Paul, I would like to, but I just can't not be there when he gets home—he'd probably call the police."

She dressed slowly, and Paul lay lazily back in bed watching her. "When

am I going to see you?" he asked. "Tomorrow?"

"I don't know, Paul; it's very difficult for me to make plans. I'll phone you in the morning."

He gave her his phone number at work, kissed her long and hard, and she set off on her journey home. It was 11:30.

NINE

Claudia left the restaurant angrily, and took a taxi to Conrad Lee's hotel. She was fed up with David Cooper. At first their affair had been fun. She dug married men; they were always a challenge. Also, she had misguidedly thought he might help her career. But being Miss Beauty Maid appeared to lead to a dead end. He hadn't even given her a decent present.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Conrad Lee," she told the clerk at the desk.

The phone rang several times; then a voice answered, "Yeah?"

"Conrad, this is Claudia Parker."

There was a short pause, then: "How are you, baby? What can I do for you?"

"Well, your secretary called me, about tomorrow night, but I suddenly thought the hell with it, what about tonight?"

He laughed, and said, "Listen, baby, I'm tied up tonight."

"Oh." She sounded disappointed. "Look, I'm cool," she continued. "I never find three a crowd."

"Do you mean what I think you mean?" he questioned.

"Of course I do," she purred. "You were so fantastic last night, I don't mind sharing."

"Hang on a minute," Conrad said, and the phone was muffled. Soon his voice came back full of interest, "Come right up, baby; we'll be waiting."

She hung up, smiling, and made her way leisurely to the powder room, where for the next 20 minutes she touched up her makeup and rearranged her hair.

A half-hour passed before she finally knocked on the door of his suite. "Where the hell have you been?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know you're going to think I'm terrible. But what I said about a three-some—well, I just can't."

He stared at her disbelievingly.

She shook her head slowly, fluttering long black eyelashes. "I guess I wanted to see you again so much, I just said it—but really, it's not my scene."

"Look, baby," he said at last. "You called me while I was balling this chick"—he indicated the bedroom—"you get me all hot—I stop halfway with this other broad—wait a goddam half-hour—and then you mince in here saying you can't make it."

She stood up. "What can I say?" She put her hand on his arm. "Can I help it if I don't want to share you?"

He looked at her admiringly. "You're a smart little cookie; I suppose you want me to get rid of—" He gestured toward the bedroom.

She kissed him, pressing herself against him hard. "That's the general idea."

He pushed her away. "All right, baby—go wait in the bathroom."

Eventually he opened up the bathroom door and stood there with nothing but his suntan and a hard-on. "Let's go, baby," he said. "I just had to give that broad 50 bucks, so you'd better make it worth my while!"

David parked the car in the garage and let himself into the house.

"Where's Mrs. Cooper?" he questioned Ana, the Spanish maid.

"She went out."

"Did she say where she was going or

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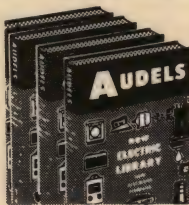
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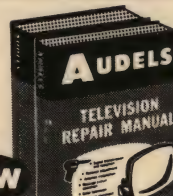
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"Oh, come on, Linda," said David.

"Oh, all right."

She accompanied Lori to the ladies' room, where between applying powder and rouge, Lori drawled, "That son of a bitch thinks I'm a damn idiot. He'll find out who's the idiot when I get half of everything he's got."

"I beg your pardon?" said Linda.

"It's California law," Lori said cryptically, then sank into silence, carefully applying another coat of lip gloss.

The party was in full swing when they arrived. They pushed their way through to the bar and ordered drinks. Jay introduced everybody, and soon David and Linda were involved with different groups, chatting away.

"Come with me to find Conrad," Jay said to Linda.

They found Conrad sitting at a table. Claudia was by his side. Conrad invited them to sit down.

"You remember Mrs. Cooper—Linda," Jay said.

"Hallo, Mrs. Cooper," Claudia said drunkenly. "Is Mr. Cooper about?"

"Why, yes," said Linda. "Did you want to see him about something?"

"Yes, I want to tell him what he can do with his bloody Beauty Maid campaign. Stuff it up his arse!"

Linda stared at her coolly. "I'll see he gets the message, dear."

Claudia stood up from the table. "I think I'll give him the bloody message myself," she said and weaved off.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Linda.

Conrad laughed. "Oh, I've promised her a bit in the movie, and it's gone to her head."

Linda rose from the table. "Excuse me a minute," she said. She walked hesitantly around the room looking for David. She couldn't see the drunken girl or him.

She found Lori surrounded by a group of admiring males. "Have you see David?" Linda asked.

"Yeah. He went out on the terrace."

It's stupid, Linda thought, I shouldn't be tracking him down like this, it's childish. She made her way onto the terrace and heard a low chuckle. She looked and saw a couple in a close embrace.

She backed into the shadows and edged closer. The girl was pulling David's head down to her breast, which was popping out of the top of her dress; she was fondling him intimately.

"You're the craziest, Claudia," he muttered, "the best ever." Now he was pulling her dress right down so it hung around her waist.

Shocked and sickened, Linda backed away. They hadn't seen her. Dazed, she wandered back into the main room. Jay appeared and grabbed her arm. "What's the matter; you look terrible. What happened?"

She looked at him, her eyes full of shock. "I was looking for David to warn him about that drunk tart. Lori said he was on the terrace. He was there with her, they were necking—she had half her dress off."

"Oh, God!" said Jay. "Shall I take you home?"

She shook her head. "What can I do? I'm finished with him. I want to divorce him. I hate him." Her voice shook.

"Look—let me take you home. I'll come straight back and talk to David, tell him not to go home tonight."

They got a taxi outside the hotel. Linda sighed, "I'm so embarrassed, dragging you away from the party and all."

"Don't be embarrassed." He took her hand comfortingly. "If it's any solace, I was involved in exactly the same situation myself. In Hollywood at a real swinging party, my first wife, Jenny, vanished. I eventually found her in bed with the host."

"What did you do?"

"I gave her another chance, came home early one day and found her banging the delivery boy."

They sat in silence for a while, then Jay said, "I suppose for some people one woman or one man is enough—but not for any of the people I know. I've been married three times—each time to a beautiful girl with about as much thinking power as a rabbit. It must be a sickness with me—I marry dumb, beautiful broads."

Linda hesitated. "I—I was unfaithful to David this week. The first time in 11 years of marriage. I'm as guilty as he is."

The taxi arrived at the house.

"Good night, Jay—thank you for everything."

Claudia found David in a group with Lori. She edged up behind him, and covered his eyes with her hands and said in a Marilyn Monroe-type voice, "Guess who, baby!"

There was no mistaking that voice.

"Hello, Claudia."

"Don't I get a better greeting than that? By the way, you can stuff your Beauty Maid campaign up your arse, cha-cha-cha!"

The group he had been standing with were all listening interestedly, including Lori. He took Claudia by the arm. "Let's go and find Linda," he said, walking off and pulling her with him.

He marched her onto the terrace, finding a deserted dark corner. As soon as he let go of her she wound her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Did you miss me?" she whispered. "I was going to be so mad at you, but I couldn't." "You're a little bitch, leaving me sitting in that restaurant!"

She nibbled his ear, rubbing her body against him. Her dress was held up by two thin shoulder straps; he peeled them off, pulling her dress down to her waist. She wore nothing underneath, and she guided his mouth to her breasts.

All sense of reason was gone. He was with Claudia and had to have her! He pushed her down onto the cold concrete and lifted her skirt; she wore no panties. He took her quickly. It was all over in a minute.

She lay there giggling, her dress around her waist. He pulled her up.

"We've got to go back inside separately," he said. "Listen, I'll phone you tomorrow. I'll get away early from the office and come over. I've got a surprise for you."

"You've always got a surprise for me. You're the man with the permanent hard-on!"

He kissed her. "You go in first—straight to the ladies' room; you look a mess."

She stuck out her tongue at him, wagging it obscenely, and sauntered off, completely at ease.

After a safe five minutes he followed her in. The party was still in full swing. He grabbed a drink from a passing waiter and started to look around for Linda.

He observed Lori Grossman dancing with a well-known actor. She was moving her hips in steady bumps and grinds. He edged closer.

"Seen Linda?" he said.

Lori looked deadpan. "Well, last I saw she was heading toward the terrace looking for you."

"The terrace?" he said, stunned. Ignoring Jay's warning, he darted straight home.

TWELVE

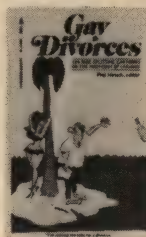
When David arrived at his house, the

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front door wouldn't open. He lit a match to make sure he was using the right key, but although it turned smoothly, the door remained tight shut. Realization dawned. Linda had booted it from the inside.

He was furious—Linda was obviously up, and had told the maid to ignore the bell. He kicked savagely at the door but only succeeded in hurting his foot.

"Listen, Linda," he shouted, "don't be such a fool—open the door or I'm going for the police."

He pushed the bell for one final time, and to his surprise the door opened a few inches.

Linda peered out at him, white-faced and angry. "Go away, you make me sick." Her voice sounded flat and tired. "I don't want to talk to you, I don't want to see you. Go back to your little whore and leave me alone."

She slammed the door in his face. Furious, he strode back to his car, got in, and started it viciously.

When David left the party, Jay phoned Linda and warned her. He then got hold of Lori and sat her down firmly in a corner.

"You saw David take that broad to the terrace. Why did you tell Linda?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, honey," she drawled. "Is something going on?"

He shrugged disgustedly. "Are you really as drunk as you pretend to be?"

She looked sulky. "You're so nasty to me, Jay. I don't know why I married you."

"Would two mink coats, a chinchilla, and a big house jog your memory?"

She stood. "I'm going to dance." She walked off, beautiful and cool.

The noise at Conrad's table was becoming progressively louder. Shrieks of drunken laughter, spilt drinks, Claudia climbing on the table and dancing, the

men all peering up her skirt, aware that she wore no panties. Egged on with screams of drunken encouragement, she started to peel off her dress.

It was a fast strip-tease, as Claudia only had her dress to remove. She threw it off, kicking it from the table, and then proceeded to dance to the music of a slow hand-clap from the crowd. Her body glistened proudly, and the men in the crowd pressed closer and closer.

Eventually the police arrived, hauled Claudia off to the police station and booked her for indecent exposure.

The next morning it was headlines.

Claudia was photographed and quoted, and Conrad immediately cashed in on her publicity and announced that she would be in his film. He signed her for two days' work at 60 pounds per day.

When she returned from the studio in the evening, David was outside her door. Giddy with her sudden success, he didn't look so good to her. "What do you want?" she said coldly, then added with a burst of enthusiasm, "Did you see the papers today?"

He trailed her into the flat and started to mix a drink. "I'm going to take you out to dinner tonight; where do you want to go?"

She laughed. "Oh? What about wifey? Aren't you frightened of her spies?"

"I've left her."

Claudia walked over and kissed him hard. "You left her for me?"

"For you." He ran his hands down her back to her buttocks. "I'm going to divorce her and marry you."

She slipped away from him. "Listen, baby—don't keep on making that offer like it's such a big deal. I don't want to marry you!" She was almost shouting.

Sensing her mood, he dropped the subject. "Where do you want to go?"

She stretched, catlike. "Oh, I don't feel like getting dressed."

He looked surprised. "You're always complaining we never go anywhere..."

She shrugged. "Where are you going?"

"I'm taking an apartment. I thought in the meantime I'd stay here with you; then we can move into the new place together."

She studied her fingernails. "Is it a penthouse?"

"I don't know. What the hell does that matter? We'll find a penthouse if that's what you want."

She smiled. "Yes, that's what I want. Can I start looking tomorrow? It's going to be too crowded for the two of us here." She held out her arms to him. "I'm sorry I've been bitchy, but it's been a busy day."

He fell into her arms and kissed her, feeling desire rise in him.

She kissed him hard, running her tongue across his teeth and scratching the back of his neck with sharp nails. He started to reach for her body, but she pushed him away. "Not now, baby. Let's go to dinner, and then we can come back home together. It will be a whole different scene."

She vanished into the bathroom.

He followed her in. She was nude, bending over the bath, filling it with bubbles. He grabbed her from behind. He tried to hold onto her and get out of his clothes at the same time, but she slipped and fell into the tub. By this time she was helpless with laughter. He undressed hurriedly and followed her in. "I think I'm going to like living here," he said.

THIRTEEN

The sun was streaming into the bedroom and David couldn't sleep any longer. Claudia lay sprawled beside him.

It's amazing, he thought, how my life has changed in only six months.

The new dress he had bought her lay in a crumpled ball at the bottom of the bed. She had seen it in a window in Bond Street, and he had surprised her with it the next day. The surprise had cost him 150 guineas.

The bathroom was a mess. She had not emptied the bath, and it was filled with cold, dirty water. Bottles and brushes were scattered everywhere. Beneath the mess it was a beautiful apartment. A penthouse in Kensington.

Fortunately it was Friday, which meant they had a new cleaning woman starting. The last one had left in disgust when she found out they weren't married, leaving a note saying, "I'm not used to such filth." At first he thought she was referring to the state Claudia left things in, but the porter had told him what she really meant.

David sighed. It was almost time to cook himself some breakfast and go to work.

Linda woke early. The sun was shining and it was a lovely day. She felt good.

It had been hard at first, the decision of getting a divorce. But the fact that David had moved out and set up a home with Claudia had helped her to be strong.

The children were staying with her mother. After she was finished in court, she was going to join them for the weekend, and they would all return together on Monday. The house belonged to her now. Financial arrangements had been amicable.

Claudia woke at 11. There was someone ringing the bell. She groped her way to the door.

A squat woman stood facing her. "I'm Mrs. Cobb," she announced; "the agency sent me."

"Oh, come in," Claudia said, stifling a yawn. "I'm afraid it's a ghastly mess."

Mrs. Cobb looked grimly around and didn't say anything.

Claudia still had two day's work to do on Conrad's film, for the unit had gone on location before reaching Claudia's scenes. She phoned her agent and he promised to look into it immediately.

Giles was coming over at two o'clock to do a nude layout for an American men's magazine. She hoped David would be working late, as he disliked Giles intensely.

David arrived at the office tired and bad-tempered. His secretary greeted him with a worried face. "Oh, Mr. Cooper, your uncle wants to see you at once."

Uncle Ralph was sitting like a small, bald buzzard behind his desk. "Good morning, David," he grunted. "Sit down. Wanted to have a word with you about the Fulla Health Beans account."

"We don't have it anymore."

"Exactly; that's what I wanted to talk to you about." His uncle launched into a long lecture about how they had lost the account because of David's unenthusiastic attitude lately. He concluded with the information that Mr. Taylor of Fulla Health was in town for one more night, and was prepared to reconsider.

"Now, you take him out to dinner," Uncle Ralph said. "Get him drunk, entertain him. Take him to a nightclub and fix him up with a hostess. Keep him happy. I want that account back."

"Yes, sir."

David returned morosely to his own office and his secretary, who was mousy and flat-chested. She had a mad crush on him, which she tried to conceal, making it all the more obvious.

"Oh, Mr. Cooper," she said, "is everything all right?"

"Everything's fine." He sat glumly at his desk; the thought of entertaining Mr. Taylor was depressing.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Cooper." His secretary was almost wringing her hands. "Oh, dear, it had to happen today too."

"What's so special about today?"

"Well, it's your divorce today." She lowered her eyes. "Well, I mean—"

So it was—he had forgotten all about it. "Thanks for the cheerful reminder, Miss Field."

Giles was late, and looked tired. "Give me some black coffee, darling," he said. "I've had a terrible morning."

He collapsed in a chair. "Y'know, this is a great pad, almost worth putting up with your boyfriend."

"Almost?" questioned Claudia.

"I mean, darling, he's such a square."

The phone rang. It was Claudia's agent. "The director is flying in today," he said, "and I'm going to pin him down to a definite date."

"Oh, fabulous." Claudia had waited six months for this.

"Let's get started, darling," Giles said when she hung up.

Giles worked fast, using three different cameras. She undid her pink shirt, letting it fall casually open. There was nothing underneath.

After a while Giles said, "Take your shirt off and fold your arms across your boobies. That's great! Now cover your boobies with your hands—beautiful!"

Giles kept shooting picture after picture. After an hour on the terrace Giles said, "Let's go inside now and shoot a few in the shower."

He followed her into the bathroom with his cameras. As she stood under the shower, he said, "Lean back, close your eyes. Great! Bring your arms up behind your head. Lovely!"

They finished in the bathroom and Giles said, "Now for the bedroom."

He took a few shots and then put his camera down. "Darling, you just haven't got the right look. You know what I want — cat-that-just-got-the-cream look."

"So give me the cream..." She reached for him.

They made love easily, slowly, and afterward he got quickly up and picked up his camera. "Stay just as you are. That's perfect. Now you look authentic!"

David phoned Claudia at five o'clock. He told her about his having to take Mr. Taylor to dinner. "Why don't you get an early night, and I'll wake you when I get in?"

She suddenly laughed. "Hey, David, I feel like a wife. Are you sure you haven't got some little bird on the side?"

"Claudia, don't be stupid."

"Well, baby, I don't mind. Anything you can do I can do too."

"Listen, it's a business dinner. Now, what are you going to do?"

She laughed. "Have a nice dinner; I shall probably ask a few people over."

"All right," he said.

David had met Mr. Taylor once before. He was a bore. David met him in the bar of his hotel. David tried to be charming—but Burt Taylor's idea of charming was a person who drank fast and told everlasting dirty stories.

Eventually they reeled out of the restaurant arm in arm, and went on to a nightclub filled with tired hostesses and lecherous businessmen on expense accounts. The maitre d' asked if they would care to meet two nice young ladies.

"Oh, yes," Burt boomed.

A few minutes later two girls arrived. One was tall and buxom, and the other

was small and scrawny. They both tried to attach themselves to David, but he excused himself to phone Claudia.

He tried to sound sober, but there was so much noise and music on the other end of the phone that it was difficult to hear anything. "Hi, darling," Claudia cooed. "Where are you? I'm having a marvelous time; it turned into a party. Hurry home, baby." And she hung up.

David thought the best thing was to get hold of the brassy redhead and proposition her to take Taylor off somewhere.

"How about a dance?" David said directly to the redhead. She smelled of cheap perfume and pressed herself groin to groin with him. He said, "Hey, want to make yourself a few pounds?"

She looked interested. David explained the proposition. They bargained, reached an agreement, and sat down.

There were photographers outside the court waiting for Linda. The fact that Claudia Parker had been named as the other woman made the case newsworthy.

Linda hailed a passing taxi and went off to the Dorchester for a drink.

"It is Linda Cooper, isn't it?" She looked up from her drink, and said, "Jay Grossman. Why, I would hardly have recognized you; what a wonderful tan."

He sat down, smiling. "I just got in with Conrad. How are you and David?"

"David? I don't really know. I just divorced him about half an hour ago."

Jay looked surprised. "You really did it, then. Was it about that night?"

She nodded. "Yes. He's living with her now. How is Lori?"

"Lori is married to a Texas oil tycoon."

"You mean you've divorced too?"

"Yes. She went to Nevada and shed me—then married this other man the next day." He laughed. "Are you meeting anyone?"

She shook her head.

"Well, what about lunch?"

She smiled. She liked Jay. "I'd love to."

Jay took her hand over coffee and said, "My God, it's nice to be with someone who has a brain and not just a body."

The phone rang and Claudia stretched languorously across the bed and picked it up. She spoke briefly, and with a grin she hung up.

"Baby," she said to Giles, "tonight we can swing. Daddy will be home late!"

Giles said, "What are we waiting for. Let's have a party; get on the phone."

By the time David phoned again the party was in full swing. Claudia was completely stoned. She didn't know half the people there.

"Swinging party!" Giles said. "What happens when big daddy comes in?"

"Big daddy's going to have to join in the fun, or he can walk right out again."

"Darling, sweetie pie—how divine of you to invite me."

Claudia blinked, focusing slowly. "Shirley, baby, how are you? Where's the Honorable whatnot?"

"Ditched him, darling. I've got the most divine man now."

"Grab a drink, darling, and..."

Claudia trailed off as a Spanish-looking gentleman grabbed her from behind. "You are beautiful," he said. "I eat you up." He turned her around and kissed her.

It was at this moment that David appeared in the doorway. He spotted Claudia immediately and hauled the Spanish boy away from her, smashing his fist into his face.

"You little tramp," David shouted, "get these dregs out of here!"

"You go to hell," Claudia shouted back.

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David stood for a few seconds, then said, "Right." He marched off into the bedroom and grimly took a suitcase from the top of a cupboard. He methodically sorted his clothes from Claudia's packing as much as he could.

"By-by, darling," Claudia screamed above the noise. She was reeling across the room toward him. The front zipper on her suit was undone, almost to her waist, and her breasts were exposed.

"You look lovely," he said; "just like the drunken little whore you are."

She laughed. "Get stuffed," she shouted; "get lost—you're a bloody bore."

Giles joined her. "You tell him, darling," he said, slipping his hand inside the open zipper. She made an obscene gesture and turned her back.

David left.

FOURTEEN

"Well, what's happening?" Claudia's voice was edgy on the phone. "I mean, they have been back 10 days now..."

Her agent was noncommittal. "I can't get a definite date out of them."

"But I signed a contract for two days' work."

"Yes, but they've already paid you, so they don't have to use you."

She snorted angrily. "What kind of an agent are you? I'm supposed to be in that film. It's a big film, and it will do me a lot of good!"

Her agent's voice was resigned. "I'm doing my best."

David hadn't returned. Claudia was glad he had gone. Life was too confining with someone always watching you.

Claudia had fallen in with David because it was easy. It was nice having all the bills paid. Now she would have to go back to a secret job she had which had always given her enough money to lead a comfortable, independent life.

The secret job gave her a vicarious sexual thrill, and none of her friends knew about it. She starred in blue movies! In four years she had been in 30 of them.

However, she wasn't sure that she wanted to go back to doing that. No—to appear in Conrad's movie would be the best thing.

She phoned the studio and tried to find out where he was living, but the girl was polite but firm. "We're not allowed to disclose Mr. Lee's address," she said.

"Oh, damn it," she muttered, finally getting up. There was a stack of bills at the door. David had stopped paying for everything since he had left, and the bills were steadily mounting.

Linda stayed in the country with her parents and the children much longer than she expected. One day David arrived to see the children. It was the first time she had seen him since they separated.

He looked thin and tired. "I've left Claudia," he blurted out.

She looked at him and shrugged. "The children are playing. I'll call them."

He put a hand on her arm. "I said I've left Claudia."

She brushed his hand away. "I heard you the first time. I'll get the children." She walked quickly from the room.

Her mother wanted to ask him to stay to dinner, but Linda hissed at her, "Don't you dare." His charm had worked. "He wants you back," her mother said.

Her father was less direct. "That boy needs a father," he said when Stephen acted up before going to bed.

It was too much for Linda; they just didn't understand. The next morning she went back to London.

She was glad to be back in her own house. Ana gave her a list of phone messages, and among them were two calls from Jay Grossman. He had left his

number. She didn't call back. She felt if he really wanted to see her he would try once more to phone her.

Monica had phoned her. They hadn't spoken since the separation; they were David's friends. She phoned Monica, who was delighted. "Dahling," she exclaimed, "I'm having a little dinner party—I'd love you to come." It sounded like fun. It was about time she started going out again.

Claudia sprawled on a sofa at Giles' studio. He was hard at work photographing a languid brunette clad only in a silver body stocking.

He laughed and said, "What do you want?"

"I need Conrad Lee's number. I thought your magazine might have it."

"All right," he said, "keep cool, I'll get it for you."

Claudia went shopping for a sexy new outfit, then she went to the hairdresser's and had her hair done. Back home, she dialed the number Giles had given her.

"Mr. Lee?" I am calling for *Star* magazine. We are featuring your photograph this week, and I wondered if you might answer a few questions."

His voice was friendly. "My picture, huh? Sure, I'll answer a few questions." He gave her his address.

The doorbell was answered by a manservant who ushered her into the library. She waited for 15 minutes, until at last Conrad lumbered in.

"Hi." She smiled provocatively.

He came to an abrupt standstill. His memory stirred. "Hey—you're the broad from the party I gave. What is this?"

"You're a difficult man to get hold of. I've left lots of messages for you."

"So?"

"I thought it was about time we got together again. Don't tell me you've forgotten all the fun we had last time."

Interest flickered in his eyes.

"Listen, I've got guests. You stay here, and I'll see what I can do."

FIFTEEN

From the day he walked out on Claudia, David felt depressed. It wasn't that he had wanted to stay. Claudia was an out-and-out slut. He was pleased to have an excuse to get out.

He was depressed because instead of being able to go home to his wife and children, he was now an outcast with nowhere to go except to the coldness of a hotel room. He sat and brooded on the possibilities of getting back together with Linda.

He reasoned that she should take him back. After all, there were the children to consider. A divorce could be rescinded, and everything could be as before, only this time he wouldn't be such a fool and get hooked up with a slut like Claudia. He would be more careful. The first Saturday he was free he drove down to her parents' house to see her.

Linda was cold toward him; it was only to be expected. He was charming to her parents. He knew they were back on his side.

Later he drove back to London and called an old girl friend; she was lousy in bed. She had none of the frantiness of Claudia or the calmness of Linda. He left after an hour.

He woke early on Sunday; he had nothing to do. On an impulse he decided to go to his office and work. He wished his secretary was available; maybe she was — poor plain Miss Field. He telephoned her.

"Miss Field, how do you feel about working today?"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper—oh, really?"

"It's quite all right if you've made other plans."

"Oh, no—of course I can work today."

She was there before him, waiting like a pale white mouse outside the locked door.

They worked until the light began to fade and David suddenly realized it was getting late. "Well, I suppose we should call it a day," he said, yawning. "You must be hungry."

"Mr. Cooper"—her voice was hesitant, nervous — "perhaps you would care to have dinner with me." A bright red flush spread up to her hairline. "I always prepare a *cordon-bleu* dinner on Sundays—one of my little hobbies."

It sounded good; he had nowhere else to go. "What a lovely idea, Miss Field."

She lived in a tiny flat. The sofa obviously did double duty as the bed. She produced a bottle of sherry and he sat and watched television while she pottered about in the kitchen.

She prepared a delicious dinner, and they drank a cheap Spanish wine. After dinner she was obviously a little high. He was also slightly high, having drunk half of the wine and most of the sherry. His attention was riveted on the television screen. The Beauty Maid commercial was on, and there was Claudia in her bath. Familiar sharp pull in his groin.

"Oh, Mr. Cooper, our commercial." Miss Field sat down beside him on the sofa. He felt the nearness of a leg beside him and he absently rested his hand on her thigh. Miss Field shrieked, and before he knew it her arms were around his neck and she was pulling his mouth toward hers.

"My dearest, I am yours," she said.

He couldn't believe it. The whole thing was so ludicrous. What should he do? She was a good secretary. He didn't want to lose her. He didn't want to hurt her feelings.

Oh, well. He took a deep breath and ran his hands tentatively across her bosom; there was no bosom!

This is a bloody nightmare, he thought, but as her tongue worked on his mouth his body started to respond. She was angular and bony and surprisingly strong. She managed to get his pants off as he lay on top of her, then her mouth was traveling down his body and she was kissing him, and suddenly it was all over for him in a huge shaking furious bout of passion. He screamed, but she didn't stop, sending him into a frenzy. A shudder enveloped her and at last she stopped, lying very still.

They lay in silence. He could hardly believe what had taken place. Miss Field Mouse certainly knew what she was doing.

He went and locked himself in the bathroom. His body was covered in red weals where her fingers had dug into him; she was a hot bitch!

When he returned to the room she was primly clearing the dishes. "Would you like coffee before you go, Mr. Cooper?"

"Er, no thank you, Miss Field." He took his cue from her. "I really must get off."

"Oh, well, I do hope we can do this again."

"Yes." He hesitated. "Well, see you at the office."

"Linda, you look positively stunning!" Monica led Linda into the living room. There were perhaps 12 people sitting and standing around.

Linda was soon chatting quietly to a doctor, tall, very pleasant. Before they had finished one martini he had invited her to dinner the following evening, and she thought, Why not? So she accepted.

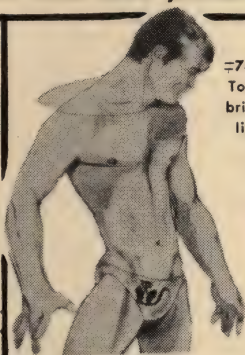
More people arrived, and Linda found herself wedged in a corner, with the

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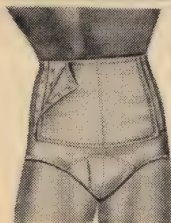


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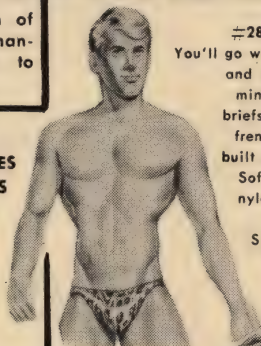
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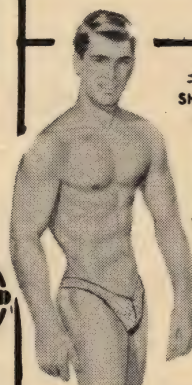


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doctor telling her a long involved story about a patient of his. She smiled politely and wished she hadn't accepted his invitation. Doctor or not, he had a bad case of bad breath.

Idly she glanced around the room. Then she saw Jay Grossman. He hadn't seen her; he was talking to a group at the other end of the room.

Linda pulled her eyes away, and the doctor dropped on until Monica announced that a cold buffet was being served in the other room.

"I am hungry," Linda said.

"Oh," said the doctor, "Let's go and eat." He steered her into the other room, where she bumped straight into Jay. He held two plates of food, and they almost fell. "Linda! You look terrific!"

They stood and smiled at each other, and then the doctor said, "We'd better get in that queue before we're too late."

"Oh, yes." Linda's heart was beating fast.

"See you in a minute," Jay said.

When Jay was out of hearing distance, the doctor said, "These American film types are all the same—brash, vulgar, full of themselves."

"Do you know Jay Grossman?" Linda asked crossly.

"Well, let's say we have a mutual friend."

"Who?" Linda asked rudely.

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's one of his ex-wives."

"Is it Lori?" Linda asked coldly.

The doctor looked surprised. "Yes. She's in London with her husband; he's very wealthy."

"How interesting" Linda said sarcastically.

tically. She quickly helped herself to food and rushed back into the other room, the doctor close behind her. There was nowhere to sit. Jay was with a blond actress on a sofa.

"Excuse me," she said to the doctor. Jay stood up and she sat down. The blonde glanced at her, slightly annoyed.

"Susan," Jay said, "I want you to meet Linda Cooper."

"Hello." The girl's smile was limp.

The doctor squatted on his haunches in front of Linda. Jay drifted to the other side of the room. The girl then got up and said to Linda, "Perhaps your friend would like to sit here." She moved across the room to join Jay, and the doctor sat down. "Can I drive you home later?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, I have my car with me."

"Oh, pity." He shook his head. "Maybe I should follow you to see you get home safely." He chuckled.

Linda could have screamed, he was such a bore! She didn't even bother to reply. She jumped up.

"Excuse me," she said firmly. "I have to go to the ladies' room."

It was quiet upstairs in Monica's bedroom. Would Monica think her rude if she left? She found her stole among the coats on the bed, went downstairs and slipped out quietly. She would call Monica tomorrow and explain.

Back home she undressed slowly, wondering why she had looked forward so excitedly to Monica's dreary gathering. What had she expected? Prince Charming? Not a boring doctor with bad breath.

She felt depressed and old. Face up to it, Linda, she thought, you've had

your best years, you gave them to David. You'll just have to settle for second best now.

She was lonely. Once, briefly, it crossed her mind to phone Paul, but common sense prevailed. She fell into a troubled sleep.

About an hour later the phone woke her up. "Hello." Her voice was sleepy.

"Are you trying to avoid me? I leave messages for you, you don't return my calls, you avoid me tonight, and then just run off. I want dinner with you tomorrow night, no excuses."

"Yes, Jay." Her voice was weak.

The phone clicked dead and suddenly everything seemed bright again. Jay Grossman was certainly not second best.

Eventually Conrad returned. He had been gone an hour and a half. Claudia, bored with the magazines and at being kept waiting, covered her irritation with a smile.

He was drunk; he grabbed hold of her, his fleshy hands feeling her body through her thin dress. She wriggled away. This wasn't the way she had it planned.

"Aren't we going upstairs?" she asked.

"Sure—sure. Just want a little preliminary." He forced his hand inside her dress, grabbing her breasts with rough fingers.

"You're hurting me," she complained. "Let's go upstairs, lover. Let's have a great scene upstairs."

"All right, take your dress off first—I want to look at the goods I'm getting."

It was obviously no use arguing with him. She peeled off sensuous folds of white jersey. Underneath she had on only a wisp of garter belt, and pale sheer stockings.

He lunged at her, falling to his knees and grabbing her around the waist. He sunk his teeth into her stomach and bit her hard.

She screamed with pain and kicked him away. "You son of a bitch!"

He laughed, hollow loud rumbles.

She rubbed her stomach. So he wanted to play games? Well, she knew a few of her own.

"Come on." He lumbered to the door. She followed him. He pushed her up the stairs ahead of him, stroking her legs, trying to feel between them.

They reached the bedroom. "Get on the bed," he commanded.

He switched on bright glaring lights that hit the bed at a hard angle. She noticed a huge mirror above the bed. He climbed on top of her, not even bothering to remove his clothes, just unfastening his trousers.

"Open up, baby," he said; "let's have some action."

He used her brutally—crushing and grinding her, and wanting it different ways, making her do it to him at every conceivable angle.

At last he was finished. Her body ached from his pressures. She lay spread-eagled on the bed, too limp to move.

He was surprisingly full of life. "Got a little thrill for you," he said. "Just stay where you are." He got off the bed and pressed a switch by the door; the mirror above the bed parted, leaving a huge gap in the ceiling. A ring of smiling faces peered down at her.

She sat up, horrified.

"Just a few of my friends," Conrad said easily. "These two-way mirrors are a great gimmick for making a party go with a bang!" He guffawed. "Pick out who you'd like next."

A woman's face, grotesquely made up and old, said, "How about me, Conrad? Can I have a turn with her?" She seems to know what it's all about."



MAN'S MAGAZINE

A man's voice said, "No, me next, let me give her a real piece!"

"Oh, God!" Claudia jumped off the bed.

"What's the matter?" Conrad asked. "Don't you want to be in my movie?"

She stared at him, every instinct warning her to get out. But to leave now—what use was that? That wouldn't get her on the silver screen.

"All right," she said. "I'll stay, but this time you'd better mean it."

"I mean it," he said blandly.

SIXTEEN

David managed to get through the early part of the next week without trouble. Miss Field was, as usual, the perfect unobtrusive secretary. Neither of them made any reference to the previous Sunday. But the sooner he was rid of Miss Field, the better. He decided to wait a couple of weeks, then get her transferred to another department, with a raise. She wouldn't object to that.

Mr. Taylor was in town again, and David was elected to entertain him. Once more he had to fix him up, this time with a big redhead called Dora, who suggested that it would be fun if Taylor and David accompanied her back to her flat. He eventually managed to persuade them to go off on their own and returned to his hotel room and went to bed feeling disgusted and lonely.

The week dragged. Wednesday afternoon he phoned to speak to his children. Ana told him Mrs. Cooper was out. He was sure Linda wouldn't mind if he popped in to see them. Maybe she would let him stay for dinner. It was all a question of time with Linda; eventually she would take him back. He told Ana he would be right over.

He left the office in high humor. By the time he arrived at the house it was two hours later. Linda answered the door tight-lipped and furious. "The children are being bathed."

"All right, I can wait."

"David, we have an agreement you visit the children on the weekend."

"Oh. What difference does it make? Are you going to penalize me because I want to see my children?"

She stood back wearily. She didn't want to be unfair.

Stephen stood at the top of the stairs, scrubbed and clean in striped pajamas.

Linda glanced at her watch. It was six o'clock. Maybe she should call Jay and tell him she couldn't keep their date. David came downstairs, Janey cuddled in his arms, Stephen clinging to his hand. He fetched packages from the car, and the children yelled with excitement.

Linda shut the door of the living room and left them all together. She phoned Jay. He was out.

After an hour she went downstairs. With a forced bright smile she said, "Come along—time for bed; school tomorrow."

Stephen glared at her, "Oh, Mummy!" Janey started to cry.

David said, "How about 10 more minutes?"

"Oh, OK—but no longer." Linda glanced again at her watch; it was past seven, and Jay was due at eight. She didn't want him and David to meet. She wished she could contact Jay and put him off. She really didn't feel like going out now.

After another 20 minutes the children were at last safely in bed, with David reading them stories. By the time he came downstairs it was a quarter to eight. His mood was cordial. "I could do with a drink."

David poured himself a Scotch. "You know, Stephen's a very bright lad. We must have a talk about his future."

MAN'S MAGAZINE



"In a world of indifference, it's certainly refreshing to meet someone who wants to get involved!"

She pulled herself together. "Yes, we must, but not now. I have to get changed." Her voice became defiant. "I'm going out."

"That's nice." There was a silence, then David added, "Pretty cushy life you've got."

Linda's voice was controlled. "I beg your pardon?"

"Well, you know, no worries, nice house, I foot all the bills, and you can just gad about doing what you like."

"I don't gad about, and you know it."

"Oh, come off it, Linda. You're an attractive woman, a divorcee. Any man knows he's on to a good thing—a bit of free crumpet is always popular."

Her face was blazing. "Get out!"

He sauntered to the door and she slammed it in his face.

David climbed into his car, drove around the block and parked a few houses away. May as well wait and see who she was going out with.

Jay was a few minutes late, but hardly late enough for Linda to have time to recover. He found her in tears.

"I can't go out," she sobbed.

He put his arm around her, and she leaned her head against his chest. She told him a jumbled account of what had happened. He was sympathetic. "You can get a court order to stop him bothering you—he has set times to see the kids, and he'll just have to stick to them."

"I just thought it would be so mean of me not to let him see the children."

"That's how he wants you to feel. He's probably had enough screwing around and wants to come back. His only way of getting at you is through the kids. Now, go upstairs, powder your nose, and let's go."

She smiled. "Yes, Jay."

He took her to Annabel's. They dined elegantly, and Jay entranced her with amusing stories about the film.

It was a lovely evening. Jay took Linda home in his chauffeured studio car; he kissed her on the cheek. "How about Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied quietly.

They smiled at each other. She let herself into the house and watched him through the window as he climbed back into the car. She liked him a lot.

Claudia buried herself in bed at her apartment. She huddled beneath the covers, bruised, used, and frightened to face herself. She called her agent the day after the debacle with Conrad and told him everything was fixed; he should hear from the studio in about a week. She took a variety of pills and slept.

Claudia was not naïve; there had been many men, many different scenes, but never anything so degrading as the evening at Conrad's house. When she closed her eyes, visions of evil, smiling faces swept before her, all the things they had made her do raced through her thoughts. She could still feel their hands; her body screamed from the aches of sexual misuse.

She stayed indoors for several days. Nobody cared, nobody came. If she died it would probably be months before they discovered her. Where were all her so-called friends?

At last she dressed and went out. The people in the street disgusted her. She went to see Giles; he was away in Mallorca. She returned home and hacked off all her hair with her nail scissors. She slipped back to bed and slept again.

When she woke the next day she was horrified to see what she had done to her hair; it stuck out at all angles and looked

a mess. She read the papers and magazines that had piled up by the door. She called her agent. No, he hadn't heard yet. Had she read that Conrad was getting married?

She grabbed the papers again. There it was—Conrad Lee, 62 years old, was to marry 20-year-old model Shirley Sheldon.

Shirley Sheldon! Her ex-stripper friend!

David sat in his car smoking a cigarette. He didn't have to wait long before a sleek black chauffeur-driven limousine glided to a halt in front of his house—well, Linda's house. A man emerged. David was too far away to recognize him. He edged his car a little nearer, but it was too late. The man had already gone inside.

Pangs of hunger didn't help his mood. He decided to go somewhere cheerful, and he headed for Carlo's. It was packed, as usual.

David ordered a Scotch on the rocks and surveyed the scene. A woman was staring at him. He stared back. Her face looked familiar. She was with two men who were in deep conversation—loud old Americans.

Suddenly David remembered her. It was Lori Grossman. He put his drink down and went over to her table. "Hello, Lori," he said.

Her smile was sensuous. "David, how nice."

The two men stopped talking, and she introduced the elder one—he must have been all of 70 — as Marvin Rufus, her husband.

David looked surprised. Whatever happened to Jay?

"Sit down—have a drink," Marvin said and immediately resumed his conversation with the other man.

"I ditched Jay," Lori said in answer to his unspoken question.

"Linda and I are divorced," he said.

"Yeah, I know," she drawled. "And I suppose you know that my ex is taking out your ex. Isn't that cozy?"

"Jay taking out Linda?" David could not believe it.

"That's right, honey." She moved closer to him, and he felt a sudden pressure from her leg under the table. His hand touched a silky thigh. She couldn't wait! Marvin and the other man talked on, something about market prices in London. "How long are you here for?" David asked.

"Just a couple of days," she drawled. That would be long enough. If Jay was knocking off Linda, he might as well grab a piece of Lori. She was obviously ready, willing and able.

Under the table his hand crept farther up her leg, reaching smooth skin above the stocking top.

"Are you meeting someone?" Lori asked. David shook his head. "Well, you must join us. Marv won't mind. He'll be talking business for hours."

In a few minutes their table was ready. True to what Lori had said, her husband continued his marathon conversation with the other man, barely pausing to eat.

"Well?" David said when they were on the dance floor. Lori was exciting him. She felt his excitement and pressed closer.

"Marv will want to go gambling when we leave here. I'll say I'm too tired, and you'll offer to take me to the hotel. We have separate suites there; he won't disturb us."

He gripped her to him hard. She ground her body to the sound of the music sensually.

"What if it doesn't work?" he asked.

"It will work." She gave a low laugh.

Jay phoned Linda on Thursday and Friday as he had promised. His phone call each day gave her a feeling of well-being. He made her feel alive and attractive again.

She took her time getting ready for him — long, hot scented bath, careful makeup, freshly combed hair. She could not stop herself from thinking about him making love to her. Did he want to? He obviously liked her a lot. It had been a long time. Finally she was ready, and he was, as usual, on time.

"You look lovely," he said. "You don't mind if we stop at a party for a few minutes? Business."

The party was in an elegant house, complete with butler at the door. Linda was immediately intimidated. She glanced around and recognized several well-known faces. Jay knew everyone. He moved around easily, greeting people, and Linda trailed miserably behind him, feeling out of place and suddenly plain. To top it all, a gorgeous blonde whom Linda recognized as Susan Standish put her arm around him intimately and whispered loud enough for Linda to hear, "You bastard! How dare you leave my room before I woke up this morning!"

Jay pushed her away, laughing easily.

Linda turned and walked away. She found a chair and sat down. What a fool she had been. Jay wasn't interested in her, he was just sorry for her. She sat brooding. After all, he was a big director, he had the pick of all the girls in London, what could she offer him that he couldn't get more brightly packaged elsewhere?

He was heading for her across the room now. "Why did you rush off?" he asked, his eyes faintly amused. "You left me in the clutches of a female would-be star—always in hot pursuit of us poor old directors. Why didn't you stay and protect me?"

She felt like saying, "Well, you slept with her last night, what do you expect?" Instead she just smiled and said, "I don't know. I thought I'd sit down for a while."

They left soon after and dined at a small French restaurant in Chelsea. Before they were halfway through their meal, Jay asked her what was upsetting her.

"Nothing." Inexplicably she found her eyes filling with tears.

He changed the subject. "Let's take the kids out tomorrow. I'm looking forward to meeting them."

She nodded listlessly. In the morning she would phone and put him off.

The wedding reception was crowded. They headed for the bar. Claudia surveyed the crowd, a lot of Shirley's pseudo society friends.

Jeremy looked at her vaguely.

Claudia spotted Shirley, and made her way over to her. "Shirley! You old dark horse!" She stood firmly in front of her and smiled wickedly.

Shirley didn't bat an eyelid. She smiled politely. "Claudia, darling, such a surprise!"

"Where's the bridegroom?" Claudia asked.

"Oh, he's around somewhere," Shirley said. "By the way, Conrad mentioned the fun you had the other night."

Claudia gave her a sharp look. "Yes, I thought you would be there."

Shirley giggled softly. "Why be there, when I can see the film."

"What film?" Claudia's voice became hard.

"Oh, Conrad always takes a film of those evenings." Shirley smiled triumphantly. "Didn't you know, it's his hob-

by, actually; you must come over one night, and we'll show it to you."

Claudia stared at her, a horrible sinking feeling in her stomach. She knew Shirley wasn't lying.

"Well, darling," Shirley continued, "you did say you wanted to be in his movie." With a tinkling laugh she turned away to greet another guest.

Claudia stood there, furious and burning. The son of a bitch!

She had seen Conrad. She swayed over. "Hey, man," she said in a loud voice, "con-grat-ulations."

His piercing eyes swept over her with disinterest. Shirley walked over and attached herself protectively to his arm.

Claudia smiled at Shirley. "He's a lousy lay—but then, I hear you are too, so that makes it cozy."

People nearby were turning to stare.

Conrad said in a low, controlled voice, "Get the hell out of here, you little tramp."

Claudia smiled. "My pleasure, you old fart!"

Back at her flat, she fixed strong drinks and turned on the record player. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She turned the music louder, then lay down on the floor by the hi-fi speakers. The volume of the music excited her. She started to manipulate her own body.

True to what Lori had said after dinner, Marvin immediately announced he wanted to gamble. The four of them stood in a huddle on the pavement in front of the restaurant.

"Wanna come and be my lucky charm?" Marvin asked Lori. She wrapped her mink coat tightly around her and shook her head.

"I'll see Lori back to the hotel if you like," David said quickly, seizing the opportunity.

"That's mighty nice of you," Marvin boomed. He kissed Lori on the cheek. And with a brief handshake to David, he and the other man were away in a cloud of cigar smoke.

Lori laughed. "Didn't I tell you?"

In the car she acted like a bitch in heat, grabbing for him immediately. Her suite was on the sixth floor, very luxurious. She threw her mink casually over a chair. "Make yourself a drink, honey," she drawled. "I'm just going to put on something more comfortable." He opened a bottle of champagne that was conveniently on ice and poured two glasses. This was the life!

She came back soon—wearing a sheer black negligee. He handed her a glass of champagne and she took a small sip, then lay down on the sofa, the negligee falling back slightly, revealing milky-white thighs.

He didn't feel quite ready. She held out her arms to him. "Come to baby, honey," she drawled. He put his drink down and went over to her.

"There's a robe in the bathroom," she purred. "Why don't you get out of your clothes and be comfortable like me."

He kissed her on the mouth, tasting her lipstick, and then he went to the bathroom and put on the robe she had suggested. It was paisley silk, probably her husband's.

She was waiting for him, draped across the sofa, looking like a *Vogue* advertisement. He took her in his arms; she put her hands inside his robe, scratching his chest gently with talon-like fingernails. He stroked her body. She was very thin, with small hard breasts and extended large nipples. An exciting body—very sensuous.

He parted her negligee. Her legs were exceptionally long, crowned at the top by a small mound of silver-blond hair, matched perfectly to the hair on her

head. She opened her legs slowly, her hands moving around his back, digging her nails into him, pulling him closer.

With surprise he realized he wasn't yet ready. To distract her from his fact he moved his head to her breasts and started to kiss her there. She moaned softly, digging her nails even harder into his back. After a few minutes she grew impatient, and her hands traveled down his body. Her eyes were closed, but they snapped open suddenly when she felt him.

"What's the matter, honey?" she purred, a slight edge to her voice.

Embarrassed, he said, "It's nothing, just give me a moment."

Annoyed, she closed her eyes again, this time her hands working on him, pulling, stroking, kneading.

His physical reaction was nil. This was a nightmare, something that had never happened to him before. He grew panicky, conjuring up every erotic picture he could think of. Nothing, absolutely nothing. He tried to remember the last time he had had sex. Mousy Miss Field, his horrifying secretary. Desperately he thought of the evening he had spent with her.

Suddenly it was all right, he felt himself swelling, growing big, bigger.

Lori sighed with pleasure. "That's beautiful, honey." She wrapped her long pale legs around him, and he started to enter her, forcefully, powerfully, he would show her!

He drove into her, strong, brutal thrusts; she squealed with delight. "Ooh—ooh—that's great honey—that's wild—ooh—don't stop—don't stop." Her voice changed. "Why have you stopped?"

He didn't reply. He was too overcome with embarrassment. He had heard about this happening to other men, but not to him.

She was getting angry. "What's the matter with you? If I want this sort of action, I can get it with my husband!"

He rolled off her. "I'm sorry."

Furious, she sat up. "Get the hell out of here; I've got to find myself a real man."

Humiliated, he went to the bathroom and dressed. When he came out she was on the phone purring, "Sure, honey, 10 minutes will be fine."

He let himself out. He was ashamed. What a terrible thing to happen! He went to the bar and ordered a brandy.

On a sudden impulse he decided to give it another try that night. What about Miss Field Mouse? She was sure to be home. He had another brandy and set off.

Hammering on her door, he found himself as hard as a rock. She got out of bed to answer the door, clutching a woolen dressing gown around her. "Mr. Cooper!" she said, surprised.

He pushed past her, taking his clothes off and dropping them on the floor. "Get undressed," he commanded.

Averting her eyes, she obeyed him.

He took her savagely, pinning her puny body to the floor.

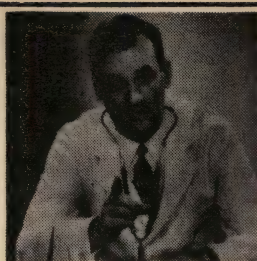
There was absolutely nothing wrong with him!

SEVENTEEN

Linda never did phone and cancel Jay the next morning. He came and took them all out to lunch, and the children were captivated. In the evening he stayed at the house for a bacon-and-egg supper and Linda found herself unable to break off the relationship. She put Jay's blond actress in back of her mind and continued going out with him.

"Doesn't Daddy love us anymore?" Janey asked sadly one afternoon.

"Of course he does, darling," Linda



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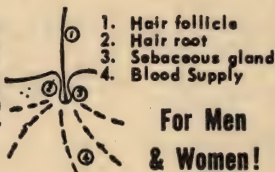
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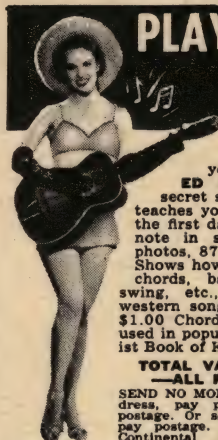
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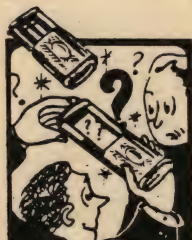
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replied, hugging her little girl to her. "He's just very busy."

"I love Uncle Jay," Janey said solemnly. "He's not too busy."

So their relationship flourished, and at the end of a few weeks Linda found herself firmly in love with him. But he never attempted more than a brief—almost brotherly—good-night kiss.

It started to drive her mad. Her body screamed out for attention. Whenever they danced she would have to hold herself in tight check to prevent herself from pushing her body intimately against him.

It reached a point where she decided she could go on no longer. She resolved to bring it up at the next suitable moment.

The opportunity came sooner than she expected. There was an end-of-film party at the studio, and Linda was chatting to Jay and the assistant director, when up marched Jay's actress friend.

"Jay, darling," she murmured, "can I have a little word with you privately?"

Jay shrugged his shoulders and walked away with the girl.

Jay returned quite soon and didn't mention the incident, but Linda knew that as soon as they were alone she was going to bring it up.

She had never invited him into her house when he took her home before, and she felt a little strange about it. Now that she had him there, what was there to say? He solved the problem for her by speaking first.

"I have to go back to Los Angeles in two weeks."

"Oh." She felt deflated.

He hesitated and then said, "How about coming with me?"

"With you?" For a few pleasant seconds she considered the possibility, then reality hit her. "That's impossible, Jay. I couldn't leave the children."

"Well, bring the children, then; they'd love it there."

She shook her head. "I couldn't take them out of school, anyway..."

He cut her short. "Linda, I'm not very good at this sort of thing. I've only said it to idiots before." He got up nervously.

"Linda, I'm asking you to marry me." He rushed on, "I love you very much. I'll try to make you happy." He paused. "Well?"

"Jay." She whispered his name. "Yes, Jay, yes, yes."

He kissed her. "Let's do it soon, baby, like tomorrow. I can't wait for you much longer."

She felt tears stinging her eyes. "The sooner the better," she murmured.

Claudia spent the next few days after

Shirley and Conrad's wedding in a drunken stupor. She drank a full bottle of Scotch a day, occasionally cramming her mouth with sleeping pills or tranquilizers until she reached a sort of happy oblivion. She didn't eat, wash, or dress but wandered around the apartment in a sordid naked splendor.

The phone rang but she never picked it up. One day the door buzzer rang so insistently that she was forced to answer it.

It was Giles. "Christ!" He was aghast at her appearance. He bundled her into a dressing gown and made her drink black coffee until her eyes started to focus and she could talk.

"What kind of a trip have you been on?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Man, I feel terrible."

"I've come bearing glad tidings. Your tits are world-famous." He produced a copy of one of the biggest-selling men's magazines in the States. He opened it and there she was in solid color, standing on her terrace with London silhouetted in the background. "You're a big hit," Giles said enthusiastically. "They want us to do a whole new series of photos. Want us to fly to New York. This is your big chance, baby!"

She studied the magazine. "When do we go?" she asked, her face lighting up.

"As soon as we get you into shape. He thrust a paper at her which she signed without so much as a glance. "I'm going to book you into this health farm for a week; I reckon about 10 days from now we can go."

Was it the fifth or sixth night David had spent with Miss Field? He couldn't remember. He only knew it had become a habit to leave the office, eat dinner, have a few drinks, and then go hammering on her door.

She held a sort of morbid fascination for him. What was it about her that made sex so overpowering and exciting?

He tried to humiliate her by forcing her into ludicrous positions, but she took to them all with no argument. He hated her, but he couldn't stop returning there night after night.

During the day at the office neither of them mentioned it. She crept around, quietly going about her business, mouse-like as usual.

He wanted to break the habit.

A busty girl called Ginny was doing an ad for his company. He invited her out to dinner. She turned up in an almost topless, startling red dress. They danced, and her body was warm and bouncy. At one point, during a vigorous shake, one full pink-and-white breast

popped completely over the top of her dress, giving a full view of a pale brown nipple, wide and generous. She tucked herself back with an inane giggle.

David felt the time had come to take her back to his hotel. She put up little objection, and once there it was an easy job to peel her out of her red dress. But he couldn't do anything; there was no excitement.

He went to bed, couldn't sleep, until at last he was forced to get up and visit his Miss Field. By the time he got there his excitement was at such peak that he hardly made it on top of her.

She had a strange power over him.

He tried with several other women, but each time the same result. His life began to revolve around Harriet Field.

He wondered what she thought about it all. Why did she never say anything? The next time he went earlier than usual, and she was still up. Automatically she started to undress.

She was certainly a randy bitch, he thought. Maybe he should make her wait for it tonight. She was already lying on the floor, opening pale, sluggish legs. He couldn't make her wait; the burning desire he felt wouldn't let him. He ripped off his clothes hurriedly and crouched on top of her. She heaved a big sigh and they were away.

Afterward she put on her dressing gown and he watched her; she really was plain—there was nothing one could do to improve her. She noticed him looking at her and flushed.

"Tea or coffee, Mr. Cooper?"

"Both," he said abruptly. She turned to the kitchen. "Sit down," he said. She sat hesitantly, clasping her hands on her lap in front of her. "I want to talk to you."

They sat silently. After he had said he wanted to talk to her, he suddenly realized he didn't want to talk to her at all, he just wanted to go.

"It doesn't matter," he said abruptly.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Cooper?"

"For God's sake, don't call me Mr. Cooper."

She lowered her eyes. "Yes, David dear."

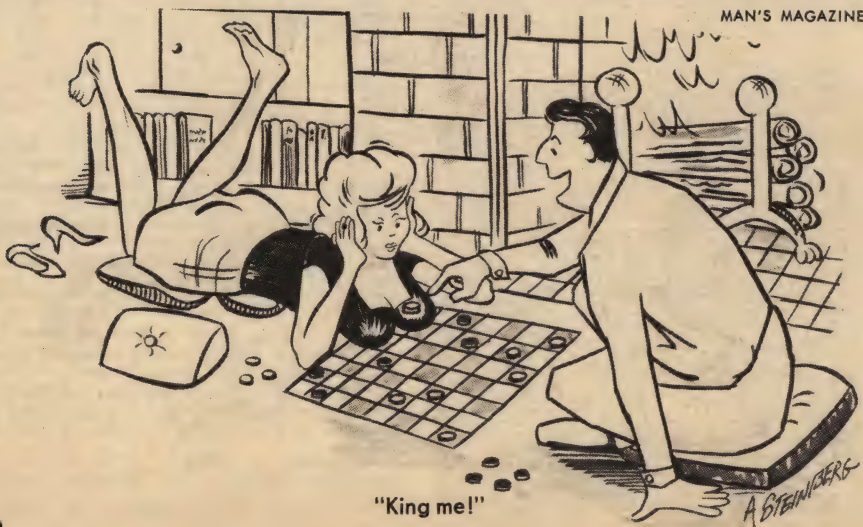
He stood up, decisions filtering through his mind. He would fire her on Monday, and this was positively the last time. Maybe he should hammer it into her once more since this was the last visit. "Get across the table," he said wearily.

Linda and Jay were married a week later, quietly, with no fuss. Linda's parents were there, surprised but happy. The children, dressed in their best clothes, were strangely subdued. A few friends of Jay's and a few of Linda's.

Afterward they all went back to Jay's hotel suite and ate wedding cake and drank champagne and chatted. It was very small, very informal. Soon Linda's parents said they should be starting the drive back to the country. They gathered together the children, who were going to stay with them, and all said goodbye.

He took her to the bedroom and undressed her slowly; he made love to her beautifully. Nothing frantic, nothing rushed. He took her to the edge of ecstasy and back gain, keeping her hovering, sure of every move he made.

Her breasts grew under his touch, swelling, becoming even larger and firmer. She floated on a suspended plane, a complete captive to his hands and body. He had amazing control, stopping at just the right moment. When it did happen it was only because he wanted it to, and they climaxed in complete unison. She had never experienced that before, and she clung to him, words tum-



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bling out of her mouth about how much she loved him.

Afterward they lay and smoked and talked. "You're wonderful," he said. "You're a clever woman, making me wait until after we were married!"

"What?" She snuggled closer to him. "Well, I wanted you very much, but I knew if I made a wrong move I'd become just another guy on the make."

She kissed him. "But weren't you worried if we'd—well—like each other in bed? I mean, why didn't you try before?"

"Because you're not the sort of woman to have an affair. You would have regretted it, and I would have become the bad one in your mind."

"Oh." She was amazed at how well he knew her. Her eyes were closing. "I love you, husband," she murmured, and soon she was asleep.

The health farm wasn't too bad. It was a place to relax, to think, to take stock. Claudia submitted her body to the care of the experts, and within a few days her physical appearance was back to normal.

Soon she was ready to leave the farm. Giles took her back to his studio flat in Chelsea. "I've moved all your things out of the penthouse," he told her. She was pleased. Giles was taking her over, and she liked it.

They slept in a big sprawling bed like brother and sister, and during the day Giles took her shopping for new clothes. He paid for everything. "An investment," he told her airily.

Eventually he decided they were ready to go, and he wired the magazine.

It was just no good; David couldn't break the habit of Harriet Field.

He found it absolutely impossible to get an erection with any other woman.

He took to staying at her apartment all night, and now he found he had to have her in the morning too. Slowly she seemed to be draining the strength from him.

He hated her, but he couldn't leave her. He hadn't seen his children; somehow he felt ashamed to face them.

He ignored everything else and concentrated on getting Harriet out of his system. This involved sleeping with her at every possible opportunity, and now, even at the office he would sometimes lock the door and take her quickly on the floor or across his desk. It didn't help. It just seemed to make her more exciting.

At London airport Claudia was besieged by photographers. Giles stood by watching. He knew he had made a smart move getting her to sign the personal management contract. Now he had 50 percent of her.

The Americans were about to discover a new sex symbol. She would bowl them over. She was smiling sexily at the photographers, her head thrown back, lips parted. Her bosom strained to escape from the thin confines of her sweater.

"Come on, baby, we'll miss the plane," Giles said at last.

She gave the photographers one last provocative pose, then took Giles' hand, squeezing it firmly. "This is a ball!" she exclaimed.

In another part of the airport Linda and Jay sat in a VIP lounge sipping coffee. Linda admired her wedding ring, a thin band of perfect diamonds. She could hardly believe how much she loved this man.

A stewardess arrived and told them it was time to board the plane. A lone photographer stopped them in the hall.

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"Is it possible to have a picture, Mr. Grossman?"

"Sure." Jay smiled amicably and put his arm around Linda.

One morning David woke up in a particularly foul temper. His head ached, and the room smelled of stale sex—Harriet never seemed to open any windows. He reached for her at once; his physical feelings overcame anything else.

She made him coffee and gave him the morning paper. He smoked a cigarette and glanced at the paper. On the front page was Claudia. She faced the camera three-quarters on, bosom thrust out, hair long and wild. "Beautiful model and actress Claudia Parker (21) leaves for New York today. Miss Parker is traveling with Giles Jones, well-known photographer." David felt anger that she should look so good and appear so happy.

Little bitch! She had ruined his marriage. He turned the page in a fury.

There on the next page was a small picture of Linda with a man. She looked calm and smiling, and the man held her arm protectively.

"Mr. Jay Grossman, well-known Hollywood director, and the new Mrs. Grossman leave for a honeymoon in Jamaica."

Mrs. Jay Grossman—it was impossible. How dare she!

"Blast!" He swore angrily.

There were retching sounds coming from the bathroom. Soon Harriet came into the room. Unusual for her, she had not dressed yet, but was clutching her faded woolen robe around her.

She stood in front of him, white and wretched-looking. "We are with child," she stated blankly.

He stared at her in panic, and slowly he realized it was too late to run—the trap was closing.

The Sister

(Continued from page 15)

Janice giggled now, a familiar throaty sound. Ellie looked at her quickly and looked away. The expression was familiar, too: lips parted, gaze distant and reminiscent.

"I'd have been still furious," she said, "if it wasn't for a little something that happened in the afternoon."

It was strange to think how sorry Ellie had been for her younger sister—Jane, as she then was—when they were in their teens, how much she had raged against the apparent ruin of her life. The ruin had occurred while she was still at school, with a pregnancy that had shattered the decent respectability of their parents.

The baby had been given for adoption at birth and Jane put under strict control: no talking to a boy at any time; no leaving the house without strict chaperonage; the conspicuous switching off of any radio program that might seem, in the smallest degree, to encourage lasciviousness or loose living.

Jane had stuck it out for a few months, until she was 16, and then left home and taken a job. Their mother had wanted to summon the law to bring her back, but her father had said no. They had tried and failed. Compulsion would do no good.

Ellie Whelan at the time had been beginning her nurse's training at St. Brendan's. She had done what she could to keep in touch with Jane, but it had not been easy; Ellie worked a long day and was dog-tired at the end of it. It could plainly be seen, though, that things were going from bad to worse.

Jane did not, in those days, talk about her private affairs, but Ellie had a glimpse of her open handbag one day when they were having a cup of tea together in a café and saw two things that horrified her: a \$20 bill and a small packet of condoms. It was obvious that Jane was on the streets, only too horrifyingly clear what it must lead to. Ellie had already, at the hospital, seen more than enough of the latter days of the raddled old whores of the city.

Ellie went to her parents and pleaded with them to make another attempt at rescue. If they took Jane home, she was sure things would change. But her hints about what might be happening only reinforced them in their views. Ellie was their daughter, and they were proud of her, a great girl making up for the bad one. She went on arguing, but it was no good. Inside herself, shockingly, she felt their flattery warming her.

After that, for 10 years, Ellie saw less and less of her sister. Once she caught sight of her in a taxi with a drunken red-faced man, and later she heard that she was in a brothel. Ellie nursed for a year in a VD ward and half-expected to see Jane with every new admission. When they did meet, they talked impersonally and soon parted. At the end of 10 years, though, their father died, and Jane came to the funeral. Walking away from the church, she said, "I'll be in church again soon, Ellie."

Ellie looked at her and saw how untouched she was by the life she had led and that she was smiling. "Congratulations. I'm getting married," Jane said.

He was a widower, who ran an electrical appliance shop, a thin, silent man with an angry look toward all the world except Janice. Ellie never knew whether he had any knowledge of her background. One would think there would

be someone to tell him, but he was not a man to invite confidences.

Six years after they married he was dead, and the shop was Janice's. She sold it and set up a hairdressing establishment. Two years later she moved to larger and more central premises and asked Ellie to leave her one-room apartment and come and live with her. She agreed, without fully realizing why she did.

Two weeks later Ellie came back to hear the sound of voices from behind Janice's bedroom door, one of them a man's. She sat there, trembling slightly, until they came out. He was a tall man, a salesman, and he showed no embarrassment. When he had gone, Janice began to talk. She talked about how it had happened and then what had happened.

BUY MAN'S ANNUAL

She used words that Ellie had heard before, but never on the lips of someone she knew, never describing things like this. She wanted to shout at her to stop, to get up and walk out into the street, to tell her she was leaving right away and not coming back. Instead, she listened. And had listened since, as she was listening now.

"He came for his wife, of all things. He'd been to the shop once or twice before and cracked a joke or two and given me a look—you know how it is. So I asked him into the office to sit down. And no sooner were we inside than he came at me. Not grabbing—I can't stand being grabbed—but firm. I went very haughty—asked him what he was thinking of. He tried kissing me, and I turned my face away from him."

She giggled. "And do you know what

happened then? He took my hand, oh, very gentle, and I thought he was going to lift it up to kiss it because I wouldn't have him kissing my lips. But he took it down instead of up, and the next thing I knew, he had my fingers around the top of it. God knows how he'd managed to get it out, unless he'd come in with his zipper undone in the first place and I hadn't noticed."

Janice sipped her gin and gave a little crow of delight.

"The nerve of the man! With his wife no more than 10 feet away and the door only on the latch. I said, 'Mr. Patterson!' and he said, 'Don't be hard on a man,' in a whisper, and I realized that he had let go of my wrist, but I was still holding onto it. Ah, it's the one thing I can't resist, the feel of the strength of it. I gave it a little squeeze, I couldn't help myself, and with that he had both hands pulling my skirt up, and the next second he was in, with my butt against the edge of the desk and his hands holding my legs up around his thighs. And I was saying, 'For God's sake, there'll be one of the girls coming in any moment—' And there could easily have been. They're in and out, with never a knock."

"But I will say for him, he was quick, though not nervous-quick like some of them are. I would never have thought that a man could bring me off in two or three minutes, not with my behind wedged up against the edge of a desk, but he did. And it wasn't as though he had all that much to him, either."

She lay back, smiling at the ceiling. As the pause lengthened, Ellie Whelan said, "You'll probably catch something someday."

"I can always tell a clean man from the other sort. He was clean enough to kiss, this one. But thank God for the pill. He made no effort to be careful."

Ellie Whelan sat in the chair across from her sister. She wanted to go, but to do so would emphasize that she had stayed to hear it all. Her hands were in her lap. She pressed the tops of opposing fingers together to stop them from trembling. ▲

Lynn Kellogg

(Continued from page 6)

in costume she appealed to them to the extent that they pinched, pounced and generally handled any part of her person they could.

"The show is very robust and, in a certain sense, intimate," she says. "That is, actors and actresses are thrown together at close quarters. It's very physical that way."

"Well, several of the guys took the occasion to get very handsy during the show. Some of the girls didn't mind that sort of thing, but I did. I'm an entertainer, a professional, I don't have any interest in working out somebody else's sex hang-ups during show time. In private, it's another story."

"I tried to be diplomatic about it, but certain people couldn't take hints. So one night after somebody put the grab on me, I waited until a moment in the show when I was screened off from the audience, and belted him in the stomach. After that, he laid off."

Not long after that, Lynn was "laid off" from the show. She went with no hard feelings. "I enjoyed doing *Hair*," she says. "If people couldn't take me the way I was, what can I tell you? But the show itself is worthwhile. Beyond all the noise about nudity. It has life. It has energy."

"Actually, the nudity in the show is secondary to what's going on. It's not paraded, it's very subdued nudity. In fact, sometimes people miss it. A woman I know came to see the show a second time. She told me she'd missed the nudity the first time. She'd been concentrating on the actor who was singing at the time. No, I don't think it's the nudity that gets people as much as the flag scene where two actors swing a third in a red, white and blue flag with yellow fringe. That turns off a lot of people. My parents for instance—they didn't like it. They'd been taught to believe that way, that's all."

Now that Miss Kellogg is no longer in *Hair*, she is looking forward to her involvement in the movies. "That," she says, "is the quickest way to get the things I want. But I'm not going to get hung up in the success thing. I just want to have some fun."

She will, too! ▲

PICTURE CREDITS

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Mass Break-Out

(Continued from page 44)

truck veered off the road, crashed through an unguarded gate at a checkpoint in the fence and plowed into a concrete pillbox at the edge of the 200-yard no-man's-land between the Cuban Wall and a similar barrier on the American side.

As the truck hit the pillbox, the trailer jackknifed and its human cargo spilled out. Screaming women and men with children in their arms ran across the plowed field in reckless disregard of the mines planted there. Bewildered boys and girls tried to follow their parents, but many became lost in the crush.

Soldiers in sentry towers began firing into the crowd with machine guns, rifles and revolvers. A young man leaped from the truck cab with a pistol in his fist and blazed away at Castro's guards.

Hoping to distract the guards and draw their fire away from the women and children, several men broke from the main group and fled in the opposite direction, toward the placid waters of Guantanamo Bay.

A bullet struck a grey-haired woman in the shoulder and she fell to the ground, shrieking in terror and pain. Her son ran to her side and was riddled by machine-gun slugs as he tried to lift her.

Watching the carnage from inside the American base, a young Marine officer turned pale and shouted: "My God, those people are being slaughtered!"

This was the climax of the Great Escape, largest and most sensational freedom flight from Red Cuba.

Nearly half of those who took part in it were captured or killed. The rest made it to the base and to new lives in America. But their story, though some names have been changed to protect relatives still in Cuba, really began last spring in Havana...

After midnight, the former Fun City of the Caribbean is the quietest capital in the western world. Its bars and nightclubs are closed and its streets are deserted — except for still-swinging La Rampa, Havana's Broadway.

At 2 o'clock one morning last April, La Rampa was bustling with young Cubanos looking for action. Mini-skirted girls promenaded past bearded hippies and neatly-dressed college boys. The Capri Hotel, which rents more rooms by the hour than by the night, was doing a brisk business.

More than 100 young men and girls were gathered at La Coppelia, a block-square outdoor ice cream parlor. It had run out of ice cream and coffee, but nobody seemed to mind.

The customers sipped weak tea and ersatz cola drinks and listened to a shaggy-haired boy who was strumming a guitar and singing *La Era Esta Pariendo un Corazon*, a hit song meaning roughly, "Our Time to Give Birth to a Heart."

Electric power in the Vedado section and most of old Havana had been turned off before midnight, but a full moon lit up La Rampa and the crowded tables of La Coppelia.

The ice cream parlor was so noisy that few of its patrons heard the jeeps and buses approaching. Then somebody on the fringe of the crowd yelled: "Policia! Militantes!"

Steel-helmeted police jumped from the jeeps and surrounded the area's sole remaining night spot. The cops were accompanied by about a dozen "militants" — activist members of the Committee for

the Defense of the Revolution, Castro's nationwide vigilance organization.

There are more than 90,000 of these vigilantes in Havana Province alone, including at least 15,000 women. They accompany police on night patrols throughout the capital and the surrounding countryside.

These special patrols were ordered by the Interior Ministry last April, about two weeks before the raid on La Coppelia. The CDR members who took part in the raid wore identification armbands and carried flashlights and clubs.

They helped the cops round up more than 70 young men and women. A few Coppelia customers escaped, but the streets around the ice cream parlor were blocked by police vehicles.

Those who were caught were shoved into two black, British-built police buses. One mini-skirted girl, who refused to go along peacefully, was dragged to a bus by her hair. A bearded youth was clubbed senseless when he knocked a flashlight from a vigilante's hand.

The prisoners were taken to the Vedado police station for questioning. Those who could prove they had jobs or were members of the Young Communists or other government-approved organizations were released immediately. The rest were detained.

Next day, without a formal hearing or trial, the remaining prisoners were shipped off to Oriente Province as "volunteer" laborers. They were told they were suspected of "counterrevolutionary activities" and that the only way they could clear themselves was to spend two years working on state farms, road gangs and construction projects.

Like the old British "press gangs" that used to kidnap men for forced service in the Royal Navy, the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution is in charge of rounding up "recruits" for Castro's work camps.

Among the "recruits" sent to Oriente after the ice cream parlor raid were two Havana University students, Mario Sanchez and Pepe Alvarez, and an unemployed artist, Juan Colon. They spent two weeks on a state farm, working 12 hours a day or more in this broiling sun.

Deciding this was no life for them, the three young men sneaked off the farm one afternoon during a sudden downpour and headed for the hills. They made their way to the Sierra Maestra, the rugged mountains where Fidel Castro had trained his rebel army.

Sanchez, Alvarez and Colon found a new army there — an unarmed, ragtag band of young people who were fleeing from military service, from the labor camps, from Castro's cops and vigilantes. There were many places for them to hide in Sierra Maestra and sympathetic farmers kept them supplied with food and other necessities.

One morning in May, Alvarez and Sanchez came down from the mountains and hitchhiked to the city of Guantanamo in hopes of meeting someone who would relay messages to their worried relatives in Havana. They were dressed as farm laborers and kept a wary eye out for the CDR patrols which roamed the countryside searching for fugitives and subversives.

A tractor-trailer, loaded with farm produce, stopped to pick up the two hikers. It was a government truck, but the driver soon made it clear that he was both anti-Communist and anti-Castro. He was from Havana, like Alvarez and Sanchez, and he promised to notify their parents that they were safe and well.

During the ride, they discussed the airlift that flies Cuban refugees from Varadero Airport to Miami several times



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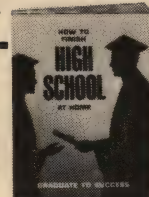
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a week. Cuban males between 16 and 26 years of age are not permitted to leave. Neither are technicians, specialists and certain other skilled workers.

"Did you ever apply for the Freedom Flight?" Alvarez asked the truck driver, Eufemio Delgado Rodriguez.

"No, it's no use applying," Rodriguez replied. "They keep telling me my job is essential. They haven't got enough truck drivers. And besides, if I put my name on the list of people who wanted to leave Cuba, the government might make trouble for me. And if it didn't, the vigilantes would."

"Maybe you could make your own Freedom Flight," Sanchez suggested.

"How do you mean? Steal a boat? I had a chance to escape with some people in a boat two years ago, but I was afraid we would all drown."

"You have something better than a boat," Sanchez said. "You have this big truck, bigger than a tank and with plenty of room for passengers. You could drive it to the American Navy Base."

Rodriguez laughed and shook his head. "What about the fortifications?" he said. "It would be suicide."

The subject was dropped, but the seed of a daring plan had been sown. When he dropped the hitchhikers off on the outskirts of Guantanamo, Rodriguez promised to meet them on his next trip to Oriente Province.

There were several such meetings during the next seven months. As the plan for the Great Escape began to take shape, a few others were brought into it. The plotters tried to keep it as secret as possible, but the word soon spread via the underground grapevine.

From one end of the island to another, there were rumors that a mass break-

out would soon occur. But only those on the inside knew when or where. The Interior Ministry increased its police and vigilante patrols, doing its best to plant spies and informers on every city block and country farm. The Defense Ministry assigned extra troops to airports and beaches from which getaways might be attempted.

Scores of suspected "counterrevolutionaries" were arrested, tortured and thrown into prison. But since none of them appeared to know anything definite about an escape plot, the rumors were dismissed as wishful thinking.

Meanwhile, there were several other developments to keep the plot pot simmering.

Havana longshoremen refused to load canned milk aboard a Polish freighter bound for North Vietnam. They complained that they were unable to get milk — canned or fresh — for their own children.

Police and government troops sped to the scene and a bloody battle erupted. The cops and soldiers used clubs, rifle butts and tear gas against the longshoremen, who fought ferociously with iron bars, baling hooks and any other weapons they could find.

Scores of dock workers were arrested and hospitalized before the riot ended. Then the soldiers were ordered to load the milk onto the freighter.

One of the longshoremen who took part in the milk riot was a friend of truck driver Delgado Rodriguez. After serving 30 days in jail, the docker called on Rodriguez and became part of the escape plot.

Around the same time, in the late spring and early summer of 1968, the Cuban Ministry of Culture started a purge of performing artists who failed

to show the proper revolutionary spirit.

Hundreds of actors and actresses, musicians, models, singers, dancers, radio and television entertainers and circus performers were fired from their jobs and transferred to "productive" work on farms and labor camps.

The Culture Ministry said the Stalin-type purge "has the objective of attaining in all artists the highest level of proletarian consciousness." It also announced that numerous groups of entertainers had been "evaluated" and that "those who were eliminated in the evaluation, including models, have been placed in other tasks, with salaries that are adjusted to their needs."

Some of the purged performers — a fashion model, two musicians and a family of acrobats — eventually found their way to Delgado Rodriguez's freedom vain.

At first, Rodriguez planned to limit his passenger load to his own family, a few old friends and their families and the young men he had met in Oriente Province. But the list kept growing as the months passed.

Besides their own three children, Rodriguez and his wife were caring for a 16-month-old girl, Estrella Riesgo, whose mother was serving a prison term for "counterrevolutionary activities."

Rodriguez's handsome nephew, 20-year-old Daniel Relgado became one of the leaders of the plot. An expert marksman, he had served in the Cuban Army and had managed to retain a .45-caliber automatic pistol.

The plotters tried to obtain additional guns and ammunition, but in the end they had only Daniel's pistol and a few machetes. The long-cane-cutting knives were razor sharp, but of little use against machine guns.

Daniel had a friend who had served in Castro's elite Frontier Battalion, the Army unit which surrounds the Guantanamo Navy Base. All members of the Frontier Battalion are diehard Reds as well as excellent combat troops.

But Daniel's friend was no longer in the Army. And though he still held a position of leadership in the Young Communists, he had become disenchanted with the Castro regime. He agreed to supply a map of the area around the Guantanamo base provided that one of his relatives would be allowed to join the freedom flight.

On the map, he drew pictures of the Cuban fortifications — the barbed-wire fence and an erratic network of pill-boxes, guard towers, concrete bunkers, check points and land mines. He indicated that a check point near the town of Calmanero was the weakest link in the chain. At this point, the fence was only about 250 yards from a public road and the minefield beyond the fence was less dangerous than at other parts of the frontier.

The former frontier guard said it might be possible for many people to cross the field there without exploding a mine, as the hidden bombs were few and far between.

In November and December, as the escape plan neared completion, several strangers visited the Rodriguez home in the Marathon section of Havana. They included college students, laborers, a shopkeeper, a restaurant owner and a minor civil servant.

The mysterious comings and goings were noted by Faustino Mercador, a block-watcher for the Committee for Defense of the Revolution. Mercador called on Rodriguez one night in early December, a few hours after the truck driver returned from a trip to Pinar Del Rio.

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Oh my God, Rodriguez thought when he opened the door and saw the vigilante standing there. *It's all over now.*

"I know what you're up to," Mercador said, confirming Rodriguez' fears. "I've been watching your house for some time. I could have turned you in to the Committee long ago, but I didn't. If you don't take me along, I will."

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, Rodriguez consented to find a place in the truck for the vigilante's family.

It was finally decided to time the breakout for around the Christmas-New Year holidays, when thousands of workers would be given time off from their jobs in the provinces and allowed to return home to visit their families in Havana and other Cuban cities.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, January 5, the streets of Havana were almost completely deserted. Even La Rampa was quiet. The entire city seemed to be sleeping off a gigantic New Year's hangover.

A lone figure, wearing a cap, windbreaker and work pants, entered a sprawling truck terminal near the waterfront. In the garage and the adjoining parking lot, row after row of trucks and trailers stood like giant sculptures.

Delgado Rodriguez walked into the garage, woke up the watchman and presented the documents identifying him as a government driver. Then he climbed into a tractor-trailer, checked the fuel gauge and drove it slowly out of the ward while the watchman went back to sleep.

It was a General Motors truck with a Russian-made diesel engine. Written in large black letters on the trailer sides were the words "TRANSPORTES NACIONALES."

Rodriguez drove through the silent streets until he reached the main east-west highway on the outskirts of Havana. Around 4 A.M., he reached a suburban bus stop where people often gathered before dawn, even on Sundays, to await transportation into the city.

Here he picked up about 20 passengers, including his wife and children; baby Estrella; nephew Daniel and his wife; the Mercador family; the fashion model; the musicians; two longshoremen and a few other Havana residents.

Then they set off for Guantanamo, 600 miles away at the opposite end of the island.

They traveled all day Sunday, making only the necessary stops for fuel and to pick up more passengers at Cienfuegos and Camaguey, a large city in the middle of the island. During the day, they passed other trucks filled with Cuban Army troops, Russian technicians, and farm workers heading back to the fields.

They were stopped once, east of Camaguey, by a highway patrol team. One of the cops looked into the trailer, but accepted the driver's word that the passengers had volunteered to chop sugarcane in Oriente. It was the peak of the cane harvest season, so the story sounded reasonable.

At this point, more than 100 people were in the truck—at least twice as many as Rodriguez had planned. At the Camaguey pickup point, where only a few of the driver's friends were expected, a large crowd showed up and piled aboard. To his amazement, Rodriguez discovered that many of his riders were complete strangers to him. But it was too late to turn back.

Around 1 A.M. Monday, January 6, the truck arrived in the city of Guantanamo, a sugarcane center about 10 miles from the Navy Base. It parked on the street near the headquarters of the local Committee for Defense of the Revolution,

which was rounding up "volunteers" for the cane fields.

When vigilantes approached the truck, they were told it was loaded with enthusiastic volunteers from Havana and Camaguey. Mercador climbed out of the trailer, wearing his CDR armband, and boasted of the fine job he had done for the "glorious revolution."

About 40 more passengers, dressed as farm laborers, joined the truck crowd before dawn. As soon as it was light, the last leg of the journey began. CDR officials waved goodbye as the big tractor-trailer roared away and a white-bearded old farmer shouted, "*Vaya con Dios.*" Go with God.

One more stop was made at a cemetery on the outskirts of Calmanera, a town five miles from the Navy Base. Some 20 persons, including the Havana men who gave Rodriguez the idea for a freedom flight, had been hiding in the graveyard all night. When the truck approached, they rushed out and climbed aboard.

A short distance beyond the cemetery, the truck left the highway and turned onto a dirt road running alongside the frontier between Red Cuba and the American outpost.

It was broad daylight now. Daniel Delgado was sitting in the truck cab alongside his uncle. He could feel the solid presence of the gun in his waistband and the knot of fear in his stomach. Glancing through the windshield, he could see the barbed-wire fence and the sentry towers. Finally, looming up in the distance, he could see the buildings of the U.S. Navy Base behind its own wall—a six-foot chain link fence topped by three strands of barbed wire.

"This is it," Daniel said suddenly as they neared the check point that had been marked with an "X" on their map. His uncle grunted, stepped on the accelerator pedal and aimed the big truck at the Cuban fence 250 yards away. There was a gate, padlocked but unguarded, and the truck crashed through it easily.

Ahead stretched the plowed, mined field of no-man's-land. But there was one more obstacle that the escape planners hadn't counted on. It was a new guard tower—a concrete pillbox on three iron legs—that wasn't shown on the map because it had been erected after the map maker left the Frontier Battalion.

The snout of a machine gun protruded from the pillbox, pointing straight at the truck. Before the single sentry on duty there could fire, the tractor swerved into the iron supports and sent the pillbox crashing to the ground.

The trailer jackknifed at right angles to the tractor. The trailer doors burst open and a tide of humanity spilled out. Men, women and children scattered over the field, running for the American fence, the danger of land mines forgotten in their panic.

Because the break had been timed for 8 A.M., when the frontier guards were changing shifts, the Frontier Battalion was caught with some of its sentries missing. But soldiers quickly manned the guard towers and opened fire on the crowd of unarmed civilians. Other soldiers rushed onto the field to capture as many escapees as possible.

Daniel Delgado's wife twisted her ankle when she jumped from the trailer and was seized a few yards away by two soldiers. Her husband ran to her side and shot one of her captors. The other soldier shot Delgado in the chest.

Daniel dropped to his knees but kept firing. He killed at least four soldiers before his ammunition ran out and a

burst of tommy gun fire finished him.

The soldiers slaughtered at least 10 persons, including the CDR defector and one of the students who helped plan the breakout. More than 65 others, mostly women and children, were captured.

To draw the soldiers' fire away from the field, about 20 men ran in the opposite direction, toward Guantanamo Bay. Several of them jumped into an unguarded 50-foot boat, started the engine and chugged out to sea while bullets whistled over their heads. They were picked up by a U.S. Navy vessel in front of the American base. Three other men swam from the Cuban side of the bay to the base.

But most of those who escaped dashed across the 200-yard field to the American fence. A tiny Havana woman, only five feet tall and 95 pounds, hoisted her two small sons over the fence and then climbed over herself.

Delgado Rodriguez escaped with his wife, children and the baby girl, but he had to leave his heroic nephew behind. Another Havana man, Juan Diaz, got out with his wife and two children, but his mother and two brothers were captured.

Inside the American fence, Marines turned pale with horror and frustration as they watched the slaughter. They had orders not to fire unless the base was under attack, and so they could take no action against the Frontier Battalion.

They also had orders not to aid or interfere with any escape attempts and not to open any of the gates in the chain-link fence without specific instructions. No such instructions were given, but at least one gate suddenly swung open to admit a stream of refugees. And any Marines who might have disobeyed orders in order to save human lives were not reprimanded.

Officially, the United States has denied that the escapees received any help from inside Gitmo, as the base is known throughout the Navy and Marine Corps.

The 1903 treaty under which the 45-square-mile base was granted to the United States provides that fugitives from Cuban justice must be turned over to Cuban authorities immediately. It also requires that persons entering the base, except for Cubans employed there, must pass through Cuban immigration control.

In order to avoid further friction with Castro, who has been demanding return of the base to Cuba, Gitmo officials declined to discuss the small but significant roles American sailors and marines played in the Great Escape.

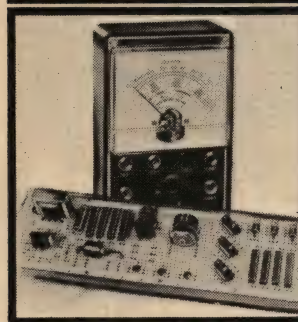
Significant because many of the 88 men, women and children who escaped left Cuba through that open gate.

A group of 81 escapees—46 men, 13 women and 22 children — were flown from Guantanamo to Florida next day aboard two Navy C-135 planes. The remaining seven defectors remained at the base hospital for treatment of bullet wounds and injuries suffered climbing over the barbed wire. The escapees represented people from almost all walks of Cuban life except hard-core Reds. About half of them were Negroes; a quarter were college students.

Asked why they broke out, one man said: "We were all super hungry and super tired of cutting cane."

"Communist Cuba is a great place to die," another explained. "The government gives you a free funeral and burial. But it is an awful place to live."

Still others said they hoped to go back to Cuba some day to help free their homeland from Red tyranny "and build a statue at Guantanamo in memory of Daniel Delgado." ▲



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Move Out Or...

(Continued from page 13)

nessman and acts very insulted.

"I manage buildings that landlords can't handle," he says. "I try to straighten them out properly."

"When people annoy me, I kick their tail. But basically I'm a pretty good guy. I got a lot of people out of that slum environment."

The real trouble is that many of them didn't want to go; and, according to sworn affidavits filed with the Rent and Rehabilitation Agency, many of the buildings vacated by Jack didn't become slums until he took them over and filled vacant rooms with dope addicts, drunks and degenerates.

"I'm a hard guy," Jack maintains with obvious pride. "But a ganster I'm not."

The tenants who have dealt with him are not so sure. Nor are the authorities who investigated the methods he used to clear a block on Manhattan's West 65th Street near Broadway.

The block contained several five-story brownstones which were razed to make way for a luxury apartment house and office building. The real estate operators who bought up the block leased nine of the brownstones to Jack for management while they were being vacated.

Eight residents of one of the buildings gave this sworn account of how their house fared under Jack's care:

"Front door lock made inoperable.

"Dumbwaiter for removal of garbage suddenly inoperative.

"Obvious undesirable and peace-disturbing characters exclusively moved into building adjoining. Recent act of breaking and entering occurred in apartment leased to the tenants' representative. Footprints show thief came from adjoining building."

The tenants also charged that Jack beat up a community worker who called to discuss their complaints.

Some of the most shocking charges against the building-busters are contained in an affidavit filed with the Rent and Rehabilitation Agency by Mrs. Gloria Stark, an attractive young mother of four. She and her children were driven out of their 65th Street apartment while her husband was hospitalized with cancer.

Mrs. Stark said one of Jack's goons approached her five-year-old daughter and told the terrified child: "You're real cute. How would you like it if I beat up

up? How would you like it if I beat up your mother?"

Mrs. Stark also said she received many obscene and threatening phone calls. She charged that the building-busters broke her windows, set fires in the halls and even poured urine through her ceiling.

Another woman said a dead dog was put in a vacant apartment of her 65th Street building and the door was removed so the stench would permeate the house. She also charged that vandals working for the building-busters broke into her apartment while she was out and wrecked her TV set and furniture. Nothing was stolen, however.

Chief Fire Marshal Vincent Canty investigated several suspicious fires in the block while it was being vacated.

One three-alarm blaze began shortly after midnight in an empty building at 23 West 65th. Arsonists set fires on the third, fourth and fifth floors. Flames spread to an adjoining building where tenants were holding a meeting to discuss the terror campaign against them.

If these tenants had been asleep in their beds, as they usually were at midnight, they might not have been able to escape. Some of those who had refused to move out were burned out.

"We had numerous complaints about Jack," Canty said recently, "and we were very close to nailing him, but we were unable to get the definite proof we needed to connect him to the tenement fires."

"It's very hard to convict a building-buster. When a building is first vacated to make way for new construction, it goes downhill fast. The heat is cut off. Light goes out. Windows get broken. Scavengers go in and steal plumbing from empty rooms, or whatever else they can find. Winos sleep in the halls. Prostitutes and addicts move in. Kids play cowboys and Indians there."

"So when a suspicious fire breaks out, it's almost impossible to determine who set it unless the arsonist is identified by witnesses or grabbed on the spot."

"In cases of suspicious fires, I assign investigators to interview tenants. When they find a situation where a landlord has offered money to a tenant to induce them to move, it becomes apparent that a motive for arson may exist. But proving arson is something else again."

"Like most crimes, it's done in the dark. That's when the building-busters do their dirtiest work."

Many of the terror tactics used by New York City building-busters were

borrowed from the late Peter Rachman, a London real estate racketeer who made a fortune by buying up old buildings, driving out the rent-controlled tenants and replacing them with people who paid much higher rents.

Rachman, who may have been the original building-buster, was called "Black Peter" because he populated entire blocks with West Indians newly arrived in England.

He arrived there himself in 1946 as a refugee from Poland, where most of his relatives died in Nazi concentration camps. He reportedly had only \$150 when he landed in London, but when he died in 1952 he was worth more than \$3,000,000.

After a succession of odd jobs, Rachman became a rental agent whose motto was: "I'll find you a flat for a fee." He specialized in finding living quarters for the West Indians who were flocking to Britain by the thousands.

He finally scraped together enough money to buy a rooming house in the Notting Hill section of London for \$3,000. All the roomers were white. There was one room vacant and Rachman turned it over to some West Indians, inviting them to move in and enjoy themselves.

They did, so boisterously that the other tenants began moving out. As they were replaced with more West Indians, Rachman was able to charge higher rents and acquire more property. He eventually obtained scores of buildings, most of them filled with drunks, drug addicts, prostitutes and other unsavory types.

Rachman was not only the main London landlord catering to colored tenants but the biggest brothel-owner in Britain.

"They'd have been brothels anyway," he once said of his busiest properties. "So why shouldn't they be mine?"

The girls who lived in these houses paid their rent by the day instead of the week or month. In this fashion, Rachman obtained as much as \$300 a month for a room that previously rented for \$30.

He claimed that he never accepted anything from his female tenants but their money. And he didn't have to, for the fat, bald, moon-faced slumlord had a private sex stable much fancier than could be found in any of his fancy houses.

His many curvy young mistresses included auburn-haired Christine Keeler and blonde Mandy Rice-Davies, the two play-for-pay girls whose sleeping habits rocked the British Commonwealth.

As Scotland Yard began investigating reports that Christine was sleeping almost simultaneously with the British War Minister and a Soviet spy, Rachman suddenly vanished from the London scene.

Mandy insisted he was dead. A death certificate was produced as proof that he died of a heart attack. But the body had been cremated, and Scotland Yard couldn't be sure the ashes were his.

London buzzed with rumors that Rachman had skipped the country with the untaxed millions he made as Britain's biggest building-buster.

Jack the Wrecker and others like him are still operating in New York, where real estate prices are sky-high and heading for the moon.

Even as you read this article, a brick is crashing through the window of a half-empty tenement or a fire is being set in a dark hallway or a hand is reaching for a gas meter valve.

And there is little the victims can do about it — except move out while they are still alive. ▲

MAN'S MAGAZINE



"Speaking of instant replays..."

Movie Czar

(Continued from page 49)

her ravishing milk-white skin and shoulder-length coal-black hair. Zanuck was definitely impressed.

Juliette made her American screen debut in Zanuck's film version of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. She played the part of a prostitute picked up by Tyrone Power, portraying the impotent Jake Barnes. The critics were impressed and predicted a happy screen future for Juliette, but it was not to be. Zanuck had taken her in hand with the words, "I'll make you a star," just as he had told Bella Darvi.

The couple traveled together to exotic locations for Juliette's films, and she got the full publicity treatment, but it was to no avail. Gossip columnists had a field day covering Zanuck's latest romance, but the public wasn't buying tickets to Juliette Greco films. Somehow, with each succeeding picture, Juliette seemed more wooden and stone-faced than before.

"I gave up four years of my life trying to make Juliette a star," says Zanuck. "I spent a fortune buying properties for her . . . I was so wrapped up in the girl . . . I thought she had talent as an actress and I was determined to prove it."

The affair ran its stormy course and early in 1961 Juliette went back to singing her sad songs of disenchanted love in Paris, and proceeded to write her memoirs, *I Am as I Am*. When they were published in *Paris-Match*, a French magazine, Zanuck read them and immediately buzzed one of his four secretaries. "Get my lawyer over here right away."

Juliette accused Zanuck in print of being, among other things, a slave driver, a little dictator, and a highly-jealous lover given to sudden outbursts of temper and even "brutal" physical violence. Zanuck, she stated, was "a talented man with big cigars, but small in other ways." He promptly retaliated by suing her for \$40,000, but he later dropped the suit. They have not communicated since.

Today Juliette is married to a tall, handsome Fench actor, Michel Piccoli. She invested her money wisely and is said to be set for life. Like Bella, she suffered a severe emotional depression after her liaison with Zanuck ended and she took an overdose of sleeping tablets in 1965.

While Zanuck was producing one Greco-starring flop after another, his son Richard had grown up and produced the highly-successful *The Chapman Report* for Warner Brothers. Zanuck swore off the girls and decided to produce a block-buster film to show he was still in the running. "The trouble was," he explained, "I got mixed up twice with very ambitious girls, and when you're stuck on a girl you do a lot of stupid things. Believe me, it's the last time I'm going to do it."

He was up to his epaulets in *The Longest Day*, a recreation of D-Day and the events leading up to it, when he announced, "There will be no women in this picture!" A few weeks later, at a cocktail party in Paris, Zanuck was introduced to Irina Demich, a gorgeous young girl of Russian parentage who was a top model for Dior and Givenchy. Two weeks later, the part of a Resistance heroine was written into the picture and flaming-haired, green-eyed Irina was cast in the role.

"All I can think of is to make a suc-

cess in this picture and to do what Mr. Zanuck expects of me," she told the press. The film was a tremendous hit and helped bail 20th Century-Fox out of the near-bankruptcy it faced when *Cleopatra* went \$35,000,000 over its budget, partly because of Elizabeth Taylor's near-fatal illness and her dalliance with co-star Richard Burton.

Irina and Zanuck had no public spat and their relationship has evidently ripened into real friendship. She has played in a number of Fox films and is now married to a wealthy Fench industrialist. Her photograph is on the wall of Zanuck's New York office today — along with that of his latest budding actress, Genevieve Gilles.

Genevieve was "discovered" playing a bit part as a waitress in a one-hour television documentary that Fox television filmed on the beaches of Normandy in the summer of 1968. It will be shown on June 6, 1969 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of D-day and to plug the release of *The Longest Day*. In the film, Genevieve is seen serving Zanuck a cup of coffee. "You should be in movies, dear," he says and calls an assistant to take down her name.

Blond, blue-eyed Genevieve is only 20 — young enough to be Zanuck's granddaughter — and the producer envisions a long screen career for her. Perhaps that is why he has signed her to an exclusive contract. So far, she has starred in a 23-

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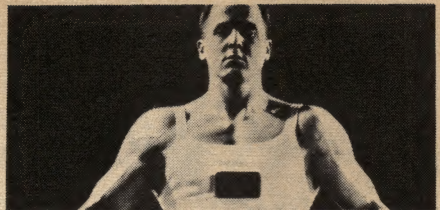
minute short directed by the maestro himself, in which she appears in several elaborate costumes. She has no dialogue, but when she is dressed in a bikini, it hardly seems necessary.

Darryl and Genevieve are the latest gossip column item in Paris, where the press follows their joint appearances. At 67, Zanuck seems to be in no mood to slow down and obviously enjoys playing the role of Hollywood super-mogul, of which he is the last of a very special breed.

Most of the Hollywood greats are dead, including Harry Cohn, Louis B. Mayer, David O. Selznick and Harry Warner. Jack Warner is in retirement and has sold his studio to Seven-Arts. So far, Zanuck has shown none of the debilitating effects of age and gives no indication of slowing down. Recently, when his associates at the studio heard that their boss had been hospitalized, they feared the worst. But it turned out that Zanuck had cracked his ankle skiing in the Swiss Alps, quite an accomplishment for a man his age.

Today Zanuck divides his time between the Plaza Hotel in New York and the Georges V in Paris. He still sleeps only four to five hours a night and he smokes \$40 worth of Dunhill cigars every day, but he finds more time for relaxation than he formerly did. Recently he and Genevieve were seen soaking up the sun on a Nassau beach.

Many years ago, Zanuck refused to write his memoirs, saying, "Reminiscences are for those whose achievements are so well-rounded that they can pause at any moment of their lives to say, 'Here is what I have done.' I'm not ready for that yet." Zanuck is now at work on his memoirs, having reached the point where he is ready. His version should be a fascinating one, for he has plenty to write about. Maybe he can sell it to movies! ▲



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WHAT CONTROLS ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Your spark plugs control the efficiency of that ignition. And not only do they give a small spark to begin with, but they get worse every mile you drive. And that you can see for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at 1,000 miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and you will see more of the electrode burning away.



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Now, for the moment, forget about the extra pep, power and performance you are going to get—forget about the savings in spark plug replacement, forget about the savings on wear and tear on your piston and cylinders that comes from unburned gas washing the protective oil coating off the cylinder walls. Just re-

member one thing—this fuel ignition system is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gas savings alone in one month of driving.

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A spark plug accumulates filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition.

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Now, when you get your set of FUEL IGNITORS, here is all you do. If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next take a spark plug wrench and remove your old spark plugs. Just screw your Ignitor right into the spark plug openings and get set for an amazing demonstration.

If you have automatic transmission—now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will move

forward at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you.

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If you have regular transmission, in low gear with your motor idling,



YOUR CAR WILL MOVE FORWARD 5 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER.

In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you get rid of your old spark plugs and use modern, proven FUEL IGNITORS.

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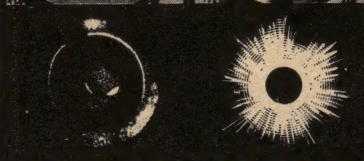
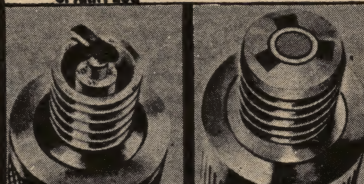
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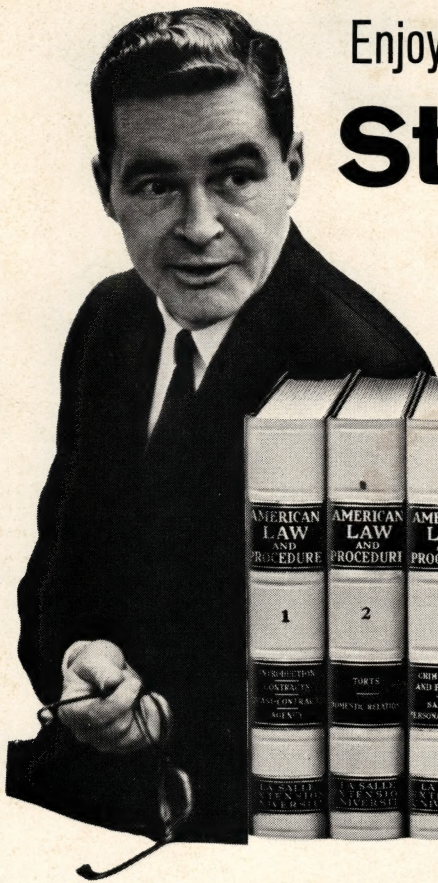
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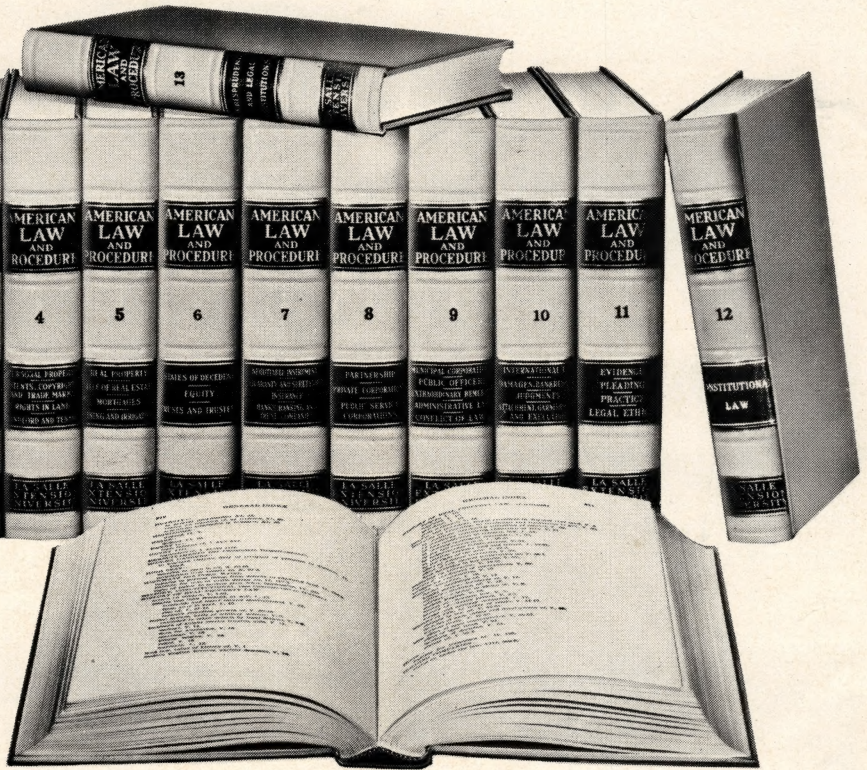
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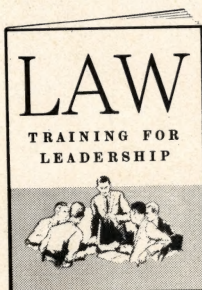
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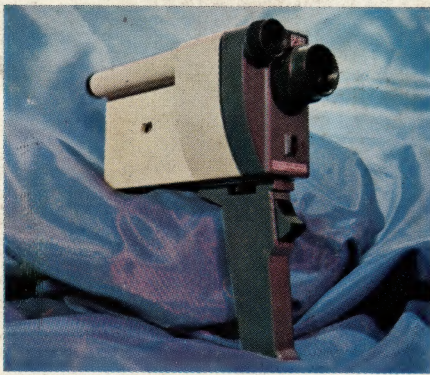
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